CORONET

ANUARY

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WITHDRAWN

The 1946 Coronet Calendar and Almanac

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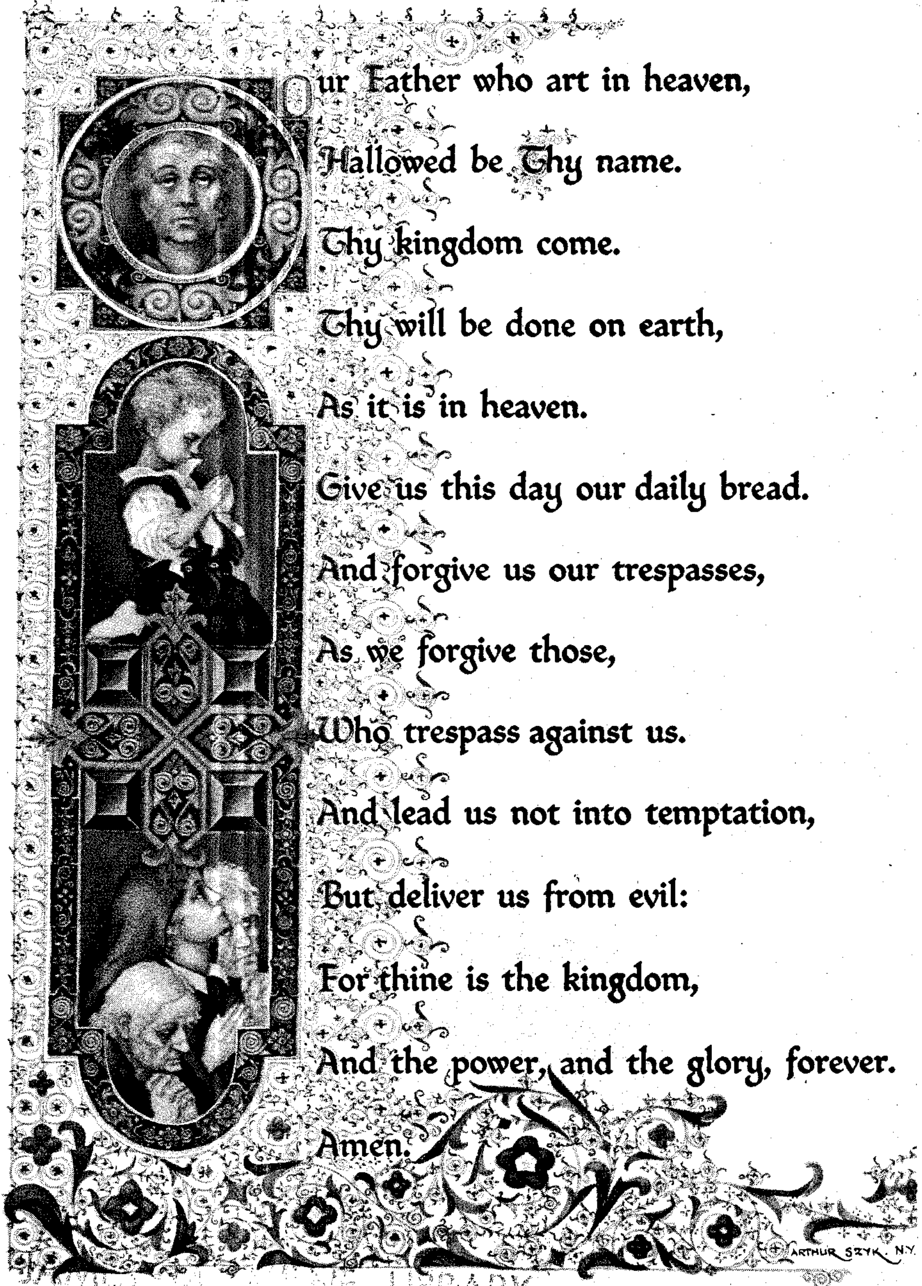
ARTHUR SZYK. N.Y.

Our Father who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come.
Thy will be done on earth,
As it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread.
And forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those,
Who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil:
For thine is the kingdom,
And the power, and the glory, forever.
Amen.

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CORONET

Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
Editor-in-Chief:
OSCAR DYSTEL
Managing Editor:
HARRIS SHEVELSON
Contributing Editors:
SIDNEY CARROLL
CAROL HUGHES
Art Director:
ARNOLD RYAN
Production Director:
GUS BERKES
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FRITZ BAMBERGER
Executive Editor:
GORDON CARROLL
European Editor:
ARNOLD GINGRICH
Le Paquis, St. Saphorin,
Lavaux, Vaud, Switzerland

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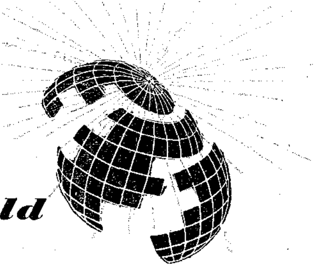
Humanity stands at the crossroads;
another war may destroy it completely

LAST WARNING to the World



by Tris Coffin

Down a long, quiet corridor of the Senate Office Building is a double door. A plain, ordinary wooden door with the brass numerals, 457, tacked on.

Behind that door on a cool autumn day I saw and heard a fantastic new world taking shape—the world of atomic energy. The room was small and smoky. At the head of a long table covered with green baize sat Senator Harley Kilgore of West Virginia, a bald, benign man with a round face, a pleasant, deep voice, a light, sometimes cynical, smile.

Senator Kilgore was presiding at hearings that struck out into a murky future. To his left sat handsome Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington. On the other side was Senator James William Fulbright of Arkansas, whose lean tanned face is a background for bright, intelligent eyes.

On this day, the room was dominated by gold-braid admirals. There was a sprinkling of civilians,

Coronet departs from established editorial policy in reprinting this script of an exclusive CBS broadcast, reproduction of which, in full or in part, is prohibited unless authorized by CBS. Coronet's editors feel that Mr. Coffin's intimate narrative summarizes, more simply and forcefully than anything else, the awesome problem that confronts the civilized world. Mankind must fashion a plan for enduring peace—or face extinction. There is no second choice.

Military men, statesmen, scientists and politicians realize the serious responsibility that the release of atomic power has thrust upon them. But they cannot design a workable pattern for humanity's future unless the plain people of America support the cause of lasting world peace and play an effective role in bringing it about. That is why this article conveys a message of personal significance to every thoughtful man and woman in the United States.—The Editors.

one of them a character with a long white beard. To one side sat Dr. Vannevar Bush, owner of one of the keenest minds in the world and the man who ran our scientific research program during the war. Dr. Bush sat back quietly, smoking his pipe.

Rear Admiral William R. Purnell began testifying. He was introduced as the Navy's expert on atomic bombs. A sandy-haired man with bushy eyebrows, he puffed at his cigarette through a black holder.

Senator Fulbright fished in his pocket, brought out a clipping and drawled, "The Associated Press says the Naval Affairs Committee knows of an effective counter-measure against atomic bombs—some way to detonate the bombs a distance from our shores."

The Senator paused, smiled eagerly at Admiral Purnell, and asked, "Do you feel there is a defense?"

The answer came quietly and firmly. "I do not know of any defense. The people who made the bomb have thought about possible counter-measures and of ways to evade them. I can't believe all bombs are detonated the same way." The Admiral looked thoughtful. "I doubt if more than two or three atomic bombs are even made the same way."

"Do you suppose," Senator Fulbright asked, twisting around in his chair to face the Admiral, "that there will be any warning given of the attack starting the next war?"

"No," Admiral Purnell answered. "And we will have no time to develop counter-measures. That war might last only thirty minutes."

The low background murmur in the room stopped. There was a hush, broken only by the reporters scribbling on their copy paper.

Senator Fulbright asked, "Is it possible we might attack first?"

"No. That is impossible under our Constitution."

The Senator spread his point. "Then, in event of a paralyzing attack, we are at a disadvantage. We are the most vulnerable. If we have any defense, it must be in the political field. We must have a strong world organization."

Admiral Purnell replied softly, "That is not in my field, sir."

The Senator thought aloud, "This seems so much more powerful than ordinary weapons, our conventional ideas do not apply. We've always thought defenses could be developed for anything, so we wouldn't have to worry."

Admiral Purnell smiled dryly and said, "There must be an exception to every rule . . ."

Could we defend ourselves by digging underground like moles? No—not even that. Atomic bombs could be made to penetrate the deepest shelters.

Senator Fulbright asked if the bomb could be kept secret. The Admiral replied the theory was wide open. Right now, no other nation has the industrial resources to make atomic bombs.

Suddenly Admiral Purnell opened the door to strange possibilities. "There is one thing we lose sight of," he said earnestly. "We started out to develop this bomb with nothing but figures on paper. As soon as we conquered one problem, we went on to the next. We didn't stop to find out if there was a cheaper or a faster way. We do not know if the scientists left short cuts behind them, or a way of making bombs with cheaper materials. Any nation may find these short cuts."

He was asked if he felt the atomic bomb would change the role of the Navy in future wars.

"Frankly, I get lost just thinking about it. I don't think the best scientists know where we will be fifteen years from now. It might wipe out the Navy, Army, or Air Forces. Atomic bombs might be launched from submarines, or planes, or by rockets. *The atomic bomb is the most powerful weapon ever found!*"

Suddenly the air in the small room became very close. No one spoke. A few papers rustled, a chair creaked. The tension was so tight you could feel it. But no one spoke. . . .

Next day our little room was jammed. It was an Indian-summer day, warm and yellow, with a smoky haze rolling across Capitol Hill. A pretty Wave sat in the front row, a gray-haired Admiral sat near the back. There was one intense man in a war correspondent's uniform. Visiting scientists. A tiny old lady who took many notes.

A neat, handsome man with graying temples sat down next to me—Boris Krylov, the shy Russian news agency correspondent. Senator Kilgore was cheerfully chewing gum and whispering with his chief investigator, Herbert Schimmel.

The crowd had come to see the principal witness, Dr. J. R. Oppenheimer, research director at Los Alamos, New Mexico, where the bombs are made, and one of the world's leading authorities on atomic energy.

Dr. Oppenheimer has a fascinating aliveness about him. He is a slim, long-legged man with penetrating blue eyes. When he smiles he has a merry, pixy quality. He has long slender fingers that are never still, a high forehead on a long face, big ears and close-cropped black hair.

Dr. Oppenheimer began by telling of the giant machines at Los Alamos: how they could be used for biology and medicine, as well as for death. They are the huge pyles, or chain reactors. He called them "a big sledge hammer to hit the mosquitoes of science."

Dr. Oppenheimer spoke in a low, meticulous voice. His pronunciation was a little academic. He said, for example, "PRO-ject," and "EI-ther." But there was a gathering, hypnotic quality in both his words and their sound.

The military aspects of atomic energy, the scientist said gently, "are really rather terrifying." He condemned the practice of surrounding scientists and their research with secrecy. This, he said, would stifle progress and discourage scientists. Back of the atom bomb were years of free exchange of scientific knowledge.

"All we did," Dr. Oppenheimer commented, "was to take a tree ripe with fruit and shake it hard. Secrecy is not possible. The nature of the world is not secret. Only policy is secret. You cannot keep the atom secret."

Krylov, the Russian reporter, was writing furiously in his notebook.

"Can we keep the techniques of

atom bombs secret?" Senator Fulbright asked.

"That," Dr. Oppenheimer replied, "is like asking 'why don't you stop beating your wife.' The immediate problem, it seems to me, is to get confidence among the nations, not force them apart by trying to build up a great secret. Other countries will say, 'Keep your secret! We'll do it another way'. "

Dr. Oppenheimer looked around the room, catching the fixed, fascinated expressions. Krylov, the Russian, had his chin in his hand.

The scientist went on, "The intolerable state is very close. It is only necessary for other nations to decide to pursue an independent course in atomic research. How little it would take to close the door! If I were a Russian scientist and had this pulled on me, I'd say, 'Boys, let's get to it!' I think they will."

Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas of California quietly slipped into the room and took a corner chair.

Dr. Oppenheimer was asked, "Are there defenses against atomic bombs?"

The answer was clear. "There are no specific counter-measures for atomic bombs. There never will be. Our bomb cannot be exploded before it hits the target." Dr. Oppenheimer looked around the room. "I will wager half my savings—small as they are—to anyone who can explode a bomb made at our place before it reaches its destination. The atomic bomb is the two-billion-dollar straw that may break the camel's back."

Senator Fulbright, his tanned face intense, again asked if there were any defense.

Dr. Oppenheimer answered, "No country is ever thoroughly alerted. Atomic bombs will be a cheap way to make war. They can do so much with so little."

"I suppose," he added reflectively, "it's a natural human reaction to wish so hard for a defense against this thing that people begin to believe there *is* a defense. But this comes to a world already at the breaking point, so far as weapons are concerned."

A SHOCKED murmur ran through the crowded room.

Senator Fulbright thought aloud. "We in government have a real job—to make sure the people understand the importance of this new power."

Dr. Oppenheimer spoke again. "We scientists are willing to be circus performers—to move into the glare of publicity—if we can somehow make the people understand."

Again the room was quiet for a moment. Then Senator Fulbright asked, "Could our 140 million people be wiped out in one attack?"

All eyes were turned on Dr. Oppenheimer. He answered soberly and quietly, "I am afraid they could."

People drew in their breaths. The gray-haired woman bit her lip. Krylov, the Russian, had forgotten to write. Like the rest of us he sat dazed.

The scientist went on, ' The atom bomb has weakened the military power of the United States. Ten or twenty years from now atomic bombs will be very cheap."

Senator Fulbright said, "That

is a compelling reason why we must undertake some other means of defense. I feel the only way is through government opposition to nationalism. Governments must agree to some world system of control."

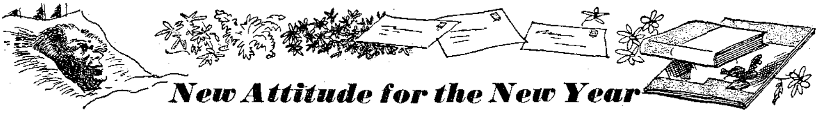
"Yes," said Dr. Oppenheimer. "There are no technical problems. Only political ones, and even in solving the political problems the world traditions of science will help." He smiled. "I am not envious of the tasks of the foreign ministers."

Senator Magnuson commented, "You know it might help if we put the scientists in the political field."

"Perhaps," Dr. Oppenheimer replied. "That might work. Scientists have always belonged to a world fraternity. Many times we thought the war might end before we had a bomb. But some of us did not stop, because we wanted the world to see the atomic bomb. It was to us the greatest argument for world peace."

Senator Fulbright said slowly, "Yes, it took the shock of Hiroshima to wake us up." Then he turned directly to the scientist and said earnestly, "Dr. Oppenheimer, if all the people could hear you, I think it would give us the motive to really build the peace."

Through the windows, we could catch a tiny glimpse of our familiar world . . . legs briskly walking by . . . a patch of sunlight . . . an automobile parking at the curb . . . one corner of the big fountain in the park. But, somehow, it did not look the same.



New Attitude for the New Year

THIS YEAR let's not make resolutions of self-denial and self-reform, such as: "I won't do this!" "I will do that!" "I'll bring my appetites to heel!" "Watch me turn on the will power!" All of our personal histories tell us that such resolutions usually don't last long.

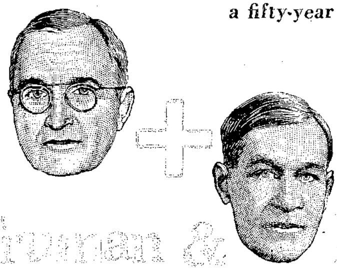
Rather, let's experiment at foregoing all formal resolutions and tune up our instincts for being better people, living better lives. Let's forget about directly reshaping ourselves and point toward a program of doing things for others. Let's put ourselves in the second place, and start asking questions like, "Who's in trouble?" "To whom do I owe a letter?" "What sick person would appreciate a visit from me?" "How long since I've telephoned my friend?" In other words, *to whom can I be of service?* Call it a question, an attitude, an instinct—not a resolution!

This time dispense with the rigors and distress of ordinary New Year's resolutions, and save yourself the effort involved in trying to keep them. But point yourself to a daily program of little acts of kindness and service to other people—a pleasant and interesting alternative!

While looking for ways to serve and help others at every opportunity, you'll find most of your own faults automatically corrected without invoking any harrowing resolutions.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

The President and his press secretary have carried a fifty-year friendship from Missouri to Washington



Truman & Ross

America's No. 1 Team

by Scott Hart

Fifty years ago Charles Griffith Ross sat at a school desk near Harry Truman in Independence, Missouri. Today their offices are two doors apart. Their lives were closely linked in youth, and they know each other as well as two men possibly could. But Charlie Ross, in reply to a question he is often asked, says almost reprovingly: "I call him Mr. President, and he calls me Charlie."

Charlie's office has a thick red carpet, a black fireplace, and pea-green walls on which hang photographs of his two sons, John Bruce and Walter Williams Ross. He wouldn't name either of them after himself because he was always being mistaken for a famous kidnaping victim of the same name and he didn't want his boys bothered that way.

A large photograph of his predecessor, Steve Early, and two pictures of Harry Truman also adorn his office. His windows look out on a broad lawn where the grass seems cool under the tree shadows. Quiet and serene, it is an appropriate setting for Ross.

His eyes are blue and soft, but not resigned. He is gaunt and stoops a little. His chin and rocky upper face are hard, the nose prominent. Most of his character is in his chin, though some of it is in his eyes, too. He can be tough if necessary, but he can also be gentle. His eyes show all that.

He can wear a seersucker suit to work and dangle a long leg over the arm of a chair without losing a speck of dignity. In such informality he somehow suggests the images of Lincoln. But where Lincoln, relaxed, brooded, and came up with a burst of poetry, Charlie Ross broods and comes up wielding a stick of dynamite.

This he did in 1931 with an article, *The Country's Plight—What Can Be Done About It?* which analyzed Herbert Hoover's administration. It won him a Pulitzer Prize.

In 1945 Charlie Ross was an important member of the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and an important figure in the newspaper world. He had no desire to go to the White House. Such a move represented a cut in salary from

35 thousand dollars to 10 thousand dollars a year and his retirement from work which he loved.

But President Truman had asked him to become his press secretary. Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the *Post-Dispatch*, was reluctant to let Ross go, until the President phoned him with a request that was a command. The "weatherbird" on the front page of the *Post-Dispatch* later reported: "Truman Kidnaped Charlie Ross."

But before taking up his new duties, Charlie wanted to cover the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. Truman assented and Ross went West.

On the correspondents' special train Ross was deluged with congratulations of fellow correspondents. This was disconcerting, for there had been no intention of announcing his appointment as press secretary until after adjournment of the conference.

Charlie wondered who had talked prematurely. The answer was fairly simple.

When Harry Truman was nominated for Vice-President in Chicago, Miss Matilda Brown, who taught him and Charlie at the Independence (Mo.) High School, promptly wrote to congratulate him. Her congratulations were touched with reminiscence. President Truman showed her letter to Charlie Ross, and promised that he would phone her sometime. Charlie held him to that promise the night he agreed to become Truman's press secretary.

"Why not call her up now and we'll both talk to her?" suggested the President.

Back in Independence, Miss Tillie, busy in her kitchen, went to answer the phone.

"Miss Tillie, I've just appointed Charlie Ross my personal press secretary," the President told her. "I wanted you to be the first to know about it. We're here together now, talking over old times."

Then Charlie came to the phone in Washington. Miss Tillie cried, "Bless your heart! I'm glad you boys are going to work together again. Now you help Harry all you can, Charlie."

That's how the news leaked out. Miss Tillie Brown, the first to hear it, was the first to tell it, proudly. The next day it was officially announced.

Miss Tillie knew the deep roots from which both men had grown. She remembered how everybody in Independence had always looked on Charlie Ross as just a naturally smart boy. Harry, now, was bright but he had to dig. There was that difference.

Together Harry and Charlie whittled the model of a bridge described in Caesar's *Commentaries*. Together they worked on voters to support a bond issue for a new high school. When the school was opened they moved in with the first senior class.

Upon graduation, Harry Tru-

Scott Hart is a Virginian whose formal education ended before he reached high school, because of an inability to learn arithmetic. Even today, he says, he is unable to do simple subtraction and division. In spite of this handicap, he worked for more than twenty years on newspapers and magazines, much of the time in the nation's Capital. As a result, he knows the Washington scene probably as well as anyone writing today.

man went to work. Ross entered the University of Missouri at sixteen, worked on The Columbia *Herald* to help pay his way, joined a fraternity, avoided athletics, won a Phi Beta Kappa key. When he received his degree in 1905 he went to work as a newspaperman; in 1908 he joined the faculty of his university's School of Journalism.

He is remembered there for his intense application to the job and his reputation for being an austere perfectionist. From his application came a good textbook, *The Writing of News*, which is still in use.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* spotted Ross and made him chief of its Washington bureau. In that capacity, as in everything else he did, he was exacting. But when he discussed a story, his associates listened with genuine interest, because Ross knew a story when he saw one, knew it from every angle. They remember him there now as a man who took infinite pains with details, with accuracy, with thinking things down to the marrow, and with presenting the news in a perfectionist's grammar.

But Ross has his light moods, too. In convivial moments he likes to make transatlantic telephone calls. During the Democratic convention in Chicago, in 1944, he tried without success to reach friends in England and Sweden. Then, though the hour was late, he placed a call for a well-known Republican in Missouri. Unable to reach him at the Capitol, Ross pursued him by phone all across the state, leaving urgent requests for him everywhere. The Republican, perhaps, is still wondering.

What Charlie Ross can do for President Truman is plain. He possesses one of the capital's shrewdest political minds and the advantage of being able to gauge and predict reactions accurately. He can give Truman his vast knowledge of many men. At his almost daily press conferences he can cushion many shocks for his chief.

And he will give Truman a friendship rooted in the very springs of childhood, for he ties to Truman in the unforgettable memories of home.

Ross gets to his office at 8:30 in the morning, sees the President an hour later, and settles down to a full day's work. In the course of the day he acts as a seawall against a wave of callers which would otherwise crash upon the President himself. But most important of all his functions is that of meeting the correspondents. For Charlie Ross, more than anyone besides the President himself, speaks for the nation to the world.

The job of White House press secretary evolved from Theodore Roosevelt's notion that the press could be of great use to a President. Roosevelt used the press to prepare the public for his actions. He had no press secretary, as such, and so developed his own method of dealing with correspondents. If one of them wrote something that wasn't true, Roosevelt made him a member of the Ananias Club.

But America remained asleep for years to the total idea of press relations in its highest places. President Taft managed without a press secretary, but one of his secretaries had good sense about news and helped him. Woodrow Wilson often successfully used Joseph P. Tumulty, a secretary, as his voice. Apparently neither Harding nor Coolidge thought it necessary to have a press secretary. The latter, however, practiced the slight deception of giving out news with the provision that it be credited to a "White House spokesman."

It was Herbert Hoover who conceived the position that Ross now holds, though it was then called "Secretary to the President." The first press secretary was George Eggerson, who was succeeded, still under Hoover, by Theodore Joslyn. Both were newspapermen; no one else can fill the job.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt entered the White House, he reached out for a man who was hair-triggered like a city editor during a ten-alarm fire. He chose Steve Early. Early knew what the correspondents wanted.

He wanted news to go out from the White House. A picture magazine once decided to show how a President lives, and asked for a picture of the bedroom. This was getting a little intimate with the place, but not for Steve Early.

"Well, where's your photographer?" he asked. "Why don't you get him over here so I can get him up to the bedroom?"

Charlie Ross operates differently. Early suggested a man perpetually poised to cover an exciting story; Ross suggests a scholar, a deliberative mind which delights in painstaking research. Most of his newspaper work has been on the upper, quieter levels. He has been for years removed from the scuffle of the business. He will get the correspondents what they want because he believes, like Early, in a full flow of news. But he will never do it dramatically.

Ross is completely sold on Truman as President. "He has been called an average American, but he is better than average," Ross wrote in the *Post-Dispatch* in April. "He is no nonentity and no Harding. He may not have the makings of a great President but he certainly has the makings of a good President."

The White House job has so far done nothing worse to Charlie Ross than to put a slightly tired look in his eyes. Having been a newspaperman for two score years, he is beyond surprise. When the day's work is done he goes home and putters in a garden; he has strong suburban tendencies.

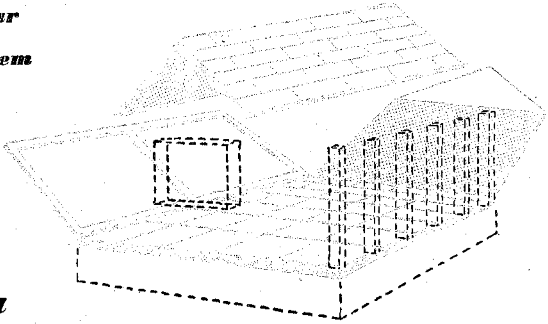
He lives in the green hush of Chevy Chase, Maryland, where he and Mrs. Ross have been alone since both of their sons went into the service. Their older son, John, named his own son, now a year old, Charles G. Ross II. Nothing, say other members of the family, has brought a warmer smile to Charlie Ross' face in years.

It Comes with Time

A PAIR OF newlyweds had just gotten off the train. "John, dear," said the bride, "let's try to make the people think we've been married a long time."

"All right, honey," was his answer, "you carry the suitcase!" —*Review*

Millions of Americans are depending on prefabrication to solve our critical housing problem



Is There a NEW HOME *in Your Future?*

by PHIL KELLY

IF YOU'RE one of the thirteen million Americans planning to buy or build homes of their own, you will be wise to keep an eye on prefabrication.

The industry which produced one-fourth of all new housing during the war has some mighty pleasant surprises in store for you. It is prepared to deliver the house you want, large or small, at a price you can afford to pay.

For example, there's the movable "accordion house" which Wingfoot Homes, Inc., a subsidiary of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, will offer for sale in the near future.

These homes are not mere drawing board dreams; scores of war workers at the Goodyear plant in Litchfield Park, Arizona, have already been successfully housed in them. It's hard to believe, but this Model-T house weighs only two tons, is equipped with essential built-in furniture for a family of four, and is priced around two thousand dollars!

Much of the living room and dining room furniture is built in. The kitchen arrives with a sink, range and refrigerator ready to be connected so the housewife can go right to work preparing dinner—provided there's food in the house.

Anyone who has acquired fallen arches trying to find a place to live doesn't need to be reminded of the drastic housing shortage in the United States. President Truman, in a message to Congress, cited the estimates of experts that we must build a million to a million and a half new homes a year for the next ten years if our people are to be properly housed. A large percentage of those ten to fifteen million homes will be prefabricated.

Too much emphasis has been given to the speed with which these homes can be erected. That is only one of their advantages. Far more important is the fact that they can be built at prices within the reach of most wage earners, for whom antiquated building methods failed to produce homes that they could afford to buy. Prefabrication should solve their problem.

CONTRARY to popular belief, prefabrication is not a new idea. Some companies have been in the field for more than fifty years. Inventors Thomas Edison and Simon Lake experimented with prefabrication.

Up to the outbreak of World War II, however, the industry was still largely experimenting. One firm is reported to have spent more than 900 thousand dollars in research on wall structures alone.

The government's urgent need for houses, barracks, and other buildings gave the struggling industry its first chance to show what it could do, and the industry came through with an outstanding job. At Newport News, Va., 5,200 demountable buildings were rushed to house shipyard workers. One erection crew put up a prefabricated house in 35 minutes. It was this type of performance that made prefabrication the ace-in-the-hole of the war housing program.

Prefabrication made other gains, too, as a result of the war. The fact that such huge and intricate mechanisms as B-29 Bombers and Liberty ships were prefabricated resulted in new respect for the technique. Then, too, material shortages were responsible for many useful substitutes. New glues, insulating materials, plastics, woods, and the extensive development of the aluminum and magnesium industries offered prefabricators scores of new design possibilities.

Nevertheless, prefabrication has still to win the fight for public acceptance, to overcome the mistaken belief that the houses are inferior in construction. In this respect, the same war housing program which helped the industry may also have injured it.

Many who saw or lived in those temporary box-like structures in and around manufacturing centers consider them typical of the industry's output. This is untrue, of course, for if you examined the prefabricated homes built before the war you'd have a hard time telling some of them from the conventional houses nearby. In the attention given to design and research in new materials, some new prefabricated houses will be superior to ordinary homes.

Another idea that you'd better get rid of in a hurry is the common one that all prefabricated homes look alike. Most of the large companies will have a wide variety of house designs from which to choose.

For example, Anchorage Homes, Inc., plans to offer 39 different models of Cape Cod Colonial homes. They will range from a unit containing one bedroom and bath, living room, dining alcove and kitchen, priced at about 3,600 dollars, to a two-story house with four bedrooms, two baths, a thirty-foot living room, dining room, basement, porch and garage, for about 7,600 dollars.

Another large maker of factory-built homes, the Homasote Company, emphasizes the fact that its products are "engineered" and "precision-built." This company produces homes ranging in price from 1,800 dollars to 40,000 dollars. Designs may be drawn up by an architect to suit your own taste or they can be chosen from a number of stock models. Large sheets of Homasote board, a weather-proof, crack-proof material, are used in their construction. Admiral Richard E. Byrd used Homasote for shelters on his first expedition to Little America. On his return trip, six years later, he found the buildings as good as new.

Gunnison Homes, Inc., a subsidiary of United States Steel, was rolling out homes at the rate of one every 25 minutes during the war. In its new million dollar plant, now under construction, it hopes eventually to produce one every 15 minutes.

Gunnison homes, expected to be on the market in February, will come in eight sizes, with porches optional, and will have arcades, garages, and a wide variety of architectural treatment. Distribution will be through dealers who will sell, erect, and service the homes, which will retail at 3,500 dollars to 8,000 dollars, with monthly payments ranging from thirty dollars to sixty dollars.

These prices are for homes completely erected on the owner's lot, and include basements, heating units, lighting, plumbing, kitchen cabinets, sidewalks, and flowers in the window boxes!

Green's Ready Built Homes, an Illinois firm, will have an amazing new "solar house" for quantity production. This home—58 feet long, low and flat-roofed—is designed to face South. Heavy glass panels of double thickness, hermetically sealed, run along the entire front of the house and along the main living areas. Architects say that the sun's rays, low and slanting from the South in the winter, can cut fuel bills thirty per cent if there is enough glass to admit them.

In the hot summer months, when the sun is high overhead in the South, overhanging eaves cut down any vagrant rays, and the flat roof is designed to carry an inch of cooling water. These homes will probably sell for six thousand to eight thousand dollars.

Still another type of prefabricated home is offered by West Coast builder Hal Hayes. Hayes has perfected a concrete material, Plastic Air, which he says is fireproof, earthquake-proof and waterproof. This amazing concrete can be cut with a carpenter's saw, and may be produced in many colors.

Thanks to its light weight, the Hayes home can be speedily assembled; one three room home was erected on a landscaped plot in 34 minutes. The house has seven hundred square feet of space divided into a living room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bath. A gas furnace, built-in plumbing fixtures, and window blinds are included in the sale price. And here's a delightful feature: The house is expected to sell for about two thousand dollars.

ASIDE FROM the problem of public acceptance, established fabricators face strong competition from large builders. During the war these builders learned that by putting up several hundred houses on one site they could cut costs greatly. They organized work crews of specialists who went from house to house, performing one task expertly and efficiently. It was the assembly line technique adapted to building and saved the builder the investment in plant and machinery which adds to the prefabricated manufacturer's costs.

This is the type of operation Henry Kaiser apparently had in mind in entering the housing field. Kaiser plans to build entire communities of houses priced within range of the lowest income brackets, which in the past have not been able to finance home ownership.

Kaiser's houses will be only partly prefabricated; much of the work will be done on the site. He has already acquired land for building ten thousand homes on the West Coast.

Not all prefabricated companies sell directly to the home owner. One of the larger companies, American Houses, Inc., works through contractors and real estate men. American has no standard or stock models, but will build any type of home you want.

Other nations are counting heavily on American mass-production prefabricated techniques. Russia wants to buy from us eighteen complete prefabricating plants. Great Britain, needing four million new homes, is counting on prefab for 500 thousand of them. Five large British aircraft companies have already been turned into prefabricating plants. France, Italy, Greece, China, and other war-torn countries have sent missions to the United States to purchase or to study techniques.

Although the end of the war has eased manpower problems, shortages of essential building materials like lumber, bricks and hardware may limit home construction in 1946 to 400 thousand units.

As millions of discharged servicemen and their families begin to look for homes, the current housing crisis will be intensified. Today prefabrication for the first time has a ready-made private market. If the industry reaches the expectations of its leaders, the dream of adequate housing for all Americans, at prices they can afford to pay, may be fulfilled.

Applied Psychology

DURING THE WAR a colored boy who was rescued by a destroyer was sitting on deck when he was discovered by a friend. "Why, hello, Joe, what you doing here?" Said Joe, "I'se survivin.' " —DONALD BRYANT

JUST BEFORE the start of the feature pictures, this message is flashed on the screen of a small-town theater in Michigan: "Since we wish to spare elderly ladies the inconvenience of removing their hats, the management therefore cordially invites such ladies to retain them during the performance." (It works!) —PETE SIMER

A heart-warming story of a little man whose kindness and generosity wiped his slate clean

The Good Samaritan

by R. HENRY MAINER

MR. CLINT lived with us about twenty years. He made his first appearance when Mother went to the front door to answer a pull at the bell. On the veranda stood a short, thin man, rather shabbily dressed, about thirty years old. He lifted his cap apologetically and bowed. Mother noticed his hair was a bit weedy on top and there was an honest look about his face. He smiled a friendly smile.

"I'd like to rent a room if you have one to spare."

"Sorry; we're all filled up," Mother answered.

He didn't seem to want to take her word for it. "Maybe you could find some corner, say in your garret. I've been around and I can't get in anywhere."

"We've only two rooms to let," said Mother. "Both are occupied just now. I've a couple in one and a single lady in the other."

He looked very disappointed. "Would you mind if I looked for myself? I don't want much; just a bed and a spot for my trunk."

Mother was against letting strangers into the house, but for some reason she could never explain afterwards, she nodded yes. He came in and she led him upstairs. He kept making complimentary comments about the house. It was so nice and clean and cozy, just the kind of place he would like to live in.

He saw for himself there wasn't any place for him. Then he saw the attic stairs. Our attic had a floor laid but it was low at the eaves and had only standing room for a short man in the center. He trotted up the stairs. "Oh, I'd like it up here. I'd pay you three dollars a week for it with a cot and a washstand."

"It's infernally hot in the summer and cold in winter," Mother objected.

"That doesn't scare me off," he replied.

Mother still hesitated. "I give meals as well."

"Then I'll pay seven dollars including meals. I don't eat much."

They talked a while longer and finally Mother said she'd put in a cot and washstand and let him have the attic. At that time Dad

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was out of a job and the seven dollars sounded awfully good to her. Next morning a dray brought his trunk around and he moved in.

That was early in August. About the end of September, Miss Rogers, who roomed on the second floor, lost her position teaching school and decided to go back to her father's farm to live. Mother said Mr. Clint was so little bother and so friendly she was glad to tell him he could move downstairs. He was very appreciative and raised his money for board and room to eight dollars. He declared the room was so big and airy it was worth that. Maybe he hadn't learned Miss Rogers had been paying only six dollars.

WE ALL GOT to like Mr. Clint. He was a cheery talker at his meals and spent his evenings in his room unless we invited him into the parlor. And he was a great reader—borrowed books from the Mechanics Institute and bought a recent one almost every week. He was a printer and worked for the *Times Press* owned by Mr. Gregory. Mr. Gregory told Dad he considered Mr. Clint the best printer he'd ever employed.

Dad or Mother often asked Mr. Clint to come downstairs of an evening, especially in the winter when there was a fire going. He and Dad would sit and smoke by the hour and Dad said he could easily see Mr. Clint was educated and had traveled a lot. And he could tell fascinating yarns and quote history and discuss politics. I was a youngster and hated to be sent to bed after they got going.

At Christmas he started reading Dickens' *Christmas Carol* aloud to the family and we all liked it so much we had him start *David Copperfield* after he'd finished the *Carol*. We kept him at Dickens every chance we had until spring. It was a grand care-lifter, Mother said, because she was so worried over Dad's being out of work.

Some slick book agent sold Mr. Clint a set of *Mystery and Detective* stories. I remember about a quarter of them were by Emile Gaboriau and another quarter were *Sherlock Holmes* stories by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He let me borrow one after another, and for a good many weeks Mother found it hard to get me out of the house after school. Dad also got the reading bug and it helped him pass the time. I didn't know then he was suffering from some illness which would lay him up until he died.

We had some wonderful sessions over those stories, Mr. Clint, Dad, and I. It was our regular game to pick out the villain before getting to the last page. Mr. Clint was pretty smart at it. He'd lived in the city and knew a fellow intimately who was a detective. Mr. Clint said he'd often been tempted to try his hand at writing but after setting type all day he couldn't get down to it in the evenings.

However, he did write poetry, and when we had company Mother would ask him down to read his verses. Mr. Gregory began to publish them in the *Times* and later had Mr. Clint contribute short stories with a moral, and religious articles to the Sunday page.

That Sunday page wasn't the dry stuff you often read in country weeklies. And that reminds me of the winter Mr. Clint joined the Brethren, who used a house on the street back of our place for meetings. Mr. Clint said it filled a great want in his life and soon he became one of the leaders. Unless something important kept him away, such as having to work overtime, he went to services Tuesday and Friday evenings and twice on Sunday.

Occasionally I went to hear him preach and it was a caution how he could stir up the sinners to repentance. His Bible was always handy and at our place he and Dad would argue religion. In the end he converted both Mother and Dad and they joined the group.

By that time I had started to work. I was a mighty proud lad when I handed Mother my first pay check. Dad was still sick and getting weaker, but with what I earned and the boarders' money we were getting along nicely. We sold some of our old furniture, which was about worn out, and bought some new things. Quite a lot of our pictures and knickknacks were out of date but Mother didn't want to part with them. She stored them in the attic. Mr. Clint's old trunk was still up there and soon it was hidden under all kinds of things. He said he didn't care, as it held only old keepsakes he'd never bother to take out.

Shortly after Christmas Dad took a chill and died. It was a tough break for all of us. You see, I had three sisters, all younger than myself, and they were getting big and needed better clothes and schooling. Besides, Dad's doctor bills and funeral cost a heap of money. Mr. Clint felt as bad as any of us and insisted on mother's letting him pay the undertaker; that was a real help at the time.

Mr. Clint was always very generous. Every Christmas he sent baskets of food and toys to poor people and he was continually giving money to others—not much to each, but enough to tide them over if they were stuck. All he could afford, in any event. He claimed he had no relations to consider. That must have been true, because he never received any letters from outside our town.

I don't believe there was another man in town more respected. Plenty of people said they actually loved him for his good deeds. Mother declared it was the greatest blessing of her life the day she let him come to board with us.

Then I got married, and so did one of our girls. We all called Mr. Clint "Uncle," and he gave each of us a check and a gift when we set up housekeeping. I had started in business with a grocery store and was doing fine. I didn't tell Mother until some time afterwards that it was the thousand dollars Mr. Clint loaned me that set me up in the business. Mr. Clint asked me to say nothing about it.

I noticed Mr. Clint was looking rather peaked. Mr. Gregory was worried about him and wanted him to take a holiday, but he refused. He said his work was so easy it was like a perpetual holiday. Mother didn't think so and told the doctor her opinion. The doctor said Mr. Clint was just not the robust kind, and besides he was getting older. Naturally he wasn't as rugged as he used to be.

One morning Mother sent for

me. I knew it was urgent, so I rushed over to the old home. The doctor was there. Mr. Clint was in bed and very low. We did all we could for him but he died that night.

When his funeral was over we discovered he'd left everything he possessed to Mother except his books, which were to be mine. And there were dozens of them. He had more than two thousand dollars in the bank. Mother gave five hundred dollars of it to the Brethren Church, because Mr. Clint had once told her that if anything happened to him and he left anything, he'd like a share of it to go to the church.

It must have been a month later, when Mother was overhauling the attic, that she came across Mr. Clint's old trunk. It was locked. She didn't know what to do with it. She asked my advice and I said we should have it opened to see if there was anything useful in it that might be given away. I said we should have Mr. Connors, the head town constable, there as a witness when the trunk was opened so there wouldn't be any talk about our doing something in secret. Mr. Connors came and it didn't take him five minutes to pry up the lid.

I remember how we all looked when we got a peek at the contents. Mother was there and my married sister and her husband, and of course the constable and I. All of us simply gasped and stood gaping stupidly at each other. We were seeing gold watches, diamond rings —jewelry of all kinds. Mr. Connors said this was a case for court investigation. He had the trunk taken over to the courthouse and Judge Eldridge communicated with the police department in the city.

It wasn't long before all the ascertainable facts had been connected into about half of a story. Judge Eldridge came over to our house to tell Mother. He said that twenty years before, a high-class jewelry store in the city had been robbed. It was a daring crime and the thief or thieves had gotten clean away. The detectives said whoever did it must have been experienced. They hunted the criminals for months but never unearthed the slightest clue. Finally the case was dropped.

We've never found out whether Mr. Clint was really the right name of our boarder, nor did we ever find anyone who knew him before he came to our place. It certainly was a much more profound mystery than any in the set of mystery books Mr. Clint bought.

Mother won't listen to a word against his character. She says that if whoever he was or whatever he did before we knew him wasn't right, he more than made up for it during the twenty years he lived in our house.

No Horns Allowed

A DEAF WOMAN with an ear trumpet entered a church. Soon after she had seated herself, an usher tiptoed over and whispered, "One toot from that, and out you go." —*Gee Eye Pilot*

Remarkable new fabrics will put more dollars in the pocket of the American farmer

You'll Be Wearing Chicken Feathers Soon

by ROBERT N. FARR

THINK OF walking up to a woman on the street and saying, "Pardon me, madam, but your feathers are showing!"

You might be correct in doing it though, for among the startling achievements of American scientists in recent years, the new fabrics made from chicken feathers, peanuts, skim milk and seaweed are among the most remarkable.

Of course, you won't be told you are buying a suit of chicken feathers; manufacturers will hide the identity of the material behind catchy trade names.

Not only will these new fabrics look better and be more comfortable than many present-day fabrics, but their production is going to put more dollars into the farmer's pocket.

Today, more than a hundred million pounds of chicken feathers go to waste annually. Once chicken feather cloth is in production, farmers in some sections may expect to receive a good price for cleaned and preserved feathers, according to men in the Department of Agriculture who should know.

No one thought of using chicken feathers for cloth until a simple and cheap way of preserving them was developed by John I. Hardy of the Department of Agriculture. This discovery has opened up a whole new industry.

Wet-picked chicken and turkey feathers normally decompose too rapidly to permit their collection and processing. With the Hardy method of preservation, using common salt and hydrochloric acid, feathers can be kept in excellent condition for at least a month.

The first step in manufacturing feather fabric is to separate the fine elements of the feathers from the quills with a machine especially designed for this purpose. The quills are discarded and the fine elements, called barbs, are mixed with other fibers spun into yarn by a special process. The rest of the operation is a conventional textile method of drafting and spinning.

Thread is formed by drawing out and twisting the feathers, in the same way that thread is made from short wool fibers. The finished thread is lightweight and has a woolly or furry appearance. It is now ready to be woven into fabric, probably for use in soft sweaters, fluffy white mittens, scarfs and belts.

Full 100 per cent chicken feather cloth is not durable enough for some purposes. But scientists have found that by making a fifty-fifty combination of chicken feathers and wool they can produce a fabric that will wear better and is warmer than wool. Decorative effects are achieved by mixing feathers with rayon, wool, cotton, nylon, fortisan and other fibers.

Even the quills of chicken feathers can be made into cloth by dispersing the protein in them. The synthetic fiber is called chicken feather keratin. The finished synthetic is like silk, but it is so elastic that it can be stretched to thirty per cent its original length.

Skim milk, too, is in the fashion picture. In 1935, commercial production of skim milk fiber was started in Italy, but the process was not available to producers in the United States except upon payment of large royalties.

An American method of making fiber from milk, developed by two Department of Agriculture scientists, E. C. Whittier and S. P. Gould, has been patented by the government for the free use of the people of the United States. The American-made fiber is even better than the Italian product because it is less brittle and has greater textile strength.

About ten million pounds of skim milk fiber are now being produced each year in the United States. Since skim milk is also used in the manufacture of milk powder and cottage cheese, the increased competition for it promises to raise its market value and increase the dairy farmer's income.

One hundred per cent skim milk fiber looks and feels much like wool. It can be made into cloth for draperies, dresses, or even dish cloths.

A BAG OF peanuts can become a dress or a suit, too, if you know the trick recently discovered by scientists in Great Britain and the United States. They have used peanut protein to produce a synthetic textile fiber, similar to wool, which can be mixed with other fibers to make fabrics. This process is still in the experimental stage.

In Scotland and in California, scientists are working on startling new uses for salty crops of seaweeds. Already great masses of seaweed stalks are being mowed from the ocean bottom for their yield of salts, emulsifying agents, and algin. Between Point Conception and Point Lomo, California, there is an estimated 400 thousand tons of usable seaweed harvested annually.

British scientists already have produced from seaweed a cloth which has the appearance of nylon.

Another new development is elastic cloth made without rubber. The trick is to curl rayon thread into a spiral—like a spring—before the cloth is woven. Electron heating gives a uniform and permanent set to the spiral thread. The fabric does not lose its elastic properties by washing or ironing. You'll see it in bathing suits next season, in dresses before then.

The interliner material in automobile safety glass, vinyl butyral, makes an excellent waterproofing material that will extend the life of fabrics, according to scientists of the Monsanto Chemical Company. An invisible coat of this plastic on your best damask linen table cloth will enable you to wipe off a blob of spilled gravy with a damp rag. White gloves treated with the plastic may be washed, yet the plastic does not alter appreciably the appearance or feel of the cloth.

Trousers that will never lose their crease, wrinkleless woolens, and runless stockings will also be on the market soon. What further wonders can we ask of our ingenious scientists?

You'll get more things done, and get them done right, if you learn to make decisions quickly

How to Make up your Mind

by Donald A. Laird

Joseph Henry, a stage-struck Albany boy who later became the first director of the Smithsonian Institution, had a well-remembered lesson in learning how to decide things for himself.

Before shoe factories were known, shoes were slowly and laboriously made by the home-town cobbler. Joseph's grandmother offered to have the cobbler make a pair for the boy. He was offered a choice of only two styles—the round toe or the square toe. While the boy was trying to decide which style he wanted, the cobbler started work on the shoes.

Each day Joseph visited the shop, trying to make up his mind. But he waited too long. When the shoes were finished, one had a square toe, the other a round toe. These mismatched shoes, which Joseph wore for a long time, were a constant reminder to him of the folly of indecision.

If people did not waste so much time in deciding trifles, they would get a great deal more done. But they try so hard to do the right thing that they succeed in doing nothing. By trying to be perfect, they end up second rate. While they are making up their minds, the time for getting things done passes and they are out of date. They may be trying sincerely to reach the right decision, but the net result is procrastination.

The motto "P.I.T.O.T." hung in a large frame in the office of Robert Gair, a tall, curly-haired Scot who had been following the advice contained in the mysterious initials ever since he arrived in America.

He set up a small wholesale paper business and originated the idea of printing a merchant's name and advertisement on his paper bags.

To Bob Gair and the initiated "P.I.T.O.T." meant "Procrastination is thief of time." And indecision, wasting good time and brain power on trifles, is the chief cause of procrastination.

Gair, founder of the modern folding paper-box industry, was one who did not waste effort on trifles. A printer's blunder one morning gave him the idea for cutting and creasing folding boxes in one operation, thereby paving the way for mass production. By nightfall of the same day he was producing them on a cheap second-hand printing press.

He did not let opportunities slip by while he was making up his mind. He made decisions and acted promptly.

INDECISIVENESS divides people into four classes:

1. Die-hard conservatives, who take much time thinking over trifles and end up doing nothing.
2. Conservatives, who waste energy deciding trifles but usually do something eventually.
3. Progressives, who reach decisions quickly and go into action quickly.
4. Radicals, who reach decisions quickly but instead of going into action spend their energies trying to justify their decisions.

Men who get things done are seldom at either extreme in making up their minds.

George Horace Lorimer left a Chicago meat packing house for a subordinate job with the then struggling *Saturday Evening Post.* His prompt decisions and his resulting ability to get things done put new life into the magazine. In a few years Lorimer won the position of editor-in-chief.

Henry Ford, like most men who have built up great organizations, has the priceless habit of making decisions quickly. That is one reason why, almost single-handed, he was able to build a business that is more successful than many which are guided by committees — for committees often take a long time to reach decisions.

Quick decisions, strangely enough, are more likely to be the right decisions than those we let simmer for days. Bias and hidden prejudice have fuller play when an act is considered for too long a time. You have probably noticed that people who take a long time to decide either get little done or do foolish and impractical things. Their prejudices tend to dominate their slow decisions. Impulsiveness has its value, after all.

Decide quickly, and you will probably decide wisely.

Conscientious people, too, have difficulty getting things done. In their effort to be perfect they quibble over trifles. Fear of making mistakes slows their decisions and blocks any accomplishments they might otherwise achieve.

The executive who expects to get things done must have confidence in his prompt decisions. As Elbert Hubbard said, "An executive is a man who makes a lot of decisions—and some of them are right."

James "Buck" Duke, founder of the American Tobacco Company, was one such executive. He did not debate with himself over triviali-

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Psychologist, lecturer and university teacher, Dr. Donald A. Laird is also the author of more than six hundred magazine articles and a dozen books. Five of his books have been translated into foreign languages. Dr. Laird has taught at Colgate, Northwestern, Wyoming and Yale, and has been an industrial consultant in applied psychology for twenty years. He is a member of the Authors League of America, the American Association of Applied Psychologists, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The vital message in this article reflects his years of study of human relations.

ties. He made up his mind quickly. One day he met an old friend who had remained a small figure in the tobacco industry.

"My partner and I have enough trouble with just two stores," the friend said, "and you are thinking of opening two thousand. It's a mistake, Duke."

"A mistake!" Duke boomed. "I've made mistakes all my life. And if there's one thing that's helped me, it's the fact that when I make a mistake I never stop to talk about it. I just go ahead and make some more."

So Duke went ahead with his chain of retail tobacco stores, which eventually did a weekly business of two million dollars. He left several million dollars to build Duke University—and that was only a small fraction of the wealth he built with his quick decisions, some of which were right.

WOMEN HAVE a harder time making up their minds than men but, contrary to general belief, they do not change their minds any more often. They only appear to be more changeable because they waver so much before deciding on a course of action.

Queen Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII, had this weakness. She left important offices unfilled because she couldn't decide whom to appoint. She couldn't even decide whether to move from Hampton Court to Windsor, and for weeks the whole court was half packed, anxiously awaiting her royal decision.

Short, plump Queen Victoria, on the other hand, could make up her mind quickly, not only in affairs of state, but in affairs of the heart, as well.

"How does a girl ask a man to marry her?" she asked old Melbourne, her advisor. He laughed but gave her no help.

The next morning young Victoria told her cousin, Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, "Albert, it would make me very happy if you would marry me." And without further ado she settled upon a marriage date.

Quite possibly the womanly tendency to decide trifles slowly is one reason why there are not more women executives.

But men waste time in deciding trifles, too. Some men find it just as difficult to select a necktie as women do to select a hat. And the longer it takes them, the worse the choice is likely to be.

Some specialists on mental ailments make a strong case for the claim that there are more people today than ever before who can't seem to make up their minds. They blame this condition on the tendency to small families in which the parents decide everything for the children. When there are many children in a family, each child has a better chance of getting practice in making up his own mind, in deciding his own course of action.

The best way to develop will power for making speedy decisions, of course, is simply to go ahead and make decisions.

Many of our daily problems are so trivial they could just as well be solved by tossing a coin. Which turn to make when walking, for instance, or which tie to wear. Make a turn, any turn. Put on a tie, any tie. Do *more* things *more quickly* to arouse and stimulate your faculty for making decisions.

For speeding important decisions, a policy or a set of principles or a goal is essential.

The young Mayo brothers had a goal—they were going to be successful physicians and surgeons. That goal was always foremost in their minds. When they were invited to a tea or party, they simply asked themselves, "Will this make us better medical men?"

An engineering graduate who inherited a good job in the family factory found that the responsibility for making decisions was getting him down. An uncle noticed his indecision and presented the young man with the following list of principles to guide him in selecting a course of action:

Will it make the work easier?
Will it lower costs?
Will it make the work safer?
Will it make the workers more satisfied?

The nephew had been trying to reach decisions on a catch-as-catch-can basis. Each problem had seemed different. But with this list of principles as a guide, he was astonished to discover how much effort he had been wasting on minor aspects, how often he had been overlooking the important things.

The decisive person has principles to guide him to the heart of the matter. He can decide quickly, consistently, because principles dispel confusion and give him a clear track ahead.

John Wanamaker, who decided quickly on the basis of definite principles, found it easy to live up to his motto: "Do the next thing."

The little things in life do not count nearly so much as the indecisive among us would like to have us believe!

Like One of These? →

The 1946 Coronet Calendar, which appears on the following pages, is available in similar form, separately bound. It has been reprinted on heavy quality enamel stock, in a slightly larger size 6½ x 8, backed with stout crush-resistant cardboard and bound with colorful, pliable plastic for only 25c. No advertising appears on the calendar. Simply fill out the coupon below and send it to us along with your remittance.

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CORONET CALENDER

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June, 1946

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July, 1946

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August, 1946

A collection of miscellaneous, diverting, and useful information designed for your use and your pleasure.

	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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September, 1946

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October, 1946

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November, 1946

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December, 1946

January, 1946

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January is named for Janus, a two-faced Roman god who was a sort of patron saint of doorways. Having two faces, Janus could see in two directions at once. It's a good name for January, too, for this is the month which looks back at the old year and forward to the new, while standing at the door to both.

February, 1946

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The English called **February** Sprout-Kale—the month in which the cabbage began to sprout. Kale is the cabbage in kale slaw, or cole slaw, which, by the way, you can zip up with diced apples. Anyway the fourteenth is you'd-better-not-forget-it day. If you haven't got a Valentine, start looking now.

March, 1946

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March used to be number one on the hit parade of months until a couple of hundred years ago. The Romans, the ancient Jews, the English, the French, and a lot of other people started their year in this month, but now it's just a lot of wind the sooner got over with the better. It's named after Mars, god of war.

April, 1946

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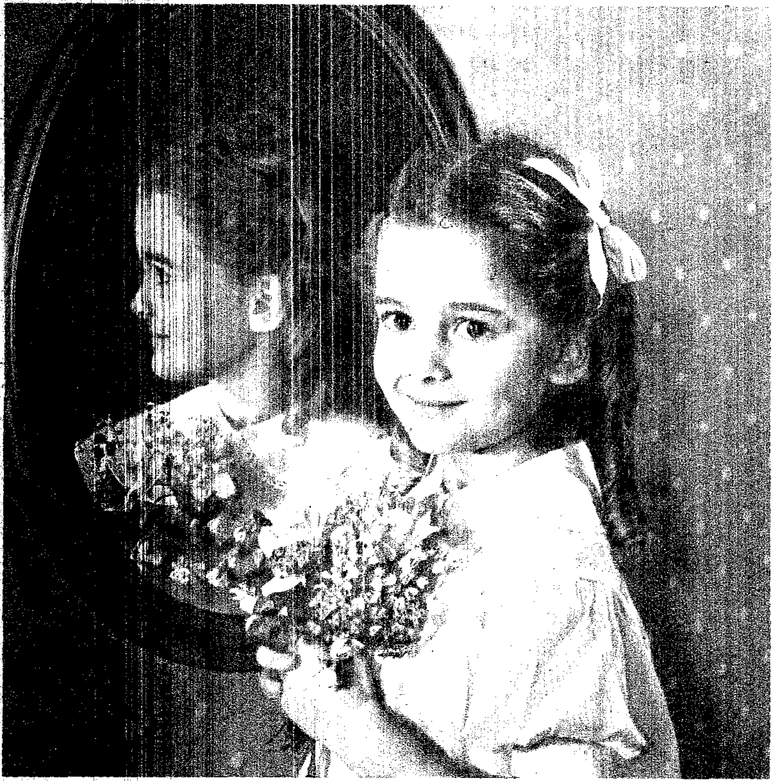
In India there is a feast called Huli, ending on the night of March 31, during which the Indians spend all their time playing jokes on their friends. Aren't they silly? Expect rain this month. And don't forget: an inch of rain over an acre of ground weighs 226,512 pounds. And that's no April Fooling!



May, 1946

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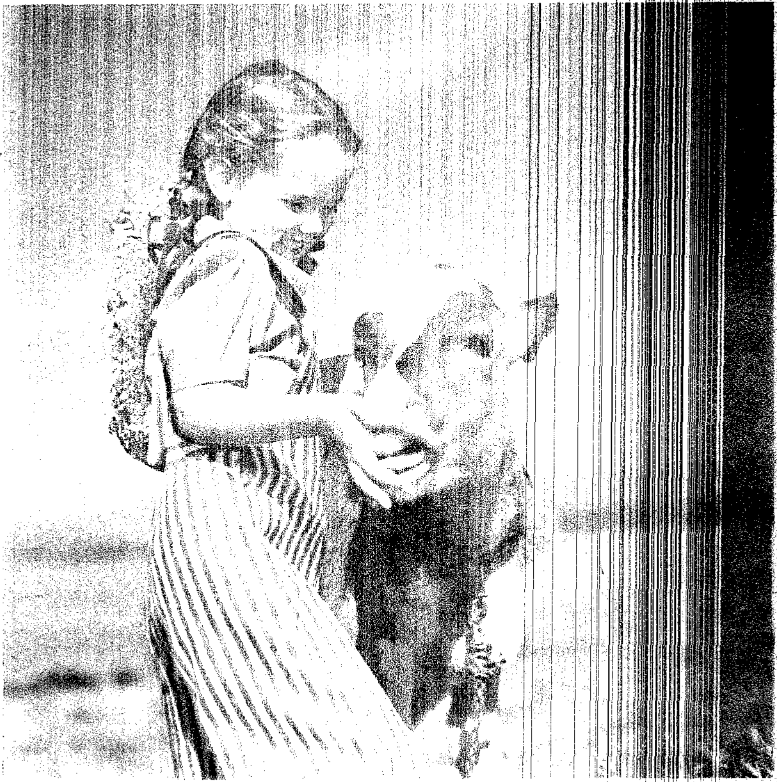
A year ago this month the war with Germany was finally won. We were half done with one of the worst wars in history fought for the best reason—freedom. Now that we are at peace, let's hope the United Nations remember Ben Franklin said something about hanging separately if we don't hang together.



June, 1946

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This is the month of marriage, for which we can thank the Romans. They considered May an unlucky month for weddings, so all the young swains and swoons had to wait anxiously for June, to set up house and that's how June weddings began. Young brides should know that the error of bad cooks is loss of temper.

July, 1946

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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Marc Antony named this month after his buddy Julius Caesar whose birthday was on the twelfth. The Dog-days begin on the third of the month, and the speechifying days begin on the fourth. And, Brother, we'd be pretty sick dogs without freedom of speech, wouldn't we? Uncle Sam is 170 years old this month.

August, 1946

	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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Another Roman Emperor was Augustus Caesar who fancied he was as big a bug as Julius, so he grabbed off a month for himself, too —August. And talking about bugs, science lists about 625,000 different kinds of insects of which only 235 are economically harmful. Don't forget August 14 is Victory Day!

September, 1946

Su	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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The Romans began by numbering the months—September actually means seventh-month—but they got tangled up when every ruler who came along had his own ideas on the calendar. So what we call seventh-month is really ninth-month! If you planted cauliflower in July, begin early on the blanching process.

October, 1946

	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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In 1492, on October twelfth, Columbus sighted the New World. Four months later he wrote a complete account of his trip on a piece of parchment, placed it in a barrel and threw it overboard to be lost. So if you want a ready-made best-seller, go down to the Azores and swim around with your eyes open.

November, 1946

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November means ninth-month, of course, but we're sure you'll understand that it's not our fault (the Romans again!). Josh Billings, an old-time Almanacker, turned up this epigram which we pass on as an Election Eve thought for politicians: "Most folks is like an egg: too full of themselves to hold any more."

December, 1946

	Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
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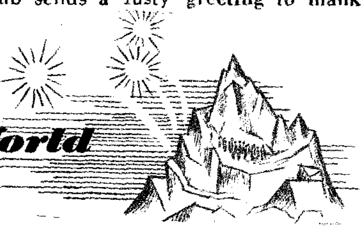
The Romans may have called December tenth-month, but the Old English called it Holy Month, for it was in this month that a multitude of the heavenly host proclaimed "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And with this we leave, wishing each of you many Merry Christmases!

From the top of Pikes Peak, a unique club sends a lusty greeting to mankind

New Year's Eve on the Roof of the World



by WILLIS MAGEE

IT IS IN winter most of all that we, a special group of mountain climbers, feel the pull of the white peaks.

Between us and the cold summits we sense something like the magnetism that turns gravitation upside down and lifts atoms of iron from the dead sand—for aren't there atoms of iron in us, too, in our hearts and our blood? Mysterious "lines of force," invisible, insistent, seem to draw us upward from the sheltered valley toward the stars.

Always on the last night of December, when an old year dies and a new one is born, we stand at midnight on the top of Pikes Peak and give a lusty greeting to the world. For 24 years we have been doing that on New Year's Eve.

There are 24 of us now. We are the members of the AdAmAn Club of Colorado Springs, and there is nothing strange about us—unless you think our annual ritual is strange. Through the rest of the year we are humdrum folk going about humdrum tasks, like the rest of the valley dwellers. We are doctors, merchants, professors; one of us is a dental goldsmith, one is a bank teller, one a photographer, one a railway manager.

But all of us are, of necessity, experts in the hazardous adventure of scaling the high peaks. Some of us have climbed the Monta Rosa, the Matterhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Zinal Rothorn and Unter and Ober Gabelhorn. We are sure of foot on icy cliffs, sure of vision in the wind-whipped swirls of snow. We are kin, we think, to the world's explorers. Perhaps we are kin to its poets, too.

Roald Amundsen was an honorary member of our club until he died; and then his place was taken by Admiral Richard E. Byrd, who sent his acceptance by radio. I think Walt Whitman would have liked to be one of us, at least in companionship, for there is in us a salt of friendliness to which such men respond.

Shall I tell you how our club was born? It was the result of a sudden fancy. Five of us decided on December 22, 1922, to climb the peak just for fun; we had no other thought at the time. Fred Morath and his brother Ed are really our founders; it was their idea that became our cornerstone. There is probably a bit of poet in Fred somewhere, for it was he who suddenly said:

"Boys, let's make it a New Year's Eve party. Let's stand on the roof of the world and wish the people below a Happy New Year."

"Let's do it *every* year," someone else suggested. "Let's have a club!"

So the five of us became charter

members: Fred and Ed Morath, Fred Barr, Harry Standley, and I. We decided to make the club hard to get into by ruling that only one new member could be added each year. That accounts for our name—AdAmAn.

Nine days later we made our first ascent together. We started in rough weather that got rougher as we went along. We carried heavy loads, too, including fireworks, for we had planned a display.

The trees, while we were still below timberline, gave us a little protection from the gale. Trimmed with ice and looking like Christmas, they resembled Aeolian harps through which the wind made moaning music.

As we approached the summit, where there are no trees, the circling gale plucked at us where we clung. It was cold and clean and we loved it.

We stopped to have lunch and to rest inside Windy Point Stone House at twelve thousand feet, above the timberline. There was a pine fire crackling and a teakettle singing. But we could not stay long. We had to reach Summit House before dark. We arrived there in mid-afternoon and had a real rest—after shoveling away the snowdrift, roof-high, that blocked the door.

We built another fire, a big one this time, and lolled around it until the hour for our promised show. Midnight; we knew the whole city below was looking up.

So we started the fireworks: flaming rockets, roman candles, balls of colored flame—red, blue, yellow, green—launched from 14,110 feet. Did you ever try to imagine looking *down* on shooting stars?

Well, that was opening night for our annual show, which has been getting better ever since. And it will be best of all, we hope, this year, for we have more fireworks, purchased with a fund donated to us by the city's businessmen.

And it will be best of all, too, because the world is at peace. For isn't this the last of the war years, the last of all the war years ever to be blood-written in the book of time? And the midnight stroke that ends it—won't that bring the loveliness of perpetual peace? Or is it only the clean oxygen of the peak-top that makes us feel that way?

Other Times . . .

IN 18TH CENTURY AMERICA, many portrait painters traveled from town to town with an assortment of pictures of men and women, finished except for the face and hair. Thus anyone who wished an oil painting of himself merely had to select the body he liked best and the artist painted his head on it.
—MARION SHAFFER

WHEN BLACKSTONE brought out his works on law (a century and a half ago) the opinion was commonly held in England that it was permissible for a man to beat his wife—provided, however, that he did not use a stick or other weapon thicker than his little finger.
—S. J. SABIN

Dust bowl refugees have a new appreciation of the land they left a few years ago

The Long Journey Home

by THEODORE NORMAN

THE BIG MAN with hard lines in his face, with the battered hat and the brand-new shoes, had a slow, warm smile and a careful way of choosing his words. I met him in a gas station. I was going West and he was going East.

"We're goin' back," he said.

"Home?"

"Home. Sure enough. Goin' home in a manner we ain't accustomed to."

He smiled. He patted the fender of his car. It was a good serviceable car, not the newest nor best in the world, but a respectable job and freshly painted. That car was loaded to the gills. I could see kids, dogs, mattresses, crockery, linen, a radio, an electric heater.

Another in a series portraying, in words and pictures, memorable events in American life.

"Where's home?" I asked.

"Oklahoma." He looked at me. He smiled. Then he added, "You heard of us, I reckon. Everyone has. We're Okies."

His eyes looked over my shoulder and into the California hills he was leaving. "Seems a long time ago," he said, "a long time ago we left home. It wasn't much to leave by that time: dust up to the second floor of the house, the silo full of dust . . . the livestock dead . . . the crick run dry. Left the state of Oklahoma in a wagon with the only two horses I had left. You heard of the dust bowl?"

I nodded.

"Feller named Steinbeck wrote a book about us. Good book, made a lotta people think; but they soon forgot. We made tracks clear to California in that wagon."

He brought his eyes down from the hills again and looked at me and smiled. "Now we're goin' back. Five years in a defense factory. Me and the old lady saved our money. Now we're goin' back."

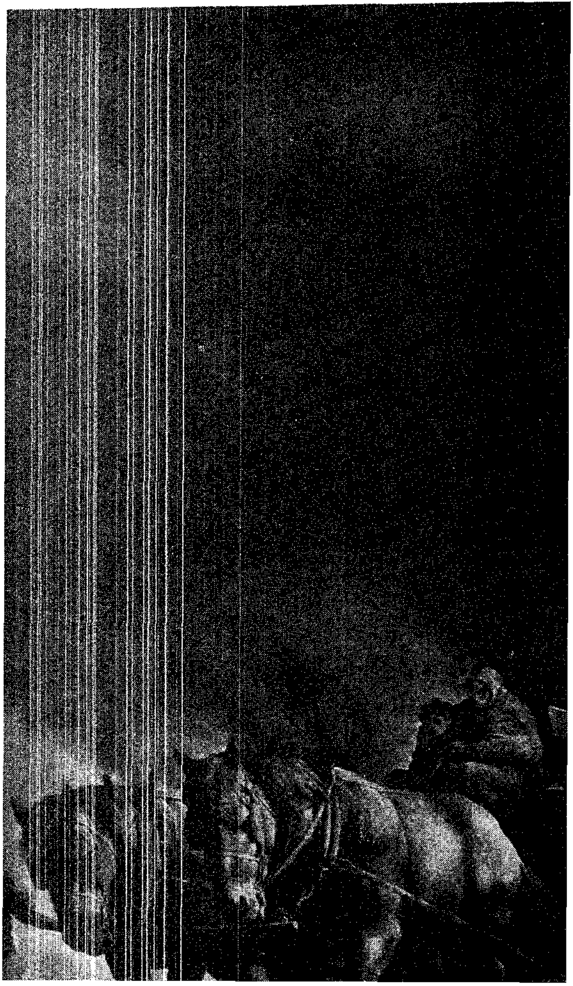
"What about the land—and the dust?"

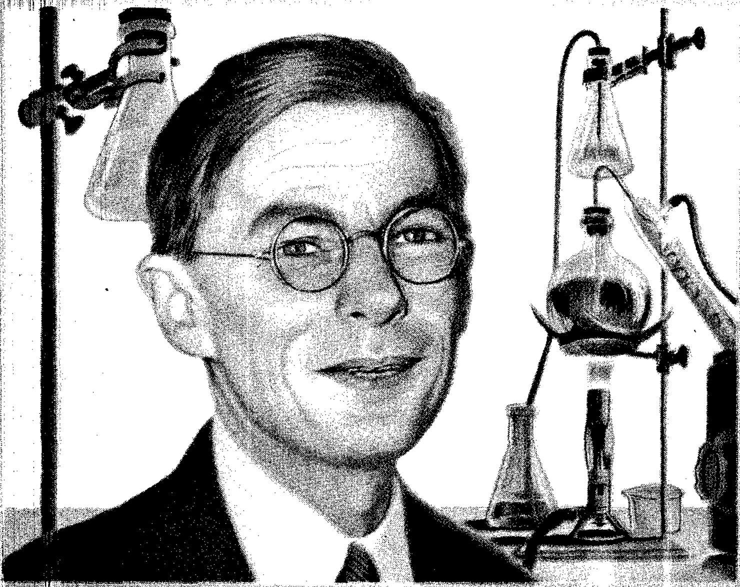
"Well, when you're a long way from home you learn a lot about home. I figure the soil is like a bank; you aim to take out of it, you gotta put into it.

"It's different goin' back this way. We're goin' back with lots more. Lots o' lessons learned. She can't lick us this time, the dust. The soil, she's like a bank—she's like . . . " He groped for the word, and he was a little self-conscious when he found it. ". . . like democracy. You want somethin' out of it, you gotta put somethin' in."

He turned to the gas station attendant. The warm, slow smile spread over his face.

"We're goin' home," he said. "Fill 'er up!"





PORTRAIT BY ROBERT BENNEY

Conant of Harvard

by LESTER VELIE

HARVARD UNIVERSITY takes its presidents seriously. Despite the fact that Harry S. Truman now occupies the highest office in the land, to eighty thousand Harvard alumni "The President" is not the nation's chief notable but the President of their alma mater in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Even Chief Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of Harvard's most distinguished sons, had difficulty on his return to Boston from Washington in getting accustomed, as he said, to the fact that "the reference 'The President' was meant for the President of Harvard and not a minor official in Washington."

Because the majesty with which Harvard cloaks its top office thrusts greatness upon the wearer of the mantle, it challenges him to grow —or else. James Bryant Conant, 23rd president of Harvard and quondam chemistry professor, has met this challenge by balancing on his stooped shoulders and meager frame a collection of four careers which, in addition to his university duties, has made him (a) a scientist big enough to help out the military in two wars; (b) a molder of public opinion influential enough to help align the United States against the Axis before Pearl Harbor; and (c) an educational reformer whose leadership may change for generations the teaching practices in America's schools and colleges.

Conant has held two top secrets of two World Wars. So important was Major Conant's work on Lewisite gas during World War I that he and his men were held incommunicado behind barbed wire in a factory dubbed "The Mouse-trap." As chairman of the National Defense Research Committee and a top director of work on the atomic bomb in World War II Conant was one of a half dozen men in all the world through whose hands passed all the threads of that momentous development.

Great Living Americans

IV

A descendant of war-hating Puritan forebears, Conant became a belligerent interventionist in 1939, was wheeled up as heavy artillery in the climactic Senate hearings on Lend-Lease in February, 1941, and was the first voice in America, two months after Pearl Harbor, to demand "unconditional surrender," preceding even President Roosevelt with the resounding phrase. Conant's war record was as neat as a theorem in geometry. He was a leader in the fight to prepare us for war and, with his atomic bomb work, he helped bring the war to a decisive end.

As reformers in education, Conant and his Harvard professors recently set off an atomic bomb of another kind which is hastening the demolition of rooted practice. Conant aims at a new educational process that will prepare the scholar to enjoy life and be an informed citizen, as well as a specialist in his own field. The soft-spoken Conant is a man of learning who does not hide his light behind a mortarboard.

THE DUMBARTON OAKS Estate, made famous by the Washington conference of that name, belongs to Harvard, the gift of Robert W. Bliss, former ambassador to Argentina, who endowed it as a center for the study of Byzantine art. On the estate is a modest two-story house used as a dormitory for the museum's students. None of the scholars who occasionally rubbed shoulders in 1942 with the courteous and gangling lodger occupying two small rooms on the second floor could possibly have dreamed that behind his high forehead and steel-rimmed glasses lay a secret that would one day bring World War II to a dramatic close.

For one who held an earth-shaking secret, Conant went about his affairs in prosaic fashion. No FBI agents guarded him, no bullet-proof limousine whisked him to and from his Washington office. Unattended, he made his weekly circuit from the Capital to Cambridge, piling up 250 thousand miles of travel during the war.

As chairman of a special secret committee of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, Conant co-ordinated the work of a group of Nobel Prize scientists on the atomic bomb until the production stage was reached and the Army took over. After assembling the scientific supermen who ultimately harnessed the atom, he served as liaison between them and Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the OSRD, of which Conant's secret committee was a part.

During his earlier days at Harvard, Conant had forged new paths into the shadowy area where the sciences of physics and chemistry merge. His work in measuring the speed of chemical reactions was later to help him choose the epochal turns in the road toward the atomic bomb. But in 1940, when America began to show official interest in military use of the atom, progress had been anything but spectacular. Scientists had not yet learned how to explode atoms like a string of firecrackers. They hadn't even produced much uranium-235, and only infinitesimal amounts of plutonium.

After 18 months of research, Vannevar Bush took counsel with Conant and other scientists. It was a long-faced gathering. Intelligence reports told ominously of German experiments with atomic energy. Should America embark on the hunt, too, or drop it? It might prove a wild goose chase, expending men and materials sorely needed in other rearmament tasks. Although the odds seemed long, it was finally decided to take the gamble.

On December 6, one day before Pearl Harbor, Conant faced the S-1 (uranium) section of OSRD. From his six feet of height he looked down anxiously on the distinguished men before him: Nobel Prize winners Arthur Compton of the University of Chicago, Harold Urey of Columbia, Ernest Lawrence of California.

"Gentlemen," said Conant, "this is it! We believe the Germans are a full year ahead in their work on an atomic bomb. Heaven help us if they get there before we do."

By June, 1942, Conant was convinced the atom could be harnessed. More than that, his group of Nobel Prize winners and their echelons of scientists could calculate four methods of preparing the "fissionable" material. The odds in history's greatest gamble were shortening. The time had come to test laboratory discoveries in pilot plants. But for this a half-billion dollars was required.

Some fine questions now arose. A large scale atomic project would cut into emergency war production. And after all, the atomic bomb was still a gamble. At this point Conant cut through the debate. "Can the atomic bomb win the war?" he asked, "or will it merely provide a supplementary weapon?"

The scientists staked their reputations on the belief that the atomic bomb *could* win the war. Bush and Conant urged President Roosevelt to let them push on in an all-out effort. But as a precaution they would concentrate for the time being only on those methods of producing uranium-235 and plutonium which interfered least with other vital war work.

It is industrial practice to test

laboratory discoveries first in a small pilot plant, but Conant and Bush had no time for peacetime caution. With Roosevelt's approval, pilot plants and production factories were built at the same time. The now famous "Manhattan District" was created by the Army. Maj. Gen. Leslie R. Groves of the Engineers took over the final stages of research and development which involved building cities and plants over many miles of countryside.

Conant became Groves' chief over-all scientific adviser; but he insists his job from there on was chiefly liaison, and that the credit for making the project a success should go to Groves and the top scientists and industrial engineers who actually directed the work.

ALL THE WORLD now knows how the great gamble paid off. Under a downcast sky which loosed rain and lightning on a morning last July, Conant stood on a low hill some 120 miles southeast of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Beside him were Groves, now his close friend, and Bush. Ten miles to the south stood the steel tower from which hung the model bomb on which unprecedented experimentation and genius had been lavished.

Through Conant's mind ran the paralyzing thought—what if the scientific calculations were wrong? They were calculations only—extensions of reasoning based on experiments with quantities of matter so minute they weren't discernible through the ordinary microscope.

Would it work? . . . *Would it work?*

Five miles to the south, halfway between Conant's base camp and the test tower, other scientists were poised at electric controls that would soon detonate the bomb. Conant's university, present at the dawning of a new world some 309 years before, was now well represented at the dawning of the new atomic age. In charge of the detonation was Prof. Kenneth T. Bainbridge of Harvard. At his side was J. Robert Oppenheimer, Harvard '25, who had developed the instrumentation of the bomb. George B. Kistiakowsky, Harvard chemistry professor, had helped solve some of the chemical riddles. And even the lone journalist who was to record the test for history was a Harvard man, William L. Laurence of the New York *Times*.

The time signals were now being bellowed via loud speakers from the firing station. At minus two minutes, the president of Harvard pulled his raincoat tighter and stretched out on a tarpaulin, face down and feet toward the tower. As the seconds were intoned over the loud speakers, Conant observed to Groves, "I never imagined seconds could be so long."

Suddenly there came a history-making flash of light, many times the intensity of the sun which bathed the distant mountain ranges. Conant, amazed, turned over on his back to marvel at the spectacle.

"Though for three years we had been told by the physicists about the ball of fire, I had expected only a lightning flash on the horizon," he later related. "To my stupefaction, it was more like a long-lasting white light from a giant star shell directly overhead."

Thirty seconds later the roar of sound came as an anticlimax. Conant reached over and shook hands solemnly with Groves, then with Bush. But not a word was uttered.

If other scientists had qualms about the new force they had unleashed, Conant had none. "It will end the war," he said. "There's no difference to my mind between using incendiary bombs to burn out the Japanese piecemeal or, with the atomic bomb, doing it wholesale. And most important, it will assure a form of international world control. Unless the bomb is used in battle, it may still be difficult to convince some Americans that world collaboration is needed to preserve civilization."

He Helped Arm America

IMMEDIATELY AFTER the news of Hiroshima, Conant wrote a letter to Harvard's Board of Overseers explaining why Harvard Yard had seen so little of its president for five years. As few jobs in America are more important to Harvard than its presidency, Conant's silence had been a painful one. He had considered resigning, he wrote, but could not bring himself to make the decision alone. Yet he could share his secret with no one, not even his wife.

Despite Conant's letter, few of Harvard's overseers suspected the full role their president had played in the war. Nor did they suspect that his early conviction that war was inevitable had given America a long start in arming with modern weapons. Conant was one of a small group of learned men who were practical enough to see that American participation was inevitable. So in 1939 they decided to begin serious study of what they described dryly as "the instrumentalities of war."

Bush, president of Carnegie Institution; Karl Compton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Conant took their idea to President Roosevelt. In June, 1940, the President created the Defense Research Committee to study four fields: arms and ordnance, chemical warfare, communications, and radar. Conant took over the chemical warfare group.

After solving problems connected with generating naval and land smoke-screens, Conant heard from friends in England of a new super-explosive called R-D-X, 50 per cent more powerful than TNT. But the Army and Navy showed little interest: R-D-X was hard to control, costly to manufacture.

Conant put three chemists to work on R-D-X, and in six months they had discovered a new and cheaper method of producing it. What was equally important, their formula required no toluene—one of the great bottle-neck materials of the war. The Navy put R-D-X into super-mines and torpedoes. Conant's development saved the Government a hundred million dollars and speeded the synthetic rubber program by freeing toluene.

Already launched on his quest for "new instrumentalities of war," Conant was sent to England by Roosevelt early in 1941 to set up an information exchange which would tap the military-scientific secrets of that beleaguered country. There Conant had an idea: why not train American volunteers to operate radar sets in England under combat conditions?

Roosevelt readily approved the

When Clothes Made the Man

President Conant is an avid fisherman, as happy as a barefoot boy when he can go off on a fishing trip with his close friend, James Phinney Baxter III, president of Williams College. On such trips the president of Harvard is wont to forget the niceties of dress and to luxuriate in unshaven comfort.

Once on a fishing excursion in Maine, Conant and Baxter stopped at a village whose big event that evening was commencement in the local high school. Conant and Baxter, deciding to take in the exercises, headed for the school. Halfway, Conant rubbed his chin, reminding him that he had not shaved for four days. And fishing clothes did little to dispel his air of seediness.

"Let's go anyway," Conant urged bravely. "I'll tell them I'm the president of Harvard."

"Sure," replied Baxter, "and I'll tell them I'm the president of Williams . . . *But*—who will believe us?"

And so the president of Harvard and the president of Williams silently turned around and walked away, leaving the commencement to the plaudits of lesser-known but better-groomed people.

idea. The Signal Corps shipped six hundred radio amateurs to England where they became radar operators. When the United States entered the war, the Armed Services had available an invaluable corps of trained technicians.

He Asked a $60,000 Question

Not all of Conant's wartime research, however, led to new instrumentalities of war. For one project he chose twelve Harvard professors, relieved them of some of their teaching duties, persuaded the Harvard Corporation to put up a sixty-thousand-dollar fund, and set the group to work on a problem that had been agitating college campuses for two decades.

The nation's great universities were teaching everything and anything. Given complete freedom of choice, students made an intellectual *smorgasbord* of unrelated courses and came away with degrees but with little coherent education. Men of learning also felt that youth was being trained for vocations, but was acquiring little cultural baggage to help him enjoy life or make the judgments on which democracy depends.

What to do about this became, in the words of irreverent Harvard Yard observers, a sixty-thousand-dollar question. The question was to be asked not only about college students, but high school and elementary pupils as well. For two years there trekked through the Harvard Yard and to the hearings in University Hall college presidents and kindergarten teachers, CIO leaders and National Association of Manufacturers spokesmen, politicians, social workers, doctors of law and medicine. When the brain-picking was over, the investigators had learned some astonishing things about American education.

They found, for instance, that while schools emphasize vocational training, 65 per cent of America's jobs need little or no skill. High schools pour shorthand and typewriting, bookkeeping and manual training into students who never use these skills.

The investigations also showed that while more than 80 per cent of Americans never go to college, high schools make little attempt to provide a rounded education for those whose learning ends there.

America's school system, the professors discovered, wasn't even doing an effective job of teaching the essentials of democracy: tolerance, fair play, equality of opportunity. And most disturbing of all for a nation whose existence depends on its citizens' collective judgment, they found that fully ten million persons were illiterate, while twenty million persons of voting age had never gone beyond the sixth grade.

The Harvard report has caused a ferment of debate. It suggested for colleges a "core curriculum" built around English, sciences, and the social studies, and a modification of the "electives" system.

An educational revolution was afoot. Harvard had turned the spotlight on inadequacies in our educational system which menace our democratic way of life.

A Big Man in a Big Job

In office for more than twelve years, five of them away to the wars, Harvard's president has fulfilled two of the university's expectations. He has achieved the stature of a leading American citizen and has become a force in shaping the nation's educational policy. There remains a third role, that of administrator of the oldest and best known educational institution in America. The Harvard Corporation, the university's top governing unit, consists of Conant, Treasurer William H. Claflin Jr., and five Fellows, the legal owners of Harvard. It is unique in American education.

The richest institution of learning in America, Harvard has an endowment of 160 million dollars, some of it made up of trust funds going back to Colonial days and still earning income. Conant's annual 25 thousand dollar salary, for example, is supplemented by the income from a hundred-pound trust created in 1727. From this source last year President Conant received a check for $6.25. At Harvard, traditions are observed punctiliously.

The university plant comprises more than one hundred buildings insured for seventy million dollars, but their actual worth and that of their contents is incalculable. What value would one place on the *Gutenberg Bible* in Widener Library, for example? As a business concern Harvard has an income of about fifteen million dollars yearly, and it spends almost as much.

Harvard's presidents are czars; once elected there is no practical way of ousting them. Harvard's great Charles W. Eliot reigned for 40 years and Abbott Lawrence Lowell for 24. That is why the selection of a president by the corporation is a solemn undertaking.

The choice of Conant in 1933 caused some astonishment. Not because Conant was young, only 40. Eliot became Harvard's 21st president at 35, and Henry Dunster, the university's first head, was only 30 when he took over in 1640. But Conant, chairman of Harvard's chemistry department, was practically unknown to Harvard alumni and to Boston's Beacon Hill. True, he had achieved scientific distinction and in time would undoubtedly have won a Nobel Prize. But he had entered Harvard from a public school, belonged to none of its exclusive clubs, and did not travel among the Boston Brahmins. Furthermore, a scientist is not as a rule a man of letters. Just what sort of a president would a chemist make anyway?

CONANT, BORN in the Dorchester section of Boston, had been graduated from Roxbury Latin School, a tuition-free institution founded in 1645. In 1933 the school's trustees met to fill a vacancy on the board. The name of James B. Conant was suggested. The board rejected it. He was not well-enough known. Faces were red three weeks later when Conant was named president of Harvard.

Cambridge legend has it that Conant won his exalted post as an outgrowth of his friendship with Kenneth Ballard Murdock, English professor at Harvard. Conant and Murdock grew up together in Dorchester. After graduation from Harvard, they roomed together as tutors, and when Conant married, Murdock was his best man.

While Conant was making his way up to the chairmanship of the chemistry department, Murdock was advancing to the job of dean of the faculty of arts and sciences. There, at 38, he became the leading candidate for the presidency. Conant was not even mentioned. To investigate Murdock's character, Harvard's Fellows questioned Conant, among others. They went away, so the story goes, wondering why they had not thought of Conant for the job.

Actually, the Fellows had decided when Lowell resigned in 1932 to postpone consideration of prospects for a month. It was agreed that each, meanwhile, would compile a list of possible choices. When the Fellows met a month later, prominent on each list was the name of Conant.

What they saw of Conant they enthusiastically liked. Although a man of science, he was exceptionally well read in history, economics and literature. He was a first-rate administrator, ruthless in rooting out mediocrities on his staff. He also had what associates described as "scientific imagination"—the ability to make shrewd guesses in probing for nature's secrets. So Conant was tapped for the job.

At his office in ancient Massachusetts Hall, there is in Conant today little trace of the shy research scientist of some twelve years ago. In contrast to the tweedy comfort of those days he is now the well-tailored executive, although the endless traveling he is required to do renders him somewhat less immaculate than Mrs. Conant would like him to be.

Of the thin, Will Rogers type, Conant at 52 is surprisingly youthful. His speech is surprising, too, for Conant speaks with the Yankee twang of a Coolidge; but there the resemblance quickly ends, for Conant enjoys people and loves conversation. There is about him an eager informality which offers a startling contrast to the ponderous dignity of his predecessor, Lowell.

Conant's office is only a three-minute walk across the Yard from the mansion which is the home of Harvard presidents. There the Conants lived with their sons James (who studied philosophy, not science, at Michigan, not Harvard) and Theodore, until the boys went off to war. During the war the mansion was turned over to the Navy, and the Conants lived in a modest house in Quincy Street nearby.

Directly above Conant's office is the Pulsis Room where each fortnight the Fellows gather to weigh in minutest detail the university's administrative affairs. A self-perpetuating body whose seven members hold their posts for life, the corporation is subject only to the veto of the Board of Overseers, a body of thirty men sometimes described as Boston's most exclusive club. The veto is rarely exercised.

The corporation's meetings begin decorously, the Fellows addressing Conant as "Mr. President." But since the meetings are all-day affairs, this sort of thing doesn't last, and a heated Fellow will sometimes ask, "Now Jim, isn't that the damndest idea you ever heard of?"

The demands on a Harvard president's time make Conant's life a busy one. He is expected to attend ten or twelve faculty meetings a month, entertain students and faculty members at Sunday teas, dine visiting dignitaries. In normal times he is bombarded with invitations to speak in public. To these have now been added a Niagara of pleas to talk or write about the atomic bomb, to testify at Senate hearings, to take a hand in "movements."

The atom bomb problem is one that Conant, in cautious Yankee fashion, wants time to think over. His war labors done, he yearns to resume some of the non-scholarly pursuits that added zest to life in ante-bellum days: fishing, for example, and skiing and mountain climbing. But meanwhile, the opinions of Harvard's president are widely sought, for he is a man of affairs and still growing.

Scholarships at Harvard, totaling more than 300 thousand dollars in 1941, are part of Conant's campaign for "social mobility"—a formidable phrase he uses to describe the movement of able persons to higher stations in life. Many responsible jobs are now largely barred to those who lack a college education, Conant argues. This tends to deny opportunity to the majority of Americans, and thus to stratify society into classes.

Conant, who describes himself as a 19th Century liberal and who crusades for higher income taxes and educational reform, never tires of warning about the danger of freezing Americans into economic strata and rigid classes.

The privilege of rising through effort and ability, he believes, is something that should be faithfully guarded and preserved for the generations of Americans to come.

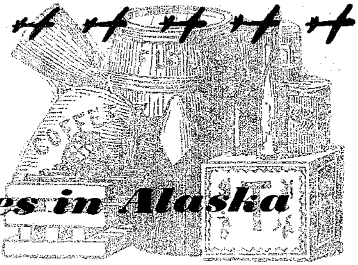
Lincoln Said

"THE DOGMAS of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present . . . as our case is new, so must we think anew and act anew."

—*Abraham Lincoln* in his message to Congress, December 1, 1862.

The post-war air age is old stuff to the ingenious bush pilots of the Far North

everything Flies in Alaska



by MURRAY MORGAN

SOMEWHERE north of the Arctic Circle, on the run between Point Barrow and Fairbanks, the motor of the little Beechcraft biplane conked out. The pilot, Carl Martin, wheeled his dead duck into a long glide, picked the best landing site he could find in the mid-afternoon twilight, and bounced down on the tundra.

As crash landings go it was not bad; Martin emerged unhurt. But as emergency landings in the Far North go it was not good; both lower wings were battered and broken. The mercury was far below zero and the nearest igloo a hundred miles away, so Martin worked fast.

First he cleared his clogged fuel line. That was easy; the real problem was what to do about the wings. They had been knocked loose from the body, the struts were strained, and the surface broken. Martin's repair equipment was inadequate for such large scale damage, so in the best tradition of the Alaska bush pilot he improvised.

He smoothed the wings and propped them into place. Then he built a fire, melted some ice, and poured the water over the torn fabric and into the joints between wings and body. While the wings were freezing into place, Martin cleared a rough runway. Trusting to luck and the low temperature, he babied the plane into the air and limped back to Fairbanks.

Martin attaches as much importance to the Arctic incident as a truck driver would to a flat tire.

In the Far North the post-war air age began ten years ago, and bush pilots boast that they will fly anything anywhere.

One square-faced, grey-haired pilot named Bob Reeve is famous for the fantastic cargoes he has hauled. A not-unusual sight at Merrill Field, in Anchorage, is Reeve's red monoplane starting down the runway with a canoe strapped under each wing, while two natives and a dozen dogs struggle for choice positions next to the cabin windows.

Livestock floats calmly through the Alaskan air. Reeve is continually called on to fly pigs, dogs and foxes. And the big transports of

Pan American and Woodley Air Lines ferry baby chicks by the hundreds. Newly-hatched chickens are rushed to the airfield from incubators in Seattle, flown to Anchorage, and delivered to local rangers who give them their first meal a thousand miles from their electric mother.

Most celebrated of all Alaska's airborne animals is Leo Moore's cow. Leo loved milk. Whenever he flew into the mink-farming territory around McGrath he complained to the fur ranchers that all they ever offered him was water and alcohol. Finally an exasperated Alaskan retorted, "If you want milk, bring me a cow." On Leo's next run, he brought a cow.

Bob Reeve's specialty is flying supplies to out-of-the-way mines. Sometimes he lands on sand spits in torrential glacial rivers, sometimes on ponds left by the spring thaw. Sometimes he takes off on skis from mud flats and comes down on sloping glaciers. Reeve once dropped a Diesel engine, wrapped in blankets, by parachute; another time he flew an entire rock-crushing mill to a mine on a mountain outside Valdez; and once he hauled twenty tons of dynamite, making repeated landings on a glacier.

Only one cargo worries Bob: mountain climbers. "They're screwballs," he says. "You gotta be nuts to wanta climb those mountains. It's dangerous."

In Alaska everybody flies. Eskimo and Indian and Aleut children are flown in from remote settlements to have their tonsils out and their teeth filled—and to gape at automobiles. During a recent holiday, planes dropped tickets entitling the finders to free rides. A pretty little Indian girl of twelve caught two passes. "Will it be your first ride?" I asked. She looked at me indignantly and said, "I had my first flight when I was two."

As a result of all this flitting about, Merrill Field claims to be the busiest little airport in the world, with an average of more than 250 commercial flights daily. Although overshadowed by the Army's huge airdromes at nearby Elmendorf Field, Merrill remains the center of Alaskan commercial aviation. Nearly a hundred company and privately owned planes operate from the field, which also houses the regional headquarters for the Civil Aviation Authority which since 1939 has been cultivating commercial aviation in the Far North.

Unlike the bush pilots, the CAA officials think primarily in terms of well-developed fields, systematic weather reports, glide paths, lighted runways, radio-ranges—even schedules. But building airfields in the roadless interior presents problems best solved by bush pilot methods, so the start of most operations includes ingenious improvisations and strange cargoes.

CAA pilots have flown entire towns over the coastal mountains. Every house, every bed, every inhabitant, every toilet, every toothpick in the new settlements of Northway and Skwentna were ferried by air to the interior. Nothing was too big: tractors, jeeps, Diesel engines, radio towers.

The CAA's No. 1 Alaskan pilot, Jack Jefford, is especially proud of his dragline job. The CAA dragline is a huge affair weighing 42 tons. It was at the Iliamna airfield at the base of the Alaska peninsula when a rush call was received to ship it to Skwentna 250 miles away. Getting the clumsy equipment to Iliamna had taken weeks of work, dreary days of bucking the mud on disappearing roads, countless barge trips across wind-swept Lake Iliamna. And now the dragline was needed elsewhere.

The engineers said the season was wrong, the trails impassable; the line could not be moved for six months. Then someone suggested flying the dragline across the mountains.

Jack Jefford rounded up a crew and flew to Iliamna. The men tore down the dragline and Jefford took the big transport over the course ten times. In nine days the line was ready at the new field.

Nothing is too big, nothing too small for the Far North fliers. Shortly after freighting the 84 thousand pound earth mover, the CAA delivered a phonograph needle to a lonely music lover in Shungnak, north of the Arctic circle.

The pilots are continually called on to bring civilization's little lifesavers to remote outposts. CAA office girls in Anchorage run an unofficial shopping service. A random list of the orders they have filled in recent months included:

A box of six nipples for Kotzebue on the Arctic ocean.

A head of lettuce for Point Barrow.

A baby crib for a snowed-in couple whose heir turned out to be twins.

Half-soles and new heels for a pair of shoes.

A woman's hat, size twenty.

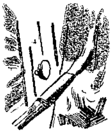
A shipment of popcorn for the fur center of Bethel.

A pork roast and a couple of cats.

About the most frequent request is for a new pair of glasses. One such request was received recently from a CAA agent at the Eskimo town of Gambell (Sevuokuk) on the northwest tip of St. Lawrence island, just off the Siberian coast: "Please repair these glasses for Thomas Apossingok, the ivory carving teacher. He says they were just right for close and far seeing. Bring them back and we'll have old Thomas hitting the doorway again."

Old Tom got his bifocals.

Lucky Stroke



ARTIST JOHN SARGENT was painting a portrait of Joseph Pulitzer. The great newspaper publisher was nearly blind, and Sargent was anxious to have this apparent in his painting. As he was making a delicate stroke, a door suddenly slammed. Startled, the artist lost control of his brush. Fate, intervening, accomplished the very thing he had been seeking; for that twitch of his hand gave the picture the expression he desired. When the portrait was exhibited, Sargent's handling of the eyes created a sensation, and few have ever known that the chance slamming of a door had more to do with it than genius.

—TYLER MASON

The undernourished people of the liberated countries are an easy prey to disease

Hidden Hunger

Europe's New Enemy

by Henry F. Pringle

As the weeks slip past since my plane landed at Miami from Casablanca, the outline of horrors seen and smelled begins to blur.

Too much has happened to retain a very clear picture of women and children rooting in garbage dumps. The devastation in Aachen, Cologne and Frankfurt differed only in degree.

But the two little French girls, Madeleine and Yvonne, don't fade at all. They were our dinner guests one night at the American officers' mess on the Rue St. Augustin, along with Papa and Mama Duval, who had accompanied them as chaperones. We said goodbye at the nearby Metro after elaborate expressions of gratitude which made us feel decidedly guilty. We left Paris for Germany the next day and we never saw them again.

I can't quite get Madeleine and Yvonne out of my mind as I read that a minimum of two thousand calories is necessary to prevent disease and that the liberated peoples of Europe are eating much less than that. The two young French girls are still in Paris, I suppose, doubtless very hungry.

The bacon, the beef and the other meats which appear on my table in increasing abundance lose a little of their flavor when I think about Madeleine and Yvonne; and so, of course, I try not to think about them.

But for just one night they were very well fed, indeed—as well fed as any American young girls.

It all started when the young major assigned to me as aide on a mission for the Army Air Forces went for a walk in the Tuileries one afternoon.

Major Ryan was a bomber pilot

who had done his stint in the Aleutians and now was assigned to such cushy jobs as this one of mine. He had never been in Europe before. On the plane going over he had proclaimed loudly that he was sure he would not like the French.

But Ryan's heart was as big as his feet, which is an unkind but accurate way of putting it, and he changed his mind within 24 hours after arriving in Paris. The French, particularly the French girls, he told me earnestly, were the bravest, gayest and friendliest people in the world.

It was inevitable that something would happen when the major set forth in Paris armed with chewing gum, chocolate bars, and other PX supplies. It always did. Before long my telephone rang. We were having dinner, Ryan announced, with two French school girls. Their mother and father were coming too.

Ryan brushed aside a certain technicality: the fact that we were allowed only a single guest at a meal. Rules meant little to Ryan who was, after all, a flier.

If I would meet him at the mess at six o'clock, he said, we would buttonhole some of our friends and borrow their guest privileges for the night. This was arranged.

M. and Mme. Duval soon arrived with their daughters. Both girls were studying English, and the introductions were made without much trouble. We were shown to a table in what had been the dining room of a Paris club before it was requisitioned by the American Army. The setting was quite elaborate.

Madeleine was about seventeen, a dark and slender girl with enormous black eyes. She seemed quite thin, and had high cheekbones. Her pallor heightened her rather distinctive beauty. Yvonne was fifteen, and much fairer than her sister. The chubbiness of childhood still clung to her just a little. The older girl was a student in a business school; the younger was entering the French equivalent of high school.

Mama and Papa Duval were neatly dressed and bore no visible marks of the hardships they had suffered during the German occupation. Neither could speak English, but the girls translated.

The head waiter brought the bottle of table wine we had ordered. "To your very good health," said Major Ryan, bowing.

M. Duval lifted his glass. "A l'Amérique, à l'avenir de la France, (To America, to the future of France)" he said with simple dignity, with a calm quiet which proved he had never doubted his country's future. From the girls we learned that their father was a minor official in a bank in the outlying section of Paris where they lived.

Meanwhile Ryan and I worried

Henry F. Pringle, newspaperman, free lance writer and Pulitzer Prize biographer, is now at work on a popular history of World War II, for which he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. As chief of the Bureau of Production of the Office of Facts and Figures, later absorbed by the Office of War Information, and more recently as a civilian consultant to the Office of Technical Information of the Army Service Forces, he had an opportunity to study the appalling conditions of hunger and malnutrition in Europe. One poignant experience impressed him with the urgent need for action. He tells about it in this article.

about the dinner. The food at the mess—American food, of course—was always substantial, but it varied in quality. We discovered we had picked a bad night. Instead of pork or beef, the main course was, of all things, Spam, potatoes and canned peas. First, however, came a really excellent thick, hot soup. The Duvals ate with restrained politeness. Ryan was watching them closely.

"I b-e-t," he said slowly and distinctly to Yvonne, "y-o-u c-a-n-'t e-a-t a-n-o-t-h-e-r b-o-w-l."

Yvonne stole a glance at her parents, then smiled prettily and said no.

"B-u-t w-e a-l-w-a-y-s e-a-t t-w-o b-o-w-l-s o-f s-o-u-p," Ryan insisted.

He had already signaled the waiter, and six more bowls were brought. We did not, happily, have to continue the subterfuge throughout the meal. At this point a basket of bread and a single pat of butter for each of us was brought. The sight of butter was too much for Yvonne's fifteen years.

"Maman! Du beurre! (Mama! Butter!)" she shrilled.

At this, as I later learned, Ryan went into action. He surreptitiously slipped a handful of franc-notes to the waiter. One pat of butter had no sooner vanished beside a Duval plate than it was swiftly replaced by another.

The Spam which had mortified us seemed equally delectable. Madeleine and Yvonne had a second helping, then a third. Even Mama and Papa Duval relaxed. Only Ryan and I somehow had no appetite that night.

The waiter was wholeheartedly in the conspiracy by the time dessert was served. Again Ryan and I were disappointed, for dessert was a rather watery tapioca pudding. But to the girls it was ambrosia itself. The grinning waiter kept bringing them additional portions until each had eaten four. Mama Duval tried to look severe.

"Mais vous allez vous changer en petits cochons, mes enfants, (But you are going to turn into little pigs, my children)" she said, but her eyes were moist.

Neither Madeleine nor Yvonne seemed worried about turning into a little pig. They were momentarily just well-fed, happy, and somewhat sleepy young girls.

Papa Duval seemed unworried too. I don't remember much of the conversation during dinner or after it. The girls' father expressed his faith in De Gaulle. He talked a little about his wife's cousin who ran a farm about a hundred miles to the south; how the Germans had taken all his livestock, how difficult it was to get seed for planting.

But M. Duval was quite certain that France, given the minimum of help, would be able to feed herself in time. Meanwhile all Frenchmen would work, would produce. At one point he said with considerable emphasis that France needed no charity. She could pay for food and seed, for farm machinery and transport equipment.

THE DUVALS had a long subway ride before them, and it was getting late. We said good night, and Ryan and I walked to the Hôtel Scribe, where the American newspaper correspondents were quartered. We ordered a drink at the bar. In a nearby corner two correspondents were talking.

"I can't get this stuff about the French being hungry," said one. "They look healthy to me."

Ryan stiffened. "I think," he said slowly, "that I'll take a poke at that guy." But the old gag about being an officer, and by Act of Congress a gentleman, quieted him. We returned to our hotel.

In a way, that correspondent was right. We would visit most of Europe and would see very few obvious cases of starvation. Yvonne and Madeleine were not starving. They were hungry young girls who were not getting enough to eat. They would be easy victims to tuberculosis, and their children, were the girls to marry while trying to live on such a diet, would have a reduced chance of survival. That is the way hidden hunger works. The tuberculosis curve is rising fast in the liberated countries, and so is infant mortality.

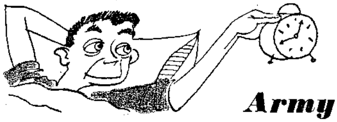
"Without food," General Eisenhower has said, "there can be no peace."

It was warm on that summer night in Paris when the Duvals dined with us. Winter seemed far off, though we knew that France had totally inadequate coal supplies and no prospect of getting enough. By now it is cold in France and in all of Europe. A conservative estimate is that 100 million people in the liberated countries will be hungry this winter. And the United States, giving lip service to peace, will be better fed than ever before in its history.

We are sending some food. It is a mere fraction of what we consume and the appalling possibility looms that we may ship still less.

The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, charged with supplying the nations which cannot pay for food and other necessities of life, must have more than a billion dollars as the United States' share if the job is to be done. Unless the American people demand it, Congress may refuse the appropriation.

But our people are a generous people. Once they are aware of the great need of those who fought beside them, they are certain to make their wishes known emphatically to Congress. For our wartime allies are still our allies and our friends.

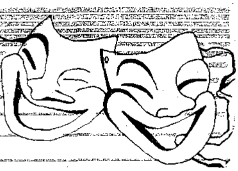


Army Oddments

A SERGEANT serving in the Burmese theatre went to sleep in a rain shelter, thought it was his commanding officer when someone lay down beside him, discovered the next morning, from tracks he found, that his companion had been a tiger.

A NAVY veteran of seven Pacific battles was greeted in a New York City blood bank by a Brooklyn truant officer who told him he had been after him for three years for playing hookey. —HAROLD HELFER

Grin and Share It



These tested favorites prove that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

JEREMIAH EZEKIEL JAMES lived in the same house for 46 years. One day, to the consternation of the whole town, this solid old citizen moved next door. A reporter was sent to interview him, for this was real news.

"And Mr. James, just what caused you to move?"

The old fellow took a chew on his tobacco, and then replied, "W-a-a-l, guess it must be the gypsy in me."

—*Camp Howze Howitzer*

ONE OF THE GIs at Halloran Hospital had been given especially good attention by a pretty young nurse. One morning he declared, "I'm in love with you—I don't want to get well."

"Don't worry, you won't," consoled the nurse. "The doctor's in love with me, too, and he saw you kissing me this morning!" —ROBERT GILLHAM

A SALESMAN was proposing to his best girl. "And, sweetheart," he finished, "I'll lay my whole fortune at your feet."

"It isn't a very big fortune," she reminded him.

"I know, dear," he replied, "but it will look awfully big beside your little feet."

He got the girl. —EMMA STAHL

ROMO VINCENT, the comedian, was in the box office of a Broadway theatre. He noticed one fellow kept coming back and buying one ticket each time. He repeated the procedure several times.

"Look," Romo said, "it's none of my business, but I hate to see you wasting your money this way. All you need is one ticket."

"I know," was the customer's reply, "but can I help it if that silly fellow over at the door keeps tearing them up?" —GERTRUDE BAYNE

A FIRST GRADER was asked to explain the different effects of heat and cold.

"Heat is big and cold is small," he said.

"Quite right," beamed the teacher. "Can you give me an example?"

The student furrowed his brow for a moment, then brightened.

"Yes, ma'am; in summer it is hot, and the days are long, but in winte it's cold and the days are shorter."

—LOUIS HIRSC

A SHIPWRECKED sailor, who spen three years on a desert island, wa overjoyed one day to see a ship. A small boat came ashore and an office handed the sailor a batch of newspapers: "The captain suggests that you read what's going on in the world an then let us know if you still want to b rescued." —*Ohio Motoris*

A REFINED-LOOKING lady stepped of the Unlimited Express at a two-by-four backwoods station.

"When is the Pullman for Granit City due here?" she asked a bewhiskered old fellow.

"Sorry, ma'am," he replied, "tha there train just pulled out three minutes ago. And the next one ain't du 'til tomorrow at eight-fifteen."

"Then what on earth can I do?"

gasped the lady. "Where can I spend the night?"

"It looks like you'll have to stay overnight with the station agent, ma'am."

"The very idea!" said the traveler, indignantly. "I'll have you know I'm a lady!"

"Well," drawled the old man, "so be the station agent."

—Roy A. Brenner

He was probably the world's worst golfer and was at the very bottom of his form. After a particularly exasperating hole, he said to his caddy: "You know, the only reason I play this game is to develop self-control."

"In that case, sir," replied the boy, "you should try caddying instead."

—Mrs. R. E. Kiehl

"Are you sure I will recover?" an anxious patient asked his doctor. "I've heard that sometimes you doctors give wrong diagnoses and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever."

"You've been misinformed," replied the indigant medic. "When we treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

—*Review*

Two women were taking a stroll near Hollywood Boulevard when a man with a red flag rushed out and waved them away.

"Don't go there," he shouted. "A movie is being shot."

"Well," retorted one of the women, "if it's the one I saw last night it deserves to be shot."

—Bob Gotee

Among the students of his class in elocution an instructor had one very ambitious young man whose vanity exceeded his ability as an orator. The professor was pretty discouraged one day as he took time out to give the youth a private lesson.

"When you finish your address," he told the misguided pupil, "bow very gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoes."

"On tiptoes?" echoed the student. "Why?"

"So you won't wake up the audience," was the instructor's reply.

—Randolph Macfarlan

As a young man King Christian of Denmark often took long horseback rides through the woods. He was cantering along a dusty trail one afternoon when he spied a trim farmhouse at the edge of the forest and decided to stop for water.

He asked a little boy standing near the house to hold his horse.

"Does he bite?" queried the child.

"No," was the reply.

"Or kick?"

"No."

"Does he try to run away?"

"No."

The child shrugged his shoulders. "Then why do you want me to hold him?"

—Godfrey Manley

A Scot was engaged in a lengthy argument with a train conductor as to whether the fare was 25 or 30 cents. Finally the exasperated conductor picked up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off the train just as they passed over a bridge.

"Mon!" screamed the Scot. "It isn't enough to try to overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy."

—*Wireco Life*

There was a Swede who lived practically on the border between Minnesota and Wisconsin. For years he wasn't certain which state he lived in. Finally he got a state surveyor to make a special investigation of the problem.

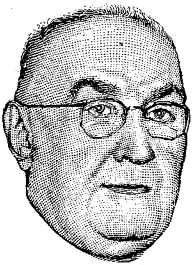
"You live," decided the surveyor, "in Wisconsin."

The Swede threw his hat into the air with great glee.

"Thank heaven," he cried. "No more of those terrible Minnesota winters."

—*Penguinews*

Police sergeant Jack Manion ended San Francisco's reign of terror and earned the respect of its Oriental citizens



Irish Ambassador to Chinatown

by DEAN JENNINGS

WHEN MADAME Chiang Kai-shek paid an official visit to San Francisco's crowded Chinese quarter, she met Police Sergeant John J. Manion. The dainty little lady beamed up at the big, ruddy Irishman with obvious pleasure: "Oh, Sergeant Manion! We in China have heard of your fine work here."

The Generalissimo's wife wasn't just making a pretty speech. She meant it. Wherever there are Chinese, Jack Manion, head of San Francisco's Chinatown Squad, is spoken of with affection and respect. They know the odds he had to overcome in turning one of America's most notorious plague-spots into a respected neighborhood of law-abiding, loyal citizens.

Today any tourist can walk down the narrowest, darkest street in the section at three in the morning, as safely as he could in his home town. Thirty years ago those streets sheltered powerful gambling syndicates, narcotic rings, slave traffickers, and the hired assassins of a dozen warring tongs.

Jack Manion is largely responsible for the change. He has given safety, self-respect, morale — and friendship—to San Francisco's Chinese population. He is best man at innumerable weddings, godfather to dozens of children, chief rooter for the teen-age baseball team he started, head of the Boy Scouts. They call him "Uncle Jack" or "Sarge."

He has never learned any Chinese, but uses a quaint pidgin English which he employs indiscriminately on everybody, from the newest baby to Chinese scholars with Harvard degrees.

There was a time when Manion was known in the quarter as Mau Yee—the cat. His Chinatown squad had pulled innumerable raids on known gambling headquarters; but invariably the occupants were found decorously sipping tea, absorbed in philosophic discussion. Then one night, as he stood in the shadows, he saw their back door inched open at the imperious mew of a handsome cat.

The next night, at the same time, Manion was outside the door with a borrowed cat under his coat.

He scratched the wood with her claws, urgently. The door opened, and a score of gamblers were caught with their chips down.

This exploit was greeted with grins of admiration, even from the victims. But as Mau Yee continued to join their games unexpectedly—from skylights, from apparently inaccessible window sills, from behind the very wall-hangings—grins faded. A subtle emissary brought Manion a priceless jade necklace. It was returned, with a most unsubtle kick. The few gamblers still at large soon left town.

THERE WAS nothing amusing about the tong wars, however. The tongs were originally a sort of business association based on family ties. Rivalry grew into feuds. The weaker tongs hired hatchet men and gunmen to protect them. These hired assassins formed their own highbinder tong, and killings became a nightly feature on Chinatown streets.

San Francisco's record was the bloodiest on the coast, and public indignation rose with each fresh killing. That was when the worried chief of police assigned Manion the job of cleaning up the district.

Manion struck with the force of a cyclone. At the height of the trouble, he spotted two imported criminals, Yee Sing and Soo Wing, crouched in a doorway. The six-foot sergeant hoisted Yee Sing with one hand and hurled him into the middle of the street. Soo Wing was simultaneously flattened out on the sidewalk. Both were jailed for carrying concealed weapons. When they had completed their sentences, Soo Wing took the first train East, where he was later executed for murder. But Yee Sing became a peaceful and respected laundryman.

Manion realized that something more than force was needed to end the tong trouble. He called a meeting of the tong leaders, pleaded with them for peace, and asked them to sign a document agreeing to end the killings. The unsuspecting Chinese politely signed the truce. Manion locked the paper in his safe, then turned to them:

"Gentlemen, you have all just signed a paper which is a conspiracy on the subject of murder—as your American lawyers will tell you. The next time there's a killing here, I'll take that paper out and put every one of you in jail—for keeps. That's straight."

That was the last round in San Francisco's tong wars. How thoroughly Manion won it in cooperation with the Chinese Peace Society and the powerful Six Companies was demonstrated when, a little later, rival tongs in Santa Barbara started a war which spread up and down the coast and resulted in the murder of 26 men. Not one blow was struck in San Francisco's Chinatown district.

With the end of violence and vice in the quarter, Manion reported to headquarters for reassignment. When the news reached Chinatown, telegrams, letters and phone calls poured into the office of Police Chief O'Brien, backed by delegations from the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, the Chinese "Y," the Six Companies.

"Apparently Chinatown needs you worse than we do, Jack," O'Brien told Manion. "Guess we will have to let you go back there."

And Manion has been right there ever since. He's never accepted as much as a pound of tea as a present—but he can't pay for an admission or a dinner anywhere in the quarter. And he receives many small, anonymous donations "to use for the kids." There are baseball and scout uniforms to buy—and anyway, if a youngster's in trouble, he'll naturally go to "Uncle Jack" for money.

Not even young celestials are always little angels, and Chinese parents would "lose face" if summoned to a juvenile court. So Manion's methods with incipient delinquents are more practical than orthodox. "Uncle Jack" dispenses summary justice on the spot by applying a huge hand repeatedly to the seat of the trouble.

Older boys are invited to inspect the county jail. As they peer excitedly into the cell blocks, Manion throws the lock lever and leaves them alone for a while. When he releases the boys, his pointed lecture on what it would be like to stay inside makes an impression that's likely to last.

If Manion had any doubts about the lengths his youngsters would go to for him they were dispelled early in the war. Ten of his young friends got involved in a free-for-all with a group of Italian-American boys from a nearby district. The culprits sheepishly admitted they had given their opponents a workout.

"But Sarge," they chorused, "they said the Chinese couldn't fight, and we had to show 'em."

Manion smothered a grin. "Boys, you'll not get anywhere fighting in the streets," he said sternly. "If you're going to fight, fight for your country." Then he dismissed them.

All ten of the boys spent the next day getting turned down by the Army and Navy, and ended up by persuading the Maritime Commission to send them to sea. Manion received letters from them mailed out of the war's hottest ports.

Manion is crowding seventy now and is due to retire in July. But his friends say, philosophically, that retirement won't make much difference to To-Yen—"head-man," Jack's latest and most accurate nickname. He will still stroll through the narrow streets, puffing on a cigar, giving advice and help where they are needed.

And who knows? Perhaps one will be allowed to give him as much as a pound of tea for himself, now and then.

Junior Spendthrift

It was just before closing one Saturday in a penny savings bank established for children. A small boy came in and withdrew two cents. Monday morning as soon as the bank opened, he returned and deposited the two cents.

"So you didn't spend your two cents," observed the teller.

"Oh, no" replied the boy, "but a feller likes to have a little cash on hand over the week-end."

—Theodore Rubin

Financing a play is an intricate, fantastic, and occasionally very profitable business

Angels on Broadway

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

AN ANGEL, according to the dictionary, is "One of an order of spiritual beings endowed with immortal life, attendant upon the Deity, a heavenly guardian or messenger . . ."

Or, colloquially, an angel is a "backer of a play, or other entertainment, who is not an actor." Or, an angel is "one who aids or supports with money or influence, a non-professional backer of a theatrical venture. Hence, a person of wealth who is easily fleeced."

Playwright S. N. Behrman would not agree with any of these definitions; Behrman is perhaps the world's most casual angel.

When the Theater Guild was preparing *Oklahoma!* it had fallen on lean times. It knew it had a good show, perhaps a hit, but it needed money. So an S.O.S. was sent to successful playwrights whose brain-children had been produced in the past by the Guild. The old Alma Mater routine was tried with each. Not all of them lent a willing ear, however. Even Behrman at first refused to invest in the show, so the Guild finally arranged a special rehearsal in an effort to interest him.

Instead of attending the rehearsal, Behrman phoned his brother, a practical-minded man, and asked his advice.

"They're friends of yours," his brother told him. "Send 'em a few thousand dollars and forget about it. What can you lose, taxes being what they are?"

So Behrman sent the Guild five thousand dollars—but he couldn't forget about it. They wouldn't let him. He'll probably wind up with 150 thousand dollars or more on his investment.

Broadway is everybody's street, and the business of Broadway is the production of shows, which is the

Wolfe Kaufman likes to tell people that he hates "Broadway characters," but his caricature hangs on the wall at Sardi's. He has been movie critic for a wide variety of publications and has written fiction for several leading magazines. He claims the distinction of having written two of the worst movies ever made, but refuses to name them. The distinction he is proudest of, however, is the fact that he coined the word "whodunit." His own first "whodunit," titled "I Hate Blondes," is soon to be published.

only business in the world that is unrestricted. There is a golden opportunity on Broadway for the man who is after big money. He may not get it, but it's there. Because, you see, the dictionary is wrong—from several standpoints.

Here is how a play is really produced and financed.

Let us assume that you want to produce a play. You rub your hands together and you take a deep breath: Let's see, now. I have a script. I really feel it's a good script. I know the actors I want. I have a wonderful director. I even have a fine scenic designer. But, ah me, I need money . . .

Well, money is an easy commodity. Let's go get it. So you set up a budget. The show will cost, say, forty thousand dollars to produce. Make it 45 or 50 thousand dollars, in case you run into a snag and need extra chips.

Next you form a company on a limited partnership basis. You sell fifty per cent of the stock to your company for fifty thousand dollars. You retain fifty per cent for your efforts in dreaming up the project.

This is one time you do not allow your own efforts to go unrewarded. After all, you discovered this play. For six months, for a year, for ten years, you have been planning and polishing and pleading. And you have paid office rent. And typing fees. And a secretary. So you're entitled to something, aren't you? Okay. Fifty per cent for the angels, fifty per cent for you. Fair enough.

And the angel gets his money back—if there is any money—from the first profits. Nobody gets a penny (outside of actors, writers, directors, stagehands, etc.) until all the money put up by the angels is returned.

A producer in the theatre, in other words, is a man who gambles with other people's money. But he also gambles with his own skill and patience and ingenuity.

Only two men in the entire theatrical profession do not operate in this fashion. They are Billy Rose and John Golden. Both are independently wealthy and prefer to use their own money for their shows.

Sometimes a producer, beyond his original fifty per cent, will purchase a piece of the other fifty per cent. This does not happen often. More often he needs ready cash, so he parts with a portion of his own fifty per cent.

Sometimes this happens: the play needs fifty thousand dollars. The producer gets that much, then finds he needs more. He calls in his angels and gets their permission to realign the stock. He says, "Boys, we're cooked. Either we get ten grand more or we can forget the whole thing."

So they trim down each share, and realign the percentages so that fifty shares become worth sixty thousand dollars, rather than fifty thousand. And they buy the additional stock they have manufactured, or permit the producer to sell it.

On the other hand, they may say, "We stick to the original agreement. Not a penny more."

In which case, to save the show, the producer has to sell some of his own holdings. There have been instances where a show arrived on Broadway and the producer owned almost no part of it.

The trend on Broadway these

days is to get a group of angels for a show, rather than one rich man. It's easier to get ten men to put up one thousand dollars each than to find one man with ten thousand dollars. When Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay began financing *The Hasty Heart* they sent word to all their friends and lined up 66 angels, a modern-day record.

As Crouse puts it, "If the play was as good as we felt it to be, we wanted our friends to share in the profits, rather than some strangers. If our judgment on the play's merit turned out to be sour—well, nobody was seriously hurt."

The story of an amazing
New Flu Vaccine
will be
dramatically presented
in five pages
of full-color pictures
and text
in the February issue

Play producing used to be casual and haphazard. Plays went into rehearsal and the producers dashed around to dig up the money. Once, when Sam Harris and George M. Cohan had a show in rehearsal, money began to run low. Suddenly Harris vanished. He showed up 48 hours later and told Cohan that he had dug up five thousand dollars in Philadelphia.

"That's great, Sam," said Cohan. "Try Trenton tomorrow."

It used to be that an angel was largely a sucker. But nowadays being an angel is like betting at a race track. You pick your producer. You pick your jockey.

Kiss and Tell paid fourteen dollars for every dollar invested. It's still paying off.

Arsenic and Old Lace paid 21 dollars for every dollar, and profits are still coming in.

Life with Father has brought in forty dollars for every dollar, and is still earning a profit.

And even if a play flops, there is a possibility that you may get your money back through the sale of motion picture rights.

Musical comedies are the worst investment, because it takes so long for them to earn back their investments and because they're so expensive to operate.

Magnificent exceptions are *Up in Central Park*, *Carmen Jones* and *On the Town*. These all cost comparatively little to produce and their profits are enormous.

Oklahoma! was produced with a large investment—100 thousand dollars—and costs twenty thousand dollars a week to operate. But a thousand-dollar investment in *Oklahoma!* should return thirty thousand dollars or more.

A large majority of Broadway angels are Broadway folk—producers, actors, directors and authors.

Max Gordon, George S. Kaufman, Moss Hart and Billy Rose frequently are part angels, or investors, in other people's shows, although some of them do not always invest money in their own shows.

There's a reason for this. Broadway feels that you never know what a show will do. Even the smartest producers and authors turn out occasional flops. It may take a producer overnight or it may take him years to get a play ready. He has to hire readers to plow through scripts. If the reader recommends something, the producer reads it. Then he buys a one-month or a six-month option, or he buys the right to produce sans option. He works with the author. He suggests changes. They argue, they discuss.

Weeks and months go by and the producer hasn't earned a penny. So why should he put up money, too? He already has a legitimate stake in the enterprise.

The playwright, of course, gets a royalty from the grosses. He may also purchase stock in the play. Sometimes the star, too, will insist on buying a piece of the play. George Abbott frequently permits his office staff to buy stock.

Otto H. Kahn, the banker, used to be the champion angel of Broadway. Almost anybody could get money from him, especially if the play had artistic merit and was likely to lose money. Kahn was not especially interested in profits. He loved the theatre.

The champion angel today is Howard S. Cullman, a tobacco broker who has made angeling a big business.

In 1938 someone told Cullman, "I have a fine play. I need ten thousand dollars more to produce it." Cullman put up the money.

Shortly after, the producer phoned him again: "We need ten thousand more." Cullman made out another check for ten thousand.

Cullman lost his twenty thousand dollars, but he enjoyed the experience. Since 1938 he has helped to finance 75 plays. In actual cash, he is way ahead of the game, for he has been a partner in such smash successes as *A Bell for Adano*, *Kiss and Tell*, *Bloomer Girl*, *I Remember Mama*, *The Hasty Heart* and *Life with Father*.

So you, too, can be a producer if you can get people to bring you scripts, and if you know what to do with the scripts, and if you can dig up the money. But remember, nobody knows, not even the experts. The best of them make mistakes. And then a newcomer comes along and brings in a smash hit.

Two smash hits on Broadway produced by people who had never produced shows before are: *I Remember Mama* and *On the Town*. And experienced old-timers like Arthur Hopkins and Al H. Woods haven't had a hit in years.

Yes, Broadway is anybody's street, even for angels. Come and get it!

But remember this. Broadway is a pretty cold-hearted street. Angels don't rate passes. They're just money boys. Even though you buy a hunk of the show, you still have to pay for tickets to see it.

Otherwise, how can the grosses pile up to the point at which the producer begins to share?

Second Best

THE PREACHER approached the handsomely attired young man waiting at the back of the church before the wedding. "I beg pardon," said the clergyman, "are you the groom?"

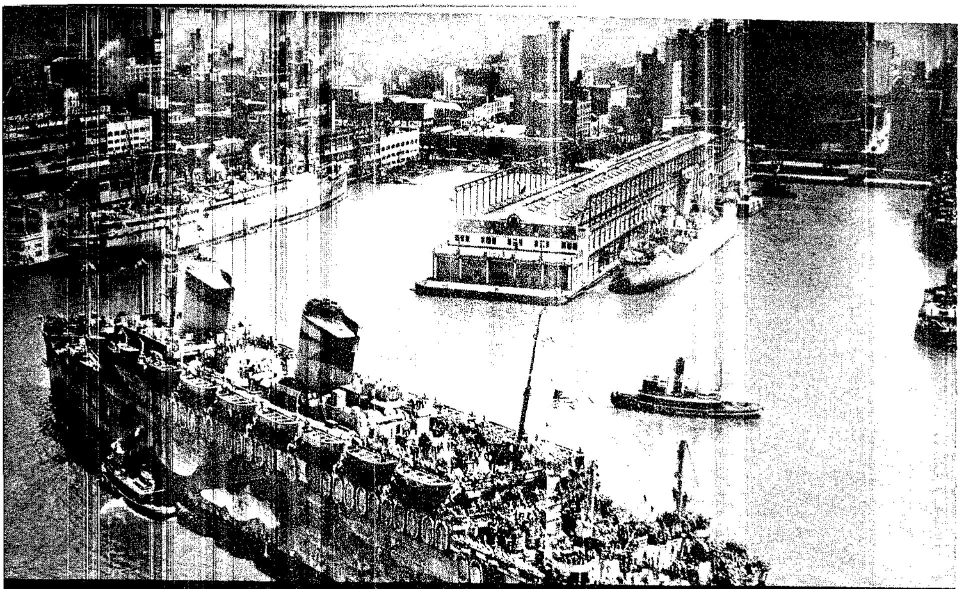
"No sir," the young man replied gloomily. "I was eliminated in the semifinals."

—WILLIAM E. FIELD

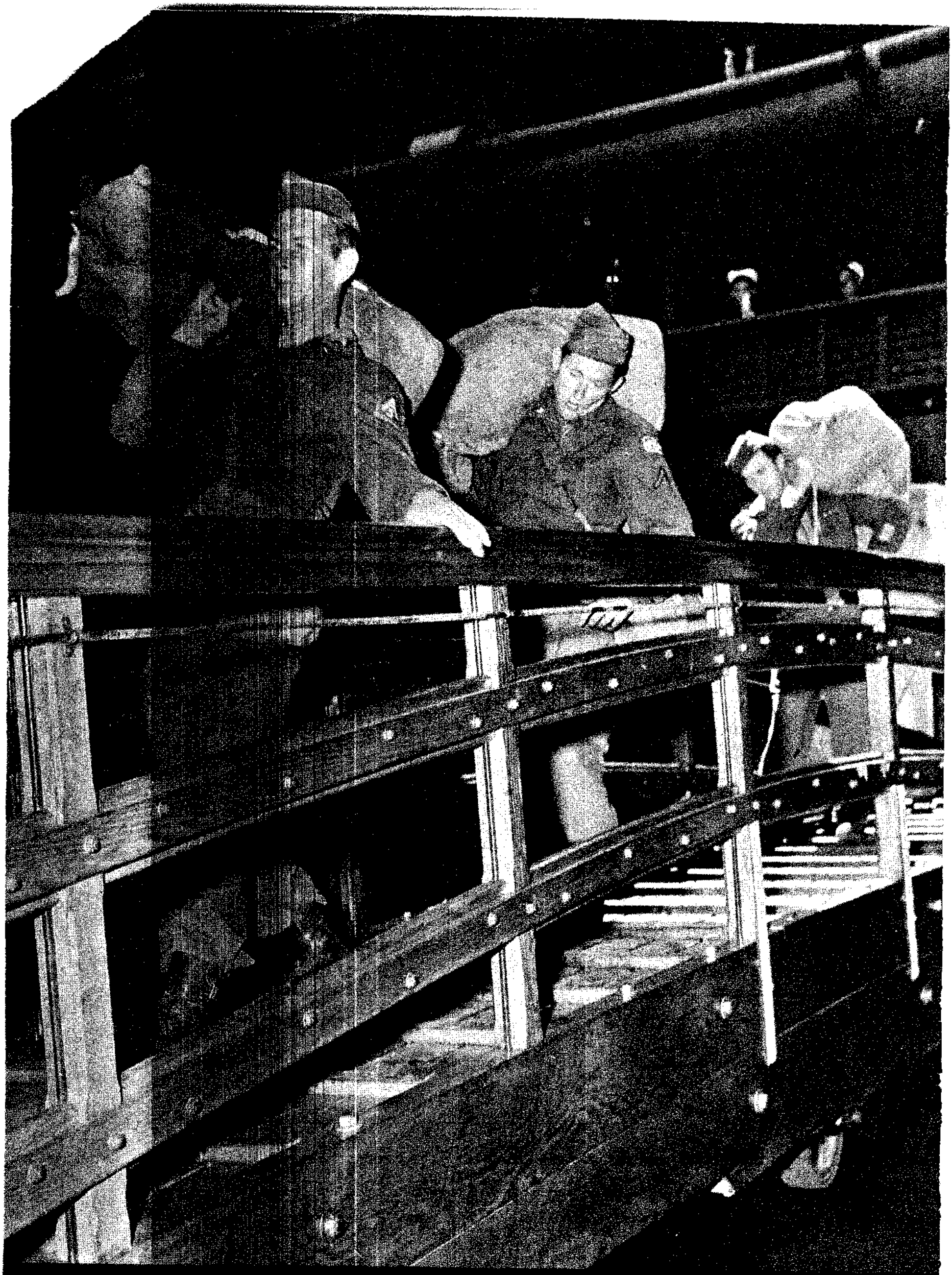
Picture Story

Homecoming

Peace brought a new kind of en
America—the almost inexpres
of men returning from the hel
Extending the hand of welcome
tried to capture the unparallele
Homecoming in these pictures a
words of the men who are comin



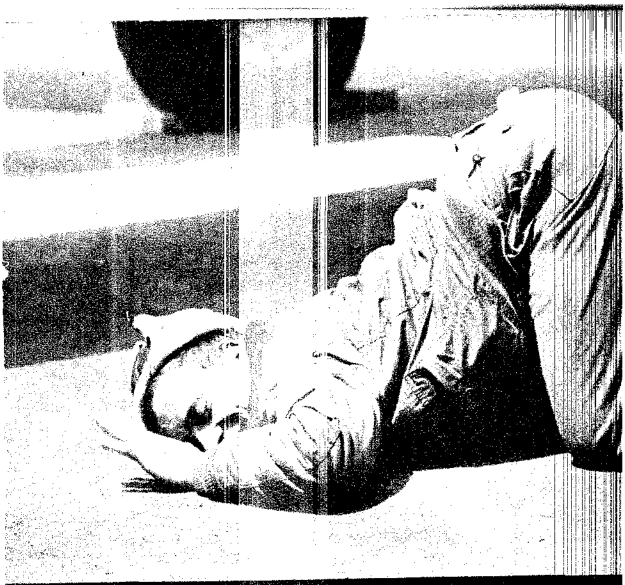
The big, crowded ship feels anxious under us as it reaches out toward the shore. Every one of us is so jammed up inside we can hardly see straight, hardly even talk . . .



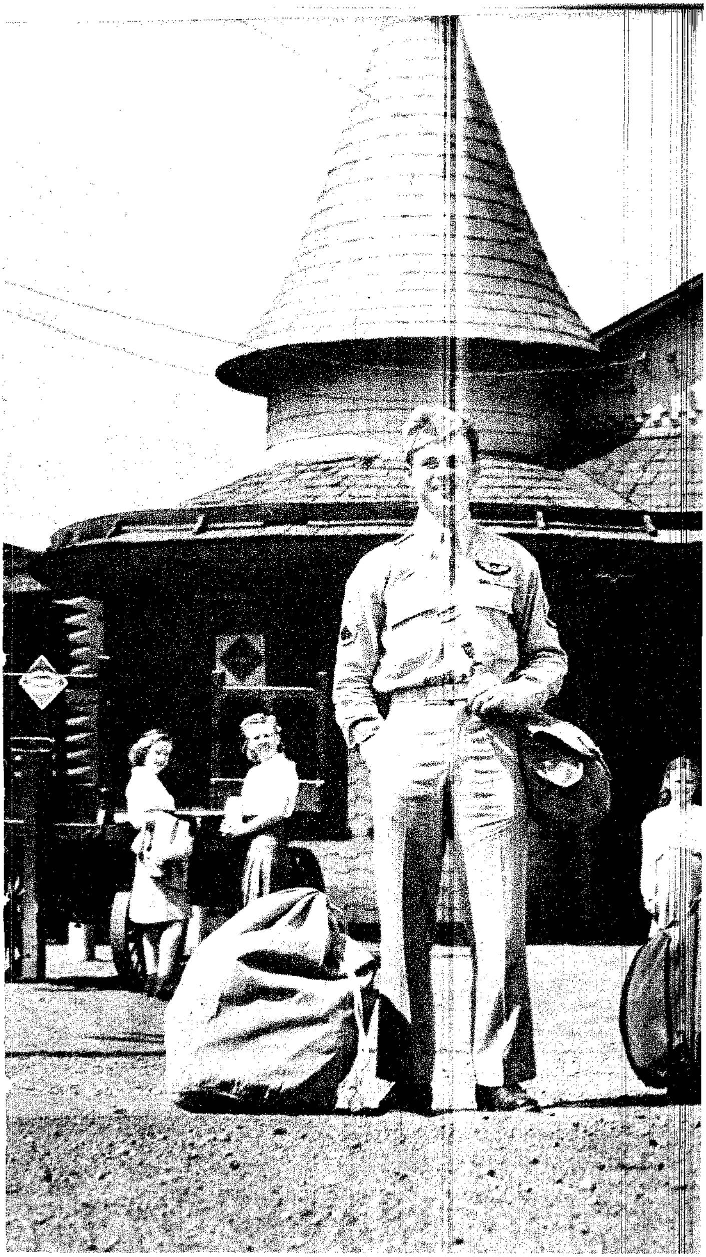
We're on our way down. The anxious jelly is jumping in our joints. Ten feet, five feet, two feet—and suddenly we're out of the war and in the U.S.A.

Home to Brooklyn!

And St. Joe!



"It's been a long time, baby, but I never sto
land of everything!"



hink, the big joys come rushing in

Your own street: "Hello, everybody! Hello, street! Hello, houses! Look who's here! Hey, I'm back!"

No, you're going to pack it all away—Anzio and Iwo and the use
years, and all you're going to keep out is love and comfort to

It's soothing to sit in front of a fire and look back upon the pageant of the past

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

by JUDITH NILES

THERE ARE natural ways to soothe the mind, to quiet the troubled spirit. We all use them. When we want to forget the world and the flesh, seeking surcease, seeking relief, we all use the universal panaceas. There is the long walk in the country. There is the good night's rest. And there is—best of all—the salvation you find in the fire on the hearth.

The best of all is firelight—the best is the easy chair in front of the fire. When you sit in front of a fire the world and the flesh are illusions and the only reality is the golden picture you trace for yourself in the flame.

How many things in life can the human eye watch for hours and hours on end, seeing no changes, expecting no surprises—but watching, watching endlessly? Not many.

There is the blue sky. Though the sky may not be transitory or capricious today, changing neither in shape nor mood, providing no variety in color or cloud-form, you can look at it for hours.

There is the running brook. It flows monotonously, but it has a hypnosis of its own.

There are waves upon the beach. Their rhythm, their pattern is unchanging. Yet it is impossible to tear your eyes away from the ebb and flow.

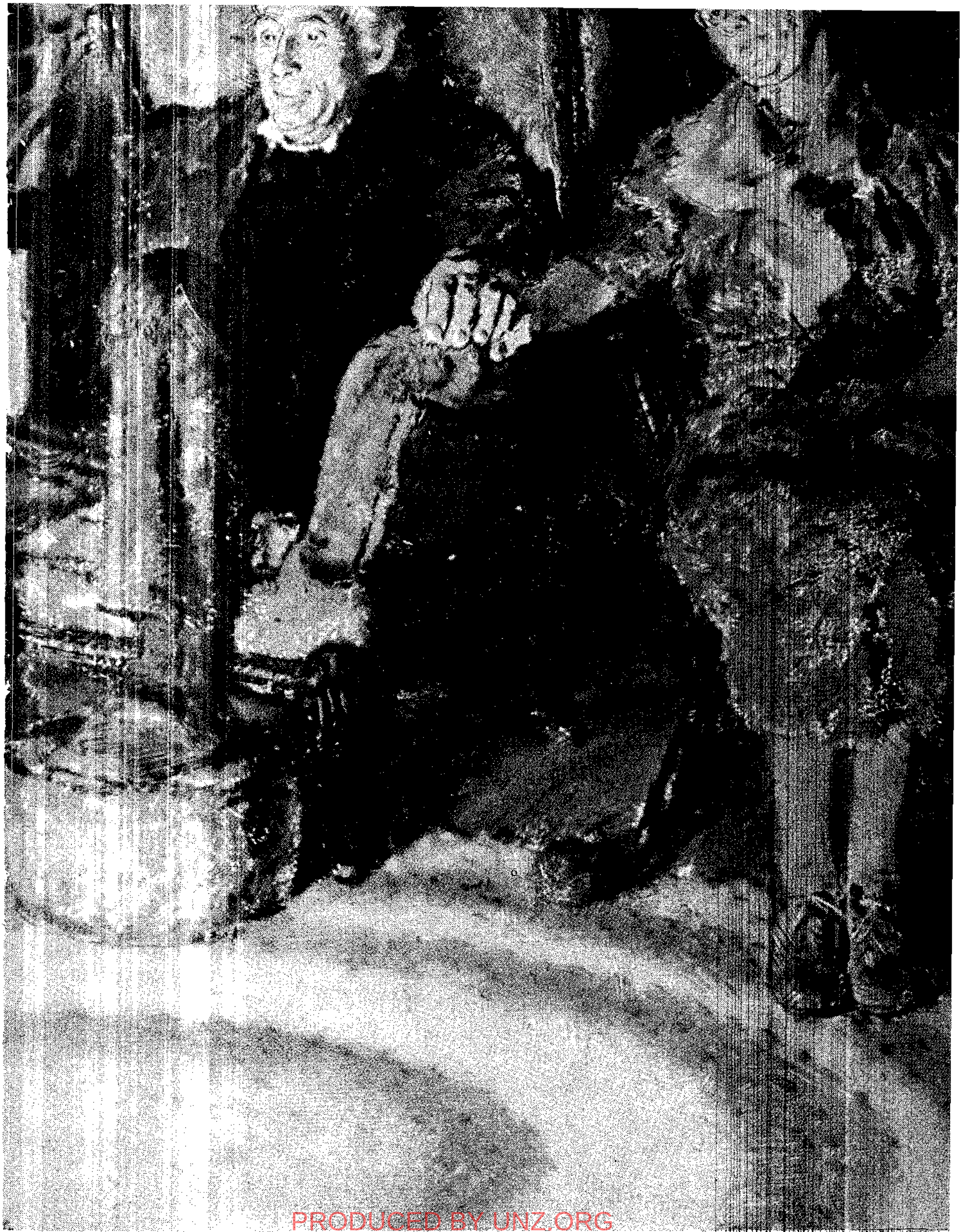
And there is firelight. The fire doesn't change. It grows brighter or it diminishes, but that is not the mysterious thing that holds you entranced. It is something else. It is the future, if you are young—and the past, if you are old.

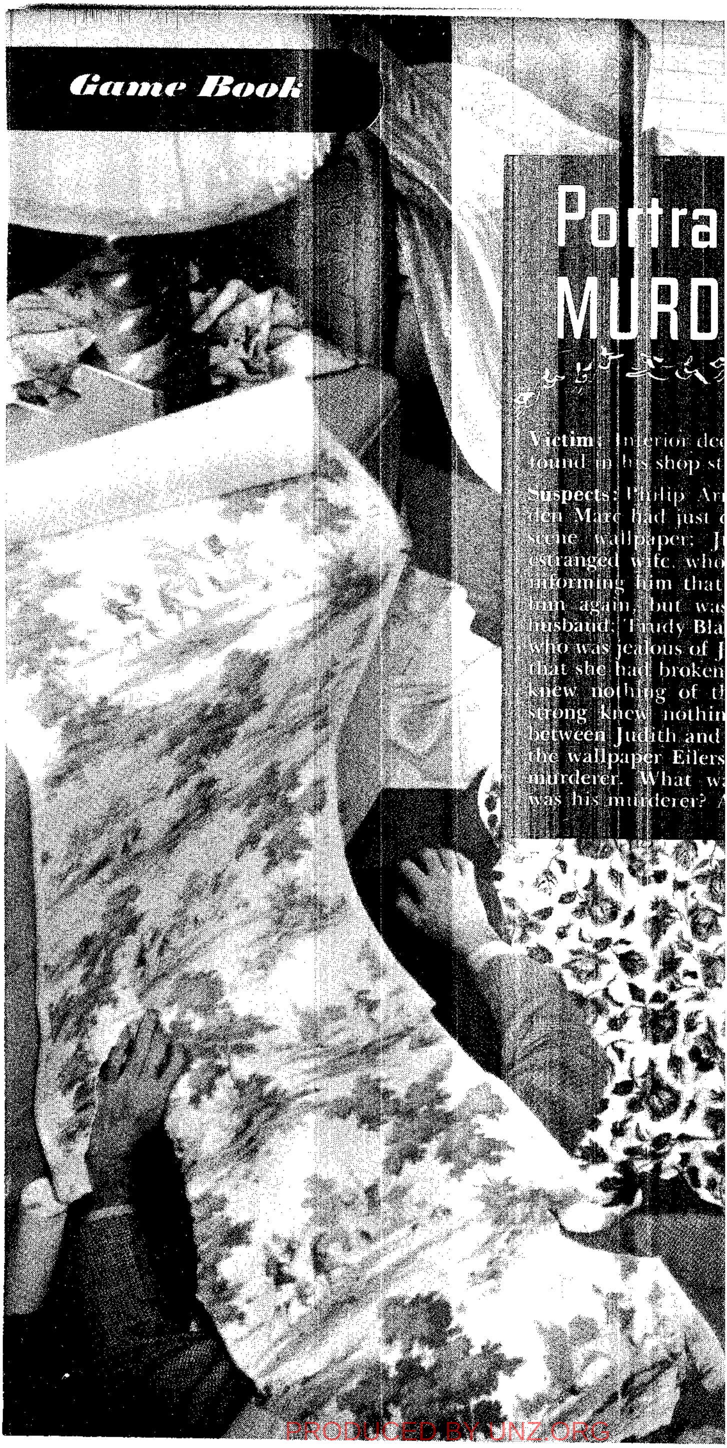
There is hope and nostalgia in the fire. For the young there are hopes — the flickering shades of things to come. For the old folk, there is the whole pageant of the past. In front of the fire the young ones wish and the old ones remember. Their talk invariably flows back into time:

". . . I was just thinkin', Martha, of how many fires we've watched . . . how many years we've sat out in front of the fire. How many wars and depressions and births and deaths—in our fifty years together! And I been thinkin'—you watch the fire long enough . . . put another log on the fire—how's that song go?—and they all go up in smoke. All that's left of trouble is the color of the fire—purest color of gold in the world!"

Only firelight brings out that kind of talk.

One of a series portraying, in words and pictures, familiar scenes in American life. The painting on the opposite page is by Douglass Crockwell.





Portra
MURD

Victim: Interior dec
found in his shop st

Suspects: Philip Ar
den Marc had just c
scene wallpaper; Ju
estranged wife, who
informing him that
him again, but was
husband; Trudy Bla
who was jealous of J
that she had broken
knew nothing of th
strong knew nothin
between Judith and
the wallpaper Eilers
murderer. What wa
was his murderer? A

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

with ELY CULBERTSON
as Coronet's Game Book Guest Editor

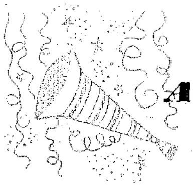
As Guest Editor of Coronet's Game Book for January, Ely Culbertson promises: "No bridge problems." Keeping his promise, he starts with a list of New Year's Resolutions. Some of these resolutions are wise ones, some are foolish; in some cases, it depends on who makes them. You tell which is which. Numbers 1, 7 and 10 are said to be the resolutions most often made. Are they wise ones? Turn to page 91 to see if your answers agree with Quizmaster Culbertson's.

1. I'll give up smoking.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
2. I'll save some part of whatever I earn.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
3. I'll get out in the sun until I get a good tan.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
4. I'll get eight hours' sleep every night.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
5. I'll keep up with national and world news.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
6. I won't let anyone put anything over on me.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
7. I won't take a drink of anything alcoholic.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
8. No matter how important the job, I won't work overtime.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
9. I will make no extravagant purchases.
   . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
10. I'll ask the boss for a raise.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
11. I'll ask my mother-in-law to move out.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
12. I won't ever let myself become angry.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
13. I'll get some strenuous exercise every day.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
14. I'll have a hobby and devote as much time as I can to it.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
15. I'll never forget an anniversary or similar occasion for thinking of others.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
16. I'll give up sweets.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
17. I'll read at least one good book every month.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*
18. I'll take off my surplus weight, even if it hurts.
    . . . *Wise* . . . *Foolish* . . . *Depends*

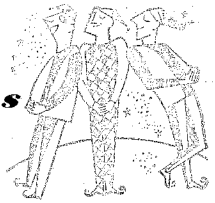
Cold Facts and Fallacies

When Ely Culbertson heard the first of these startling statements his comment was, "Interesting—if true." But is it true? Ely guessed yes; what's your guess? Each concerns ice or coldness, but if you get fifteen or more right, you're hot; twelve right and you're comfortably warm; but nine or less is cold comfort. Answers on page 91.

1. Sea water is unhealthy to drink, but old sea ice may be thawed out and used as fresh drinking water. *True* . . . *false* . . .
2. A tent painted white is easier to keep warm than a tent painted black. *True* . . . *false* . . .
3. Dark nights are usually colder than moonlit ones. *True* . . . *false* . . .
4. The temperature of 66 degrees below zero, recorded at Riverside, Wyoming, is colder than anything ever officially recorded in the Arctic Zone. *True* . . . *false* . . .
5. The clothing of North Pole explorers weighs little more than the outdoor winter costume of an American man. *True* . . . *false* . . .
6. The meat of prehistoric animals trapped in the frozen tundra of Siberia remained edible for thousands of years. *True* . . . *false* . . .
7. A temperature of 32° Centigrade is normal winter weather in the United States. *True* . . . *false* . . .
8. Curling and hurling are both games played on ice. *True* . . . *false* . . .
9. The mean temperature is lower in Little America than in North or South America. *True* . . . *false* . . .
10. To make dry ice, freeze a fine spray of water. *True* . . . *false* . . .
11. Mosquitoes are numerous in some Arctic regions. *True* . . . *false* . . .
12. Hair grows faster in hot weather than cold. *True* . . . *false* . . .
13. An ice-capped mountain cannot be a live volcano. *True* . . . *false* . . .
14. Plastic fabrics have been developed which resemble genuine fur in warmth as well as in appearance. *True* . . . *false* . . .
15. "Mushing" is travel afoot, usually over snow. *True* . . . *false* . . .
16. A cold in the head is more common in the spring than in the winter. *True* . . . *false* . . .
17. Of two cups of coffee, both at the same temperature, one containing cream and the other black, the cup of black coffee will cool more rapidly. *True* . . . *false* . . .
18. The liver of the polar bear should not be eaten, because it is sometimes poisonous. *True* . . . *false* . . .
19. There are parts of India where the temperature never goes above freezing. *True* . . . *false* . . .
20. Florida is in the Torrid Zone. *True* . . . *false* . . .



A Game of Associations



Ely Culbertson's favorite quiz game is called "Associations." In every group of words or names, each of the three on the left should be associated in your mind with one of the five at the right. The two extra words at the right are just "blinds." For example, you'd associate No. 11, Rockefeller, with (*b*) John D. Getting fifteen right is fair, twenty is good, and thirty correct makes you an Elk. Answers on page 91.

1. Golf
2. Billiards
3. Yachting

(*a*) Hoppe
(*b*) Tilden
(*c*) Vanderbilt
(*d*) Nelson
(*e*) Grange

4. Chicago
5. Cleveland
6. Toronto

(*a*) Erie
(*b*) Huron
(*c*) Michigan
(*d*) Ontario
(*e*) Superior

7. Revolution
8. World War I
9. World War II

(*a*) George II
(*b*) George III
(*c*) George V
(*d*) George VI
(*e*) George VII

10. Lewis
11. Rockefeller
12. Adams

(*a*) John C.
(*b*) John D.
(*c*) John J.
(*d*) John L.
(*e*) John Q.

13. Heat
14. Weight
15. Noise

(*a*) Decibel
(*b*) Calorie
(*c*) Watt
(*d*) Erg
(*e*) Grain

16. Don Quixote
17. Lone Ranger
18. Roy Rogers

(*a*) Tony
(*b*) Silver
(*c*) Trigger
(*d*) Rosinante
(*e*) Pegasus

19. Danube
20. Spree
21. Thames

(*a*) Paris
(*b*) London
(*c*) Rome
(*d*) Vienna
(*e*) Berlin

22. Back
23. Hip
24. Joints

(*a*) Neuralgia
(*b*) Arthritis
(*c*) Lumbago
(*d*) Neuritis
(*e*) Sciatica

25. 5th Year
26. 25th year
27. 75th year

(*a*) Wood
(*b*) Paper
(*c*) Diamond
(*d*) Gold
(*e*) Silver

28. Clemens
29. Dickens
30. Porter

(*a*) Boz
(*b*) O. Henry
(*c*) Mark Twain
(*d*) Lewis Carroll
(*e*) Mr. Dooley

31. Knife
32. Bone
33. Spreader

(*a*) Scapula
(*b*) Scopula
(*c*) Spatula
(*d*) Scrofula
(*e*) Scalpel

34. Horse
35. Dog
36. Champagne

(*a*) Skye
(*b*) Boodle
(*c*) Percheron
(*d*) Pol Roger
(*e*) Amontillado

What Happened in 1945?

The year 1945 has come and gone. How well do you remember its big events? Ely Culbertson can recall every card of bridge hands he played ten and more years ago, but he confesses that some things—like the answer to the first question in the quiz below—just slip his mind after a few months. Can you answer ten of these questions correctly? If so, you're abreast of the times. With eight correct you're fair; six or less, you're living in the future. Answers on opposite page.

1. We celebrated V-E Day on
   (*a*) May 8
   (*b*) May 28
   (*c*) June 6

2. "Standing" for Parliament, Winston Churchill
   (*a*) Was re-elected
   (*b*) Lost his seat
   (*c*) Was not a candidate

3. Tojo, facing arrest,
   (*a*) Committed hara-kiri
   (*b*) Shot himself
   (*c*) Submitted meekly

4. Shirley Temple became Mrs.
   (*a*) Hudson
   (*b*) Stokowski
   (*c*) Agar

5. Horse-racing was temporarily prohibited, by order of
   (*a*) James F. Byrnes
   (*b*) Leon Henderson
   (*c*) Paul V. McNutt

6. An atomic bomb hit
   (*a*) Fujiyama
   (*b*) Hiroshima
   (*c*) Yokohama

7. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was interred at
   (*a*) Mt. Vernon
   (*b*) Hyde Park
   (*c*) Arlington

8. Rationing was lifted on
   (*a*) Coffee
   (*b*) Canned fruits
   (*c*) Books

9. General Eisenhower accepted the German surrender at
   (*a*) Compiégne
   (*b*) Berlin
   (*c*) Reims

10. The Rose Bowl game was
   (*a*) Played in California
   (*b*) Played in the East
   (*c*) Not played

11. Atomic bombs were produced in
   (*a*) San Francisco
   (*b*) Pittsburgh
   (*c*) Oak Ridge, Tenn.

12. Sinclair Lewis' most recent novel is called
   (*a*) *Presidential Agent*
   (*b*) *The Black Rose*
   (*c*) *Cass Timberlane*

13. United States forces liberated
   (*a*) Manila
   (*b*) Vienna
   (*c*) Paris

14. A United Nations conference was held at
   (*a*) Dumbarton Oaks
   (*b*) San Francisco
   (*c*) Bretton Woods

ANSWERS

Portrait of a Murder

The police cleared Judith since, although she had a motive in fearing Marc might try to spoil her reconciliation, she knew nothing whatsoever about the wallpaper. Armstrong was cleared in that he had not yet seen the wallpaper and knew nothing of the situation between Judith and Marc. Trudy was guilty. She was the only one who was familiar not only with the situation between Marc and Armstrong's wife but also with the wallpaper. Marc, aware of this, grabbed the one piece of evidence that would eliminate Armstrong and Judith.

Cold Facts and Fallacies

1. True.
2. False; white reflects heat, black absorbs it.
3. False.
4. False; Siberia, in the Arctic circle, has recorded a temperature of 90 degrees below zero.
5. True; 18 pounds as against 12 to 15 pounds.
6. True, according to some scientists' estimates.
7. False; 32° Centigrade is almost 90° Fahrenheit.
8. False; hurling is played on a field, like field-hockey.
9. True; Little America is in Antarctica.
10. False; it is solidified carbon dioxide gas.
11. True.
12. True.
13. False.
14. True.
15. True.
16. False.
17. False.
18. True.
19. True.
20. False.

A Game of Associations

1. (*d*)
2. (*a*)
3. (*c*)
4. (*c*)
5. (*a*)
6. (*d*)
7. (*b*)
8. (*c*)
9. (*d*)
10. (*d*)
11. (*b*)
12. (*e*)
13. (*b*)
14. (*e*)
15. (*a*)
16. (*d*)
17. (*b*)
18. (*c*)
19. (*d*)
20. (*e*)
21. (*b*)
22. (*c*)
23. (*e*)
24. (*b*)
25. (*a*)
26. (*e*)
27. (*c*)
28. (*c*)
29. (*a*)
30. (*b*)
31. (*e*)
32. (*a*)
33. (*c*)
34. (*c*)
35. (*a*)
36. (*d*)

What Happened in 1945?

1. (*a*) May 8
2. (*a*) But Mr. Churchill's Conservative party lost its majority
3. (*b*) Shot himself
4. (*c*) Agar
5. (*a*) James F. Byrnes
6. (*b*) Hiroshima
7. (*b*) Hyde Park
8. (*b*) Books were never rationed, coffee rationing was lifted before 1945
9. (*c*) Reims
10. (*a*) Played in California
11. (*c*) Oak Ridge, Tenn.
12. (*c*) *Cass Timberlane*
13. (*a*) Manila
14. (*b*) San Francisco

New Year's Resolutions

1. Depends; smoking does not hurt some people.
2. Wise.
3. Depends; exposure to sunlight harms some people.
4. Wise.
5. Wise; and a voter's duty, besides.
6. Foolish; it doesn't hurt to be a sucker occasionally.
7. Depends; a drink helps some people to relax.
8. Foolish; the worry might hurt more than the overwork.
9. Foolish; an occasional splurge is good for the soul.
10. Depends; do you deserve one?
11. Wise, if her presence bothers you.
12. Foolish; you can't help it.
13. Depends; but for people over forty it would be foolish.
14. Wise.
15. Foolish; instead get a system to remind you.
16. Foolish, for most people.
17. Wise.
18. Wise, if done properly.

Our Human Comedy

Because life with laughter is a most desirable state, we have assembled for you, herewith, a handful of mirthful moments from the drama of daily living

Back in 1944 a group of American girls landed at an overseas base where there were few white women. Of course, they received a terrific welcome from the Yanks stationed there.

The following day their director, a man who had been at the base for several months, called a meeting. "You girls are going to be extremely popular," he began. "There's only one bit of advice I can offer. At the height of your success, when men are flocking around you, just remember this—if I put on a skirt, I'd be popular too." —Clara Cohen

* * *

When the Nazis were in power, German soldiers assigned to patrol the Swiss border made no effort to conceal their contempt for the stolid men facing them across the barricades.

One day they handed across the barricade a handsomely wrapped box addressed to the Swiss commanding officer. The Swiss were not surprised to find the contents of the box to be fertilizer.

Next day, a similarly handsome box was presented by the Swiss to the German commander, who grunted about Swiss lack of originality and turned it over, unopened, to an orderly.

The orderly returned shortly, amazement on his face. In his arms was the package containing a large platter of golden Swiss butter.

The enclosed card read:

"The ceremony you have initiated is altogether proper. Let us continue to send to each other the best from our lands."

—Pfc. Hervie Haufler

* * *

Dun Phares, who works for the Associated Press, comes from Texas, where his name does not seem an unusual one. But according to a story they tell on him, he was introduced to a man who seemed curious about it.

"Phares, Phares," he repeated. "What a strange name. How long have you lived in this country? Where were you born? You certainly speak good English."

The newspaperman answered

the questions politely, but after the stranger had gone he asked:

"Who was that bird who seemed to think I had a curious name?"

"That," replied his friend, "was Gutzon Borglum."

—Edward Frank Allen

* * *

In a Birmingham, Alabama, police station they're still laughing over an incident which happened several months ago.

A man, exceedingly upset, approached the sergeant in charge. "Sir, my wife has been missing since early last night," he reported.

The sergeant began assembling information:

"What size is she?"

"Uh—about average."

"Color eyes?"

"Oh, neutral, I guess."

"Hair?"

"Don't know."

"Kind of clothes?"

"Hat and coat, I suppose. But she had a dog with her."

"What kind?"

"Pedigree collie. Stands six hands high, weighs 38 pounds, brownish-gray spot above right eye, right rear leg solid white, slightly deaf in left ear, has deep brown collar, and answers to name of *Prince.*" —John Newton Baker

* * *

The late John Lovejoy Elliot, head of New York's Ethical Culture School, taught a class in ethics and imbued his students with the full spirit of the ethical culture movement. Once he asked his young students: "What would you like to do most in the world?" One student answered: "I would like to help my fellow man to be noble, to uplift him spiritually, and to help him live happily all his life."

Elliot beamed. "What would you like to do next best?"

"Next best," replied the student, "I'd like to make money."

—Leonard Lyons

* * *

The question of the correct plural of the word "mongoose" was solved by an assistant director who needed a pair of these creatures for a picture. He wrote to a Hollywood dealer: "Dear Sir: Please send me two mongeese." He didn't like the way the word looked, tore up the paper and began again: "Dear Sir. Please send me two mongooses." This version didn't satisfy him any better, so he wrote: "Dear Sir: Please send me a mongoose—and by the way, send me another." —Mrs. I. M. Godfrey

* * *

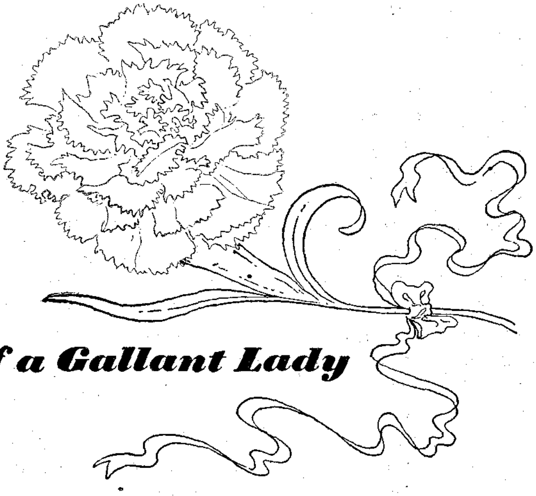
An Albuquerque housewife was delighted when an attractive young girl answered her ad for a maid. Hired on the spot, the girl did dishes and retired early.

The next morning the lady found her packing. "Why are you leaving?" she asked.

"Well," the girl replied, "I have a confession to make. I'm going through to California, and I was unable to find a single overnight accommodation in Albuquerque. So I bought the afternoon paper and answered your ad."

—W. E. Golden

Life cannot defeat one with the courage to fight against heavy odds for happiness



Saga of a Gallant Lady

by Carol Hughes

On a quiet back street in the village of Elon, North Carolina, a little brick house hugs the northwest corner of the Elon College campus. New students strolling along romantic College Walk are often surprised when a small, gray-haired woman waves cheerily from a window of the pleasant cottage.

They smile and wave back, and do not know until later that behind the kind face of the woman lies more knowledge of life than they could learn in the textbooks of a dozen universities; that in her small body is a heart of tempered steel but as gay as a spring prom.

The woman is 81-year-old Mrs. John Urquhart Newman.

Her darkest hours came between the years 1890 and 1894, when four of her five children were born. None of the four has ever heard a spoken word. They were born deaf. None of the four ever learned the sign language. None ever attended high school. Yet all four, taught only by their mother, entered Elon College at the age of thirteen.

They were graduated with honors and now hold positions superior to those held by many college graduates who were born normal—all because a courageous mother refused to accept defeat either for herself or for her family.

She had left a Missouri farm to work her way through Antioch College. There she met and married a professor, and together they went to Elon, near Greensboro, to teach in a college which was not yet built; they helped to build it.

Her husband, who taught Latin, Greek and Hebrew, had a profound disregard for money. So Mrs. Newman, teacher, housewife and mother, took in students as boarders to add to the family income. Yet she somehow found time to entertain visiting dignitaries and to minister to the poor.

"My husband never earned as much as a thousand dollars a year for the first fifteen years," she says candidly, "but money was never a source of worry or bickering in our household."

When the first child was born to the Newmans they were still in their early twenties, and life was full of promise. The child was a pretty, perfect little girl who behaved just as she should, except that she did not seem to hear the cooing sounds of a fond mother.

When she was taken to a doctor, his verdict was short and brutal: "Your child can never be normal. She is deaf and beyond hope of recovery." In succession came three other children—and the same discouraging words from the doctor.

"Send them to a school for the deaf," kindly neighbors and well-intentioned doctors advised. Mrs. Newman rejected all such suggestions. She would never subject her children to life in an institution.

Daily, hourly, she watched them, and a plan took form in her mind. She talked it over with her husband, who agreed that if she were willing to make the sacrifice it entailed it might work. Her decision made, she entered upon long years of toil, struggle and concentration. She never looked back.

Her plan was simple. She would teach her children to speak and read lips; she would teach them so well that their affliction would be mercifully hidden from the world. There would be no talking by hands. Her children would look, act, and talk like any normal child. Since deafness could not be seen, why should her children's affliction be made obvious?

Alone and in her own home, she undertook to do what only a few schools at the time were attempting to do for deaf children.

Alma, the oldest; Lila, the second child; Urquhart, the third, and Joseph, the baby, were average, healthy-looking youngsters, neither more nor less intelligent than their neighbors' children. But every child was sadly handicapped. With grave consideration, Mrs. Newman accepted the responsibility of attempting what seemed impossible. If she failed, if the children's vocal chords were permanently impaired, she felt that she alone would be responsible for the dismal failure of her children.

Something of the task facing her is better understood when you think of the time and work involved in teaching a normal child to speak a few words. Even the word "cat," which might be spoken to a normal child twice before he can repeat it, Mrs. Newman had to repeat over and over—perhaps as many as forty times—before her children learned to sound it by carefully watching their mother's lips.

Mrs. Newman began her experiment when her children were of kindergarten age. Where the normal child would have learned simple words like "cat," "dog," and "home" on the first day, the Newman children would perhaps be able to say the word, and understand it, in a week.

From the start Mrs. Newman developed an almost trance-like concentration with her children. Over and over she would repeat the single word she wanted them to understand. She would show them the word in print, then speak it, syllable by syllable, until each child could see by the formation of her lips how the word was said.

The agony of alternate hope and discouragement which must often have bitten deep into her heart was hidden from the children's gaze by a gay, fun-loving disposition. Mrs. Newman made a game of her children's education. She taught them to play with each other, encouraged them to talk among themselves, and, as they progressed, she urged them to outdo each other in repeating newly-learned words.

The children were kept fairly close to home because Mrs. Newman wanted them to converse among themselves as much as possible until they felt natural in speaking and in reading lips. Each of their playmates was carefully chosen. Only the kindly ones, those who would not taunt her children and thus expose to them the affliction she was laboring to overcome, were invited to partake of her warm hospitality.

Little by little the vocabulary of the Newman children grew. Gradually their circle of friends was increased. Hour after hour, day after day, year after year, the kindly, patient woman taught them new words.

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Newman was doing a thousand and one things in the village. No one knows how many hungry she has fed, how many sick she has nursed, how many midnight vigils she has kept in some humble home when a life was at stake.

The villagers say she delivered personally more than a hundred babies during the days when the nearest doctor was miles away. She taught Sunday School for 25 years and never missed a Sunday. She painted beautiful pictures which inspired an art instructor to lament: "How awful that a talent so rich should be denied full bloom."

She made her own quilts, knitted the rugs for her comfortable home, attended lectures at the college, and managed every financial detail of her home. She supplemented her husband's small salary by raising chickens and by keeping a pig and a cow. And always there was time for the comfort and care required by her dreamy, scholarly husband, who once remarked: "I do not believe that you ever go to bed. Aren't you weary?"

All of this was done with a gaiety and nonchalance that astounded old-line residents. When asked about Mrs. Newman, a native villager is likely to chuckle: "Have you heard about the fire?"

The Newman fire will be long remembered in the village of Elon because it explained her character so clearly. It occurred ten years ago. After fifty years of scrimping and saving, Mrs. Newman had bought the old weather-beaten, well-lived-in home. It took every dollar she had. Then she had found it necessary to mortgage the house to send her eldest son, Joseph, to dental school.

When the fire broke out Mr. and Mrs. Newman were alone in the living room. The professor was reading a book on Greek mythology. Mrs. Newman was knitting a rug. Suddenly flames shot down the stairs. John Newman did not even see them. His wife calmly rose to her feet, took her husband's picture down from the wall, and gently said: "Come, John, let's go. We are losing our home."

Together they walked out the door and never looked back. They went to a neighbor's house down the street, and neither mentioned that their house was burning. The neighbors thought they were paying a call and were puzzled as to why Mrs. Newman had brought her husband's picture.

Speaking of it now, Mrs. Newman smiles. "All people have troubles," she says. "What is yours must forever remain yours, and you alone must solve it."

BLOOD ON THE MOON

an exciting color feature
about the assassination
of Abraham Lincoln,
with text by Carl Sandburg
and paintings by Harper Goff
is coming to you
in next month's Coronet

That is the spirit of a woman few average people could hope to understand, a woman whose stature no ordinary person could attain. It is the spirit that molded the Newman children and guided them into the normal lives and careers their mother wanted them to have. But it carried with it none of the bitterness that might come from a tyrant mother.

At the age of four Alma showed a fondness for the piano, although she could not hear a single note. Mrs. Newman saved harder and bought her a piano. When Lila showed promise with her drawings, her play corner was stocked with water colors and paper. When Urquhart, at the age of thirteen, went in for sports, his mother became a sports enthusiast, too. She never missed a game in which he played. When Joseph expressed a desire for dentistry, she made it possible for him to realize his ambition.

How well she has succeeded is attested by her children's achievements.

Alma, after several years of teaching music in Alabama, married a brilliant young lawyer and is rearing three happy, normal children. Lila, after completing a postgraduate course at Columbia University, is head of the art department of Elon College. Urquhart is editor of a successful textile paper and has sold more than 250 articles to leading magazines. Joseph entered Atlanta Dental College and now has a successful practice in Georgia. A fifth child, Dan Long, normal in every respect, is preparing to compete with his less fortunate brothers and sisters.

The Newman children are proof that deafness is not a calamity. Where many see only pathos in it, the Newmans actually talk gaily about it. Lila says, laughing: "Sometimes I even think deafness is an asset. I hear only what I want to hear."

The children still speak throatily because they cannot hear the sound of their voices. It sounds a little foreign and rather pleasing.

That is not the end of the story of Mrs. Newman. The rest is something that a faithful old Negro calls "de treatment of dat woman by de Lord." In her seventy-fourth year, cataracts began to form over her eyes, threatening her with blindness. Doctors advised against an operation. But Mrs. Newman insisted. Now she can see.

In her seventy-fifth year, a fall resulted in a broken hip. "You will never walk again," doctors told her. "I will walk!" she said. For six months she lay unconscious, her gaunt frame wasting away. During that time her husband died of pneumonia, and she scarcely knew what was happening. But still the spirit of the gallant woman fought on. One year later she was walking with a cane. Now she scorns it.

She lives with her daughter, Lila, in a little brick cottage the college and its alumni helped to build for her. Her mind is sharp and clear.

She has found happiness probably unsurpassed in a heart that has known no cares. Her contentment has come from facing sorrows and solving them in the wisest way her gentle, fun-loving heart could devise. Peace, rest, and quiet she has won for others, but because of her great unselfish heart she never sought them for herself.

●

The Black Umbrella

I WAS NOT really conscious of being different from other children until I was twelve years old. Then we moved to another section of the city. My first day at the new school a youngster pointed at me.

"Look at the new girl with the crooked back!" she shouted.

The next morning it rained and I left the house carrying a huge black umbrella. Suddenly that umbrella was the answer to my problem. It would hide my back. No one would guess my secret. After that the umbrella was always with me. My mother would watch me leave each day with what heartache I can only now imagine.

Every week I went to the doctor's for treatment. One time he asked, "Loretta, how would you like to come a little earlier next week and visit with my children Joan and Eddie?"

The following week Joan and Edward were waiting for me. When the doctor came for me, I was in the yard playing tag, the umbrella forgotten. But as I followed him into the office, I snatched it up from the ground.

The doctor sat down, smiled, then pulled me to his knee. "Loretta," he began, "I've heard something that surprises me very much. I've heard that you are the most conceited little girl in the whole city."

I went scarlet. "Oh, no, doctor," I protested, "not I. I *couldn't* be."

"No, my dear," the doctor continued gently, "you must be the one. Whenever you walk out of the house, you think 'Everyone is looking at me.'"

"Oh, no, I don't think that," I pleaded.

"Then tell me this, Loretta. Why do you always carry that umbrella?"

I hung my head.

"Now," he went on, "there is something I want you to do for me. I want you to leave that umbrella here. Tomorrow come back and tell me whether people looked at you."

I nodded. Very slowly I picked up the umbrella and laid it on his desk.

I walked down the steps, shrinking into my coat. After a few minutes I realized that no one was looking at me. I wasn't important at all. For the first time in months I was without that ugly encumbrance, and *no one was looking at me*. In that one swift moment I was freed for all time.—ANONYMOUS

A little town in Iowa is the headquarters for one of America's most amazing shows, a circus with wings

The Bird on the Flying Trapeze

by SYLVIA J. HOWARD

LONE TREE, Iowa—population 651—appears to be a typical midwestern town. To look at it you'd never think it harbors birds that dance, skip rope, turn backward somersaults, walk tight ropes, swallow swords—yes, even count sums and answer questions with nonchalant flips of the tail.

But it does. For this little town is the headquarters of one of America's strangest shows — the Bertelle Bird Circus. Owned and trained by the Reverend and Mrs. Wendell Hansen of Lone Tree, this troupe of 45 feathered artists has amazed thousands of persons in a half dozen states with its tricks.

There's the blackbird sword swallower, for instance. He downs a sword almost as long as his own body and does it so blithely you'd think it was his favorite kind of birdseed. And Punch and Judy, acrobatic parakeets, race up and down small ladders together, walk a tight rope, and spin in an airplane contraption which invariably dizzies Judy and tosses her off into space.

Add performing cockatoos, cardinals, pigeons, crows and canaries—to mention only a few—and you have an idea of the scope of the training program of the Hansens, who teach birds to do stunts as patiently as a dog owner persuades Rover to roll over.

For five years they have been proving that birds can be taught almost any trick a circus animal can perform, and though their pets seem to qualify for the realm of pink elephants, their training ground is always a parsonage.

The circus began simply enough in Minneapolis back in 1940, when Mrs. Hansen was given a canary for playing her vibraharp at a wedding.

"It was a young bird that didn't know how to sing, so we had to get a trainer canary," she explains. "As luck would have it, the trainer accidentally broke his leg. We had it set, but didn't want to return him in that condition so we bought him. Then someone gave us a gluck roller and we had a trio."

That was the beginning. The couple began to wonder if they could get their pets to sing when they wanted them to and not just when they had the notion. Bird experts said it couldn't be done. But a year later they not only had a choir of high-voiced warblers, tenor-range American singers, and bass gluck rollers that would sing at their request; they had a prize soloist, Lucifer, who whistled *Yankee Doodle* in perfect key.

Together, the minister and his wife, Bertelle, worked out the name of the group: Bertelle's Bird Circus. They decided which duties each was to perform. Mrs. Hansen was to handle the show, playing her vibraharp and putting the birds through their numbers. The training was to be shared by them.

The circus, which was started as something different for their church in Minneapolis, soon was requested to play in other churches, then at social centers, schools, and clubs throughout the city.

WHEN LUCIFER died of pneumonia after singing in a chilly high school auditorium, it was a tragic blow to the Hansens. But they refused to give up. They selected another yellow canary, Jimmy, and played recordings of Lucifer's song over and over again, as he listened with cocked head. They coaxed and cajoled. They even whistled the tune themselves.

Finally, he was ready to take over. But unlike Lucifer, who had rollicked through verse and chorus, stopped to catch his breath and started over again, Jimmy settled grudgingly for only the verse.

The Hansens and their pets were now in Lone Tree, Iowa, where Mr. Hansen's training and ministerial duties were augmented by study at the nearby University of Iowa. The bird circus continued to perform eight months of the year.

In summer the Hansens added new stunts to their troupe's repertoire. They taught a cardinal to cling desperately to a bouncing mallet while Mrs. Hansen played *America;* they coaxed a woodpecker to tap wood to the rhythm of *The Woodpecker's Song*, and they coached their war refugee, Java Peter, a ricebird from the Dutch East Indies, in the opposing arts of playing dead and posing as a convalescing patient in a basket.

Boom-Boom, the pigeon, which they trained to don a bib and sit in a little white chair at a little white table, is still a favorite with children and adults alike. One little boy wrote concernedly that he was "afraid Boom-Boom's tail was going to break off, sitting in the chair like he was." But the pigeon continues to tuck his tail demurely under him, grip the arms of the chair with his claws, and peck at his dish of peas, corn, buckwheat and millet as though it were the most natural thing in the world. However, the Hansens confess that it took him a long time to learn table manners. He always wanted to put his feet on the table.

The Hansens have learned that their training procedure does not always result in an actor who is willing to take his place in the show. Some birds have stage fright. They perform all right at home, then fail in front of an audience.

Then, too, there are unusual cases like that of Mud, the box turtle. Not long ago, the minister thought a turtle pulling a canary in a cart would be a nice addition to the circus, so he inserted a ring in the newcomer's shell and began to train him. Things progressed nicely until October rolled around and it was time to hit the road. Then the turtle disappeared.

The Hansens finally found him tucked away in a closet, sound asleep. They prodded him gently, but Mud was adamant. He preferred a six-month snooze to the shine of a spotlight.

Mud's the reason the circus today is strictly an all-bird affair, minus turtles and other intruders. It's expanding constantly, and the additions call for expert appraisal on the Hansens' part. Before selecting a bird, they watch it closely for days to be sure it isn't afraid of people. They consider, too, its intelligence and showmanship, for a bird must rate high in these qualities if it is to learn tricks and perform them unfailingly at the trainer's bidding.

There are several steps the couple follows before beginning the actual training schedule. First, they get the birds to like them.

"This you can do only if you yourself like birds," they say. "Then we handle them a little every day, very gently, to show them there is nothing to be afraid of. After that, we are ready to start teaching them the tricks which take anywhere from six months to a year to learn."

Praise and kindness rate high in their training program, and a variety of food also plays an important part in that it keeps the troupe in good condition. Their menus list meal worms, which the Hansens raise themselves, fruit, raw meat, bread and milk, seeds of many kinds, and even dried flies imported from Mexico.

In summer the sturdier performers enjoy the benefits of sunshine in the yard. In winter the entire company gathers around a violet ray lamp, fighting for positions and opening feathers to the light.

The Hansens, whose audiences are often composed almost entirely of children, stress patience and kindness towards birds and animals at all times. They bring nature lore and religion into their programs, too, and Jewish, Catholic and Protestant educators have praised them for their efforts. Almost everyone who sees the show gains a greater appreciation and understanding of bird life.

As one woman put it, simply: "I never realized that birds were so intelligent and so responsive to training."

Highest praise of all, however, stems from the children who give it unknowingly when they come up after a program and say that they've robbed nests or killed birds, but that they're not going to do it again. Such testimony gives the Hansens renewed zeal in their work.

They do not hatch any birds themselves. Rather, they get them from various sources.

"Most of our native birds are those which formerly were crippled or were in some way unable to care for themselves," they explain. "People bring them to us from all over. The best prospects we retain and train. The others we turn loose when they again are able to take care of themselves."

They stress the fact that it is

necessary to have a scientific collector's permit from the government in order to catch and keep native birds. Otherwise people, especially children, might be influenced to keep wild birds in captivity. Such efforts are usually fatal unless one has a thorough knowledge of their habits and is willing to give them exacting care.

As for the Hansens themselves, an addition to the family last Easter has added one more bird-booster to the parsonage. Their baby, Sylvia, grinned with delight as she posed for her first picture with a canary on her fingers.

Mr. Hansen soon will obtain his doctor's degree from the University of Iowa. His wife just now is giving more time to Sylvia than to the birds, but she will continue to perform with her pets in neighboring states.

When questioned as to the future of the bird circus and the occasional offers they receive from theatrical agencies, the couple say simply, "Right now we're content to keep it a hobby."

New Worlds in Medicine

A new surgical stitching instrument, developed by one of the companies making household sewing machines, brings "machine" sewing right to the operating room. This device permits sutures to be fed from a continuous bobbin in the instrument. The advantages claimed for "machine" sewing are closer control of the needle in brain surgery and other delicate procedures, as well as unobstructed visibility and the release of the surgeon from hand-to-hand dependence on his assistants.

The tragedy of a child crippled because one leg is longer than the other may now be avoided through surgery developed by Dr. S. L. Haas of San Francisco. Dr. Haas prevents the growth of the longer leg bone by encircling the zone with a wire loop. Thus the growth of the longer limb can be controlled, and the shorter limb will then be able to catch up. Equalization of limb length by wiring cannot be attempted, however, on children under eight years of age.

Bone surgeons are enthusiastic over the possibilities of new plastic materials made from casein, an organic product. Such plastics were implanted into the bones of cats and later absorbed without harmful after-effects. This means that plastic nails, plates, and screws can be used for piecing together shattered bone. Then, months or years after the operation, the body absorbs and replaces them with new bone tissue.

Penicillin therapy horizons are still broadening. Latest advance is inhalation of penicillin by patients with stubborn lung diseases such as the secondary infection following bronchial asthma. Medicos of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons utilize a machine to break up a salt water solution of penicillin into microscopic vapor particles which are inhaled through a glass mouthpiece. Rapid appearance of the drug in the blood and urine proves that it is thus absorbed by the lungs.

—Sigmund Sameth

The commonest of all minerals remains one of man's most precious possessions

What Everyone Should Know About SALT

by Edward Stevens

When you ask for the salt the next time you sit down to eat, use it reverently. It may be the commonest of all minerals and the cheapest commodity on your table. But make no mistake; your plebeian salt is one of your most precious possessions.

In fact, for thousands of years men considered it sacred. When, in the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus said to his followers, "Ye are the salt of the earth," he was paying them the highest compliment possible.

It was a powerful ill-omen, indeed, if the salt were spilled. When Leonardo da Vinci painted *The Last Supper*, he packed the maximum impression of treachery, foreboding and doom into his canvas by picturing an overturned salt cup in front of the traitor Judas. And still today, when by chance we spill the salt, we hasten to throw a pinch of it over our left shoulder to ward off bad luck.

It's amazing how many uses we find in America for salt. We require four million tons of salt each year for everything from flavoring the food we eat to manufacturing rayon and "case-hardening" the gears and pinions of tanks, trucks and planes.

Salt is used by ice cream makers as a refrigerant, and by railroads to melt snow and ice off the tracks. It is used by the farmer to liberate the potash in the soil so the plants can more easily assimilate it, and by the gardener to kill weeds.

It is used by paper manufacturers as a bleaching agent, and by tanners to prevent putrefaction of raw skins and to swell the cells and thus make the skins pliable. It is used in the manufacture of textiles, and in the refining of oil, gold, silver and copper.

Manifold as are the uses of salt in industry, the variety of ways it is used in the home is fairly bewildering. It makes an ideal mouth wash, and a little of it sprinkled in a pan when you are frying meat will prevent splashing and the consequent risk of burns. A teaspoon of salt added to water will keep a cracked egg intact while it is boiling, and salt also serves as an excellent dentifrice.

A half-teaspoonful of salt in a pint of water makes a good eyewash, and it is fine for scouring the inside of coffee pots. A handful of salt added to the last water on wash day in frosty weather will keep the clothes from sticking to the line.

Salt is wonderful for tired, aching feet (two handfuls in a basin of hot water); for mosquito bites (make a paste of one fourth glass of salt and one fourth glass of bicarbonate of soda); and for relief from fatigue (draw a tub of lukewarm water—pour into it an entire container of salt and relax in it for at least ten minutes).

Salt also can be used for getting rid of inkspots on clothes, and for preventing ice from forming on the windshield of your car.

Moths don't like salt; if you scrub your floors with a strong solution of hot water and salt, they'll keep out of your carpets.

It is not hard to understand why men once considered salt sacred. Without it we could not live. We need about a teaspoonful of it a day, or twelve pounds a year, if our glands are to hold the amount of water they must have to function properly. Deprive us of it and our sufferings would be terrible.

The pages of history abound with tales of battles fought to gain possession of salt. In the first World War the great rock salt mine of Wieliczka, the largest in the world, was the objective of the Russian drive against Austria, in that district. In our own Civil War, the saltworks of Saltville in Southwestern Virginia were the objective of an important Union expedition bent on depriving the South of "the magic white sand," as the Indians called it.

Imagine getting part of your salary in salt, or sending a cake of salt to your landlord to pay the rent! Yet the word "salary" derives from the Roman practice of providing each soldier with a ration of salt, or with the means of buying it. This part of their pay was called *salarium argentum*. Even today, we say of a man who is not worth his hire that he is not "worth his salt."

Incidentally, do you know how salt is obtained? Five thousand years ago, in China, they got their salt by boiling and evaporating the ash from salt plants, and only a hundred years ago our American Indians evaporated sea water in open trenches or, if they lived inland, they evaporated the brine from salt springs used by buffalo and deer.

Today we bore deep wells and pump water down to the salt strata of the earth. Then the brine is pumped up through a separate pipe, filtered and purified. After going through vacuum evaporators, the salt is drawn off, dried, and finally screened to separate the crystals of different sizes.

It takes elaborate electrical equipment to break down the salt crystal into sodium—a silver white metal—and the greenish-yellow gas we call chlorine. It is strange to consider how easily our bodies do this, changing the chloride component of salt into hydrochloric acid so that we can digest the food we eat.

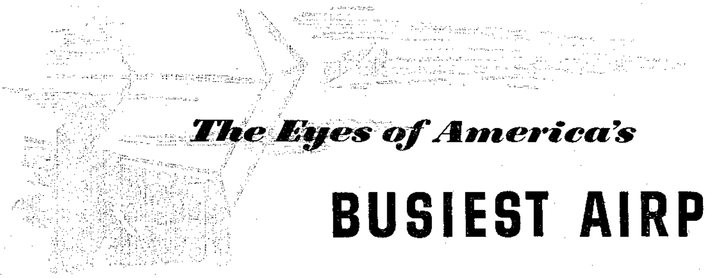
..... *These Chinese*

A sailor, after placing some flowers on a grave in a cemetery, noticed an old Chinaman placing a bowl of rice on a nearby grave and cynically asked: "What time do you expect your friend to come up and eat rice?"

The Chinaman replied with a smile, "Same time your friend come up to smell flowers."

—*As-You-Go-News*

Meet the men who see most of the drama—
and some of the tragedy—of modern flying



The Eyes of America's BUSIEST AIRPORT

by Robert Gold

A dark overcast of rain clouds spread like an ominous mantle over Flushing Bay, New York. Lower scuds swept slowly over the long runways of LaGuardia Field, the country's busiest airport.

The men in the tower were working frantically to get the inbound airliners safely down through the "soup," and the glass-paneled control room crackled with sounds blasting from radio receivers. A call came clearly over the static.

"LaGuardia tower, this is an Army B-25," the pilot reported. "Enroute from Bedford, Massachusetts, to Newark, New Jersey. Give me the Newark weather, please. Over."

The towerman suggested that the pilot would be wiser to land, but read him the Newark weather. Then, looking at the mist and fine rain hiding Manhattan's famous skyline, the operator broadcast what might have been a casual comment:

"I can't see the Empire State Building from here . . ."

"Roger—" A surge of static blocked out the rest, and the Army pilot's voice clicked off the air. The men in the tower turned their attention to the busy field below.

Three minutes later, a B-25 Mitchell medium bomber tore out of a ragged patch of the overcast over New York City and tore into the Empire State Building and the black history of aviation disasters.

The fate of the Army bomber is a tragic example of the drama that revolves around a landing strip. And the LaGuardia tower is a grandstand seat at an exciting arena.

LaGuardia Field is operated by New York City's Department of Marine and Aviation, and is mainly a commercial field. The tower sits on top of the administration building, directly over the loading ramp.

The tower is supreme authority for flight operations of the field, and the tower control men are handpicked. The field before them is a complicated chessboard across which they manipulate aircraft as pieces. There are planes on the taxiing strips, planes on the runways ready to take off, there are planes overhead waiting to come down, and planes on the outskirts of the city, requesting permission to come nearer the field.

Tower instructions are delivered by ground-to-air communication. The controller talks into a portable microphone, and the answers come back through a score of receivers lined up along both sides of the glass-enclosed room. Part of LaGuardia tower's facilities are the latest development in radio, using very high frequencies—as high as 126 thousand kilocycles. On these wave lengths, static is eliminated and voices come through clearly without interference.

Nevertheless, the tower men are still prepared for anything. One day, a controller busy with his microphone heard a faint "Hey, Tower!"

The call didn't seem to be coming out of a receiver, and the puzzled controller looked up. There, hovering outside the glass panels of the tower, was a helicopter. Its pilot was gesturing and shouting for permission to land. That was the first time a controller had ever signaled a plane to land by simply nodding his head.

For planes lacking radio equipment, the towerman has a light gun that flashes a directed color beam which can be seen only by the plane at which it is aimed. One color has various meanings, depending on the plane's position. A green light "shot" to a plane in the air means "Cleared to land." To a plane on the ground, the green light would mean "Cleared to take off."

Three men operate LaGuardia tower during the peak traffic of the day, from eleven in the morning to seven at night. One handles a battery of interphones, receiving the estimated time of all departures and arrivals. Two controllers stand by the broad windows, ready to direct traffic.

"TCA trip 12, ready to taxi," a voice blasts out of a receiver. It is a Trans-Canada airliner sitting on the ramp, all passengers aboard, props spinning.

"LaGuardia tower, this is Army 404," loud out of another receiver.

"Stand by 404," the controller talked into his microphone. "TCA 12, you are cleared to runway 32."

"LaGuardia tower, this is NC82," briskly out of another speaker. "Over the Whitestone Bridge, request landing instructions. Over."

"Roger, NC82, you are cleared to land," the controller told him, "use runway 18, wind is south, five. And TCA 12, you can take off as soon as 82 is off the runway . . ."

"LaGuardia tower, this is Northeast flight 9, over Port Chester, 500 feet on top of all clouds. Over."

"Roger, Northeast," the controller responded. "Make normal descent. Traffic is a C54 just departed LaGuardia and climbing to two thousand over Port Chester . . . Now, go ahead, Army 404."

"Army 404 is over Coney Island," the voice boomed inside the tower, "requesting landing instructions . . ."

AIRCRAFT must be separated by at least one of three means—altitude, latitude or time, and keeping tab on all inbound and departing air traffic is an intricate task. The experienced controllers at LaGuardia rely upon an accurate mental picture of the position of all airplanes in the vicinity. The intricacy of this job is more readily appreciated when it is remembered that the position of each plane changes with each passing second.

Airlines operate on precise schedules, but weather is no respecter of schedules. This was illustrated not long ago when an important and pompous Washington businessman suddenly decided that he had urgent matters to attend to in New York. He raced to the Washington National Airport. Waving a high priority number, he "bumped" a veteran going home and boarded an ATC plane to New York.

An hour later, the army transport was over New York. But LaGuardia Field had a low ceiling and poor visibility. The tower instructed the pilot to continue circling at an assigned altitude until earlier arrivals had landed.

The impatient executive shouted, "I have to get down immediately!"

"Sorry," the flight officer told him. "There are only two ways of getting landing priority—we can declare an emergency or announce a military passenger of five-star rank or higher. We have neither. Would you like a parachute?"

And for another hour and a half the businessman fumed two thousand feet over the city, calculating how many trains had already pulled in from Washington.

The truth is, a fast train can beat a plane—for a short trip in bad weather. It sometimes takes as long as twenty minutes to bring down one plane flying "blind." If six or seven planes are circling above an overcast airport, the last to arrive may have a long wait before being able to land.

One remark overheard at LaGuardia in such a situation has already become a classic. After "holding" over the field for almost an hour, an Army pilot called plaintively through his mike:

"Either get me down in fifteen minutes—or send a gas truck up here!"

They brought him down.

Tower operators, never sure of what is going to take place on the field below them, have learned to expect the unexpected.

Two P-47s gave one controller a few anxious moments on a bright morning when no trouble was anticipated. One Army fighter was northbound, the other southbound, both enroute to LaGuardia. Still some distance from the field, they contacted the tower.

The northbound pursuit ship was cleared, number one to land, with a left turn into the field. The other fighter was cleared, number two to land, left turn into the field. These instructions would have brought them both around to the same end of the runway, one following the other.

The controller looked up and suddenly saw that one P-47 had misinterpreted orders. Both fighters were driving down toward the runway—but one from either end, roaring toward each other, each unaware of the other's presence.

"Army 101," the operator shouted into his microphone, "pull up! Pull up and get out of here!"

The northbound pilot jammed his stick back, his motor stuttering as the plane climbed steeply—and the southbound P-47 passed under it, missing disaster by inches.

Nor does the towerman's responsibility end with the lifting of a plane's wheels from his airport. The vigilance of one controller averted what might also have been a tragedy.

A B-24 was cleared from La-Guardia. The Liberator took off smoothly, climbing in a wide circle. But as the controller watched the big bomber go up, he noticed a fine mist trailing behind the climbing plane. Suddenly a billowing spray poured out in a white wake behind the ship.

The controller grabbed his microphone. "Army 324," he called, "you are losing gasoline fast. You are cleared to runway 12 for an immediate landing."

The wing of the Liberator dipped, and the plane came down, hitting the runway easily. She taxied across the field and pulled up directly in front of the Army hangar just as the engines burned the last drop of fuel and stalled. Someone had neglected to cap the gasoline tanks.

Night and day, sunshine or storm, airport towers stand watch over their fields. Because of its burden of traffic, LaGuardia tower is the spokesman for these sentinels of the air. Its record in bringing down and dispatching sky fleets has set a high mark in safety.

Here, in his lofty perch by Flushing Bay, 24 hours a day, every day of the year, the airport controller stands by his windows, directing the traffic of our national airways.

Here, too, on the road skirting beyond the end of LaGuardia's runway 4, stands a signpost that has halted many startled motorists. "Stop, Look, Listen—Airplane Crossing"

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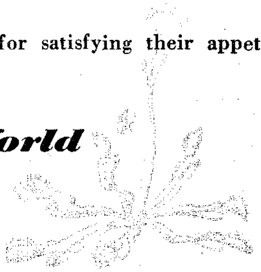
Nature has equipped them with ingenious devices for satisfying their appetites

Assassins in the Plant World



by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

MOST PLANTS manufacture their food out of air, water and minerals found in the soil from which they grow. But others, growing in bogs, marshes and wet moorlands, cannot get enough to eat by these ordinary processes.

Therefore nature has made some plants carnivorous and has equipped them to trap, kill and digest insects, and even small birds and animals. This strange vegetation, on the borderline between plant and animal life, even has glands which secrete digestive juices.

Possibly the most ingenious of these plants is the Venus's-flytrap, which is found in a restricted area near Wilmington, North Carolina, and just South of there across the South Carolina state line. This amazing plant displays nervous energy, is capable of sudden and precisely directed movement, and has what appears to be positively intelligent transmission of impulses.

At first glance the Venus's-flytrap seems to be frail and delicate, with a slender spire bearing small white blossoms. Its leaves are what make it unusual: they come out from the stem in the form of a basal rosette. Each leaf seems to be just a leaf, until you examine its edges. There the terminal part is broad and lined with sharp teeth, the surface is covered with tiny spines or hairs, and the two halves of the trap are perfectly hinged on the midrib of the leaf.

On the trap is a viscous fluid. The second an insect touches the trap, the jaws close, the teeth interlock, digestive juices pour out, and the flytrap dines. Even small frogs have been caught by this plant.

All of the "assassin" plants, as they are sometimes called, have certain features in common. They have alluring colors, they secrete sweet liquids which insects love, they have spines or teeth or hairs to retain their catches, and they can manufacture digestive juices.

The differences among them are chiefly differences in size and shape, determined to some degree by the manner in which their traps work. In the case of the bog violet and the sundew, insects merely get stuck on the viscid glandular hairs lining the leaves.

The common teasel puts out leaves opposite one another and joined to the stem so as to form a miniature cup or basin. This cup catches water and becomes a trap, for ants and midges drown in the tiny moat.

While there is a tendency to shudder at the thought of carnivorous plants, they are among the true marvels of nature and serve a useful purpose in destroying many of the insect enemies of man and beast.

The spirit soars and the mind takes wings when man goes through the air on skis

The Ecstasy of Flight

by WENDY STONE

I HAVE HEARD aviators talk of the thrill of flight. I have heard them describe the ecstasy that fills a man's soul when he leaves the earth and finds himself suddenly, miraculously, in the realm of cloud.

I have heard the young birdmen back from the war speak of that freedom of flight, and I've seen their eyes shine when they talk of it.

I do not think they know anything about true flight.

I have flown the aviator's way—and I have flown as the bird flies. I have flown in great machines, and I have soared from the earth on skis. And I have decided that the only time a man comes anywhere close to what a bird feels, sees, senses, is when he finds himself airborne on a pair of simple skis.

Have you ever tried it?

You ride easily along the well-worn trail down the mountainside. You pick your way casually — straight for a while, now slalom. What you're waiting for is the jump. You're gathering momentum for that now.

It's only a little way on ahead. Gain a little speed now; you'll need it when you hit the clear to make that first big jump over the first snow hurdle, when you will suddenly . . . there! There she is! The clear . . . brace yourself now . . . crouch. Ready? Jump! Fly!

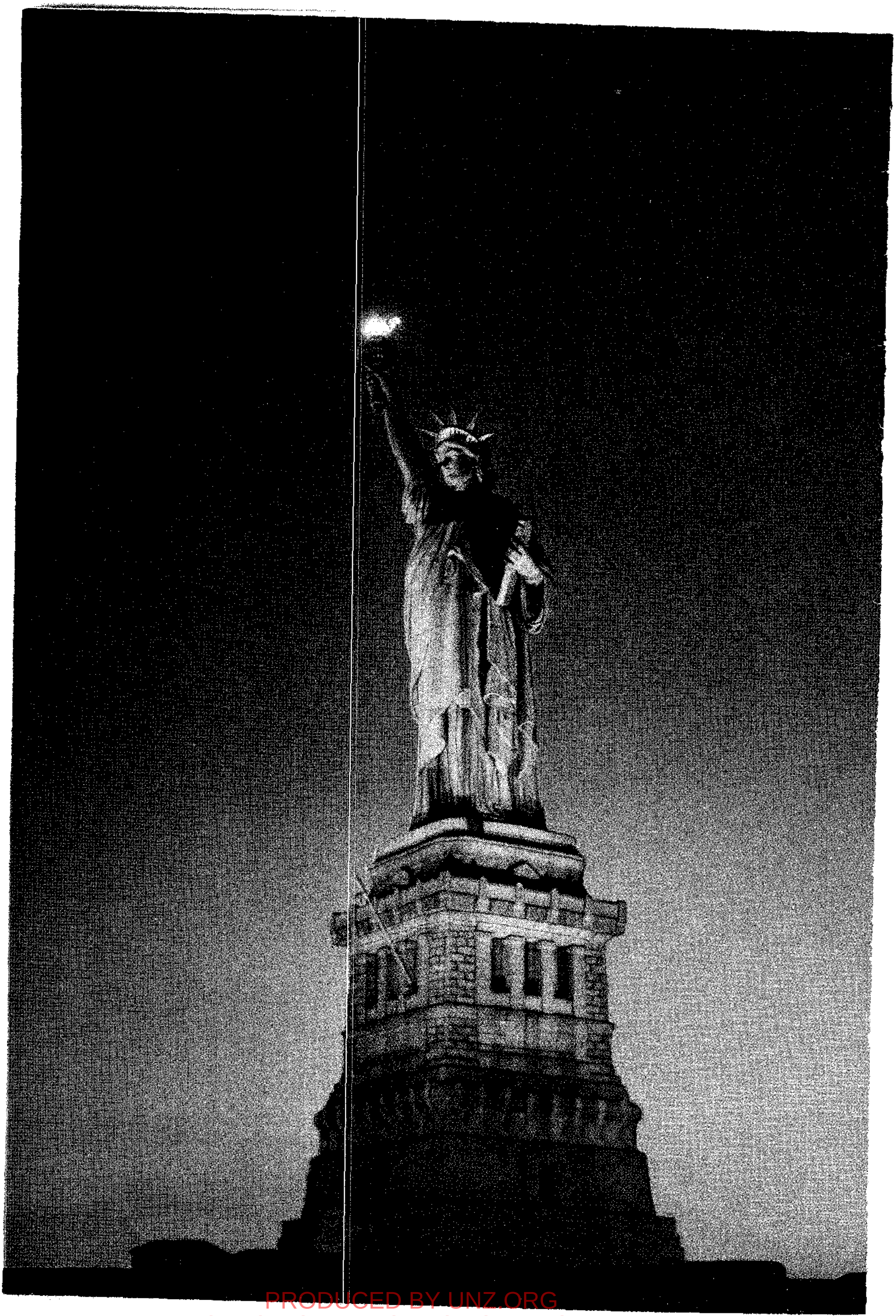
When does the spirit truly soar and the mind take wings? When is man really free? Only when he rises from the earth by himself, when his arms are his only wings.

When does the millstone world drop from your neck? When is gravity truly a myth? Only when you leave the earth and fly by yourself.

When you see the clearing coming up through the trees on the ski trail, and you crouch in readiness, and the clearing comes up in a headlong rush—and you jump! In that moment your lungs, your head, your heart fill with the clear, cold air, and you see the whole white world all around you.

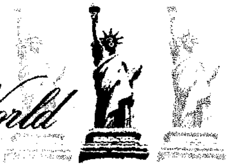
There are no walls to hem in the view, no knobs and buttons that must be tended. You are flying, unaided, wingless. This is the bird-like sensation which aviators talk about but no aviator has ever felt. You soar for a single moment: it is over. The parabola of your flight leads downward; gravity becomes a fact; you land on the too, too solid earth again.

But that moment is infinitely better than any hour-long flight sustained by man-made wings. That moment — dangerous, glorious — is like the flight of birds. And though you're down to earth again, you're still on your way, you still have momentum; and over the next hill, over the next rise, there is another chance to fly—to really fly!



After 59 years, the Statue of Liberty sheds her light more brightly than ever

First Lady of a Free World



by Polly White Houser

The permanent First Lady of American life might be said to be the Statue of Liberty, who on October 28 began her sixtieth year as a world-wide symbol of the United States. Physically the largest statue in existence, Liberty with the years has also become a colossus in spiritual strength. After V-E Day we doubled the beam in her long blacked-out torch so that she might shine out brighter than ever to freedom-loving peoples.

Yet seldom has a gift been less graciously received than when we accepted Liberty from the French. For more than a year the statue lay crated in hundreds of pieces on Bedloe's Island—a sad reception for a goddess who had towered over the housetops of Paris.

Funds for the statue came out of the pockets of the French people. Her spirit was born out of their conviction that even though governments might deny principles of freedom, individuals would continue to fight for liberty.

At a gathering of artists and statesmen near Versailles in 1865, the idea was born that, as the peoples of the two countries had shed blood together, they might unite on the hundredth anniversary of the American Revolution in erecting a memorial to the principles for which they had fought. M. Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, noted sculptor, was sent to America to bring back his impressions for a fitting monument.

No sooner had he entered New York Harbor than Liberty took form in his mind's eye. Here was a magnificent spectacle of immense cities, rivers extending as far as the eye could reach, an interior sea covered with ships. Here should be raised the statue to Liberty, grand as the ideal she embodied, bigger than the Greek Colossus of Rhodes.

The artist returned home with his plan. The French would build the statue, the Americans would furnish the pedestal upon which she was to stand.

The plans were interrupted by the Franco-Prussian War, but even after the defeat of France subscriptions to the fund of 450 thousand dollars poured in. In 1881 work was formally begun.

Bartholdi decided to build the goddess out of copper sheets easily divided into sections, easily transported. The separate parts would be mounted on an iron framework, with the inside hollow and every part of the statue accessible by stairway. The artist made minute calculations on the resisting power of the iron frame, on the center of gravity, and on the action of high winds.

But America remained strangely unmoved and the pedestal fund of

350 thousand dollars accumulated in driblets.

By January of 1885 Liberty, 151 feet high, towered completed over the housetops of Paris. Then began the work of dismantling, packing and marking her three hundred pieces. The French government announced that the statue would be transported to America in a state vessel.

When the French warship *Isère* arrived in New York Harbor in June, the goddess was welcomed with imposing ceremonies. But after seven years of solicitation, we were still 100 thousand dollars short of the sum needed for Liberty's granite pedestal. Bartholdi's masterpiece was piled into the basement of a vacant warehouse, where it might have remained but for Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the New York *World*.

Pulitzer devoted his news and editorial columns to dramatizing Liberty as a symbol of freedom. In five months the newspaper received contributions of pennies, nickels and dimes from more than 120 thousand people.

The 225-ton statue was unveiled on October 28, 1886. After a colorful procession down Broadway, participants took to the sea. A flotilla of vessels carried representatives of the states and territories. President Grover Cleveland arrived aboard the *Dispatch*. There was a brilliant fireworks display. Chauncey M. Depew was one of the orators of the day.

And now Liberty bore a new American stamp. On her base were chiseled these lines from *The New Colossus*, a sonnet by Emma Lazarus, who saw this colossus as the Mother of Exiles speaking to ancient lands:

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

At first no light shone from Liberty's torch. A few years after she took her place in the harbor, part of the metal was replaced with a band of glass with lights behind it. And in 1916 the New York *World* solicited funds for permanent floodlighting. Gutzon Borglum reconstructed the flame entirely of amber glass. President Wilson turned on the lights.

For Liberty's greatest light, turned on after V-E Day, mercury vapor lamps were installed in the flame, turning the goddess from faded green to brilliant emerald.

More than 800 thousand tourists each year call on Liberty and marvel at her size. Men and women become pygmies as they clamber up her vast insides. Her head is a windy cavern some 17 by 10 feet, and around the curve of the forehead is a row of little windows which on the outside form the ornamental filigree on her crown.

M. Bartholdi, who spent ten years of his life creating this goddess for love alone, once said of her, "May God be pleased to bless my efforts and my work and to crown it with the success, the duration and the moral influence which it ought to have."

His hope has been re-echoed by millions for whom "Liberty Enlightening the World" has become a beloved symbol.

The Story
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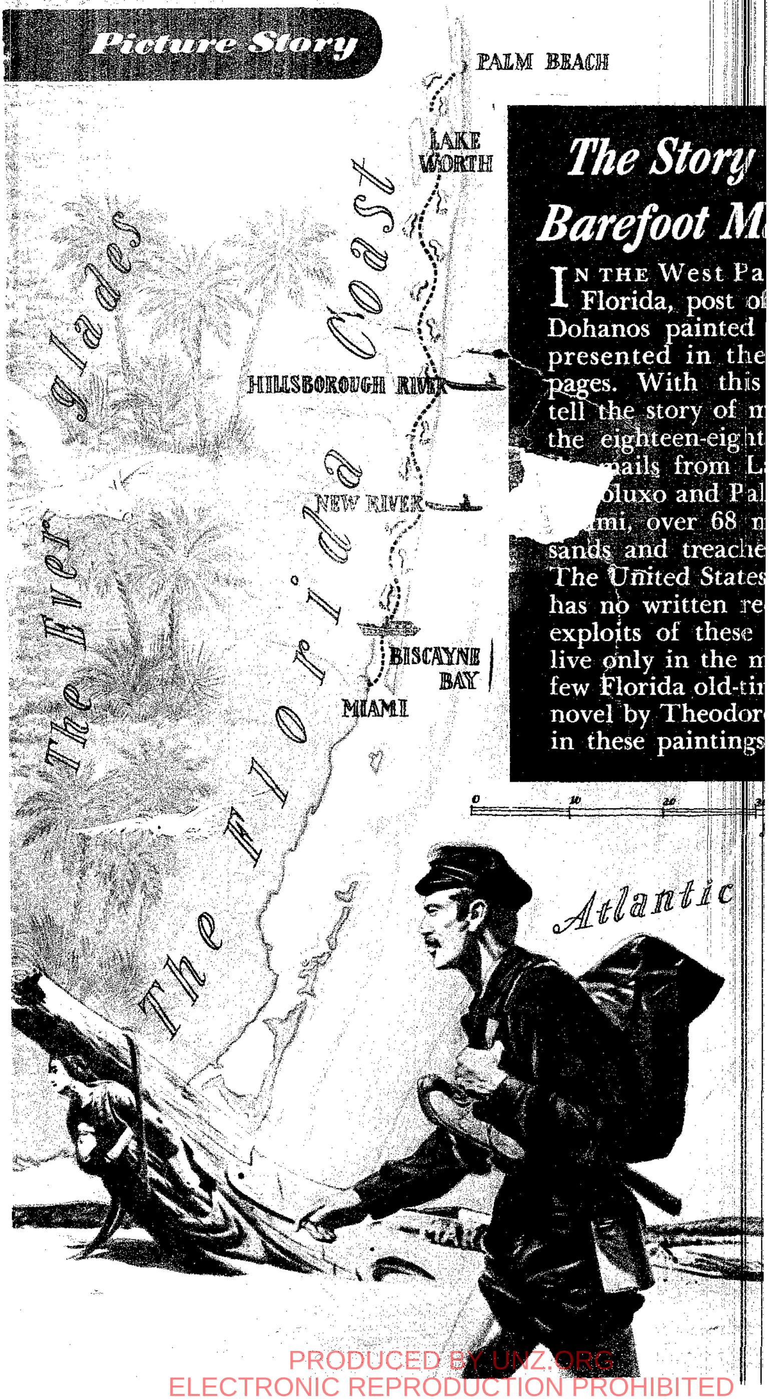
PALM BEACH
LAKE WORTH
The Everglades
The Florida Coast
HILLSBOROUGH RIVER
NEW RIVER
BISCAYNE BAY
MIAMI
0
10
20
Atlantic

trackless jungle . . .

of the Spanish ex-
last half of the
y the southern end
sparse, mysterious
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the south, there
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Florida drew some
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er few they were,
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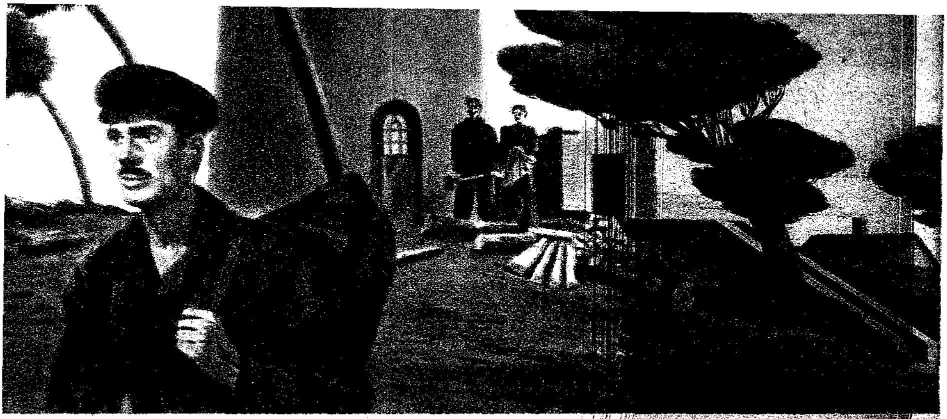
om home. They

wanted and needed mail. To the Post Office Department it was a routine matter. A sloop brought mail from Jacksonville to Palm Beach and a route was established from there to Miami, with a salary of six hundred dollars a year set aside for the mail carrier.

No one in Washington bothered about the way mailmen traveled between the two settlements, and no records were kept beyond the postmasters' reports of revenue and schedules. The mails got through, but how they did is a tale of spirit and adventure. If "neither snow, nor rain, nor gloom of night" have ever been able to delay the United States mails, there was in Florida, at least, more to worry about.

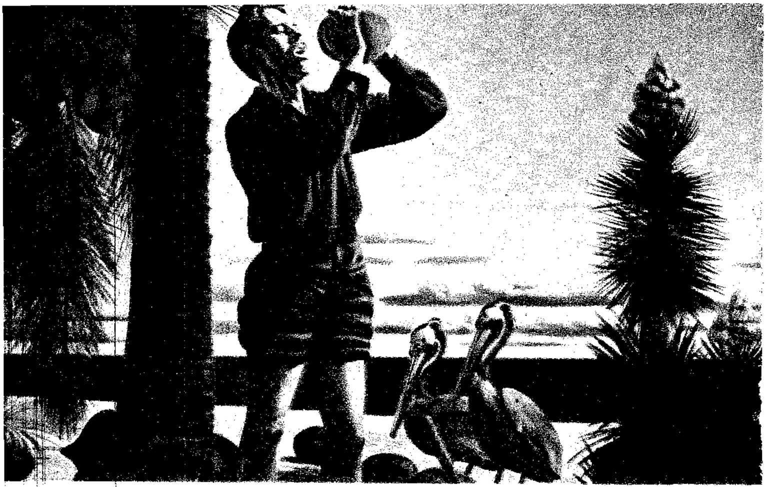


Along the lonely beaches . . .

PALM BEACH was some 68 miles north of Miami. Between them were a good part of Lake Worth, Hillsborough River, New River, twelve miles of Biscayne Bay, and fine, white sand cooked daily to blister-heat by the tropical sun. A man had to walk 40 of the 68 miles. The other 28 he sailed or rowed over, being careful to keep his oars from the jaws of the ten-foot alligators which infested the rivers.

The mailmen couldn't use horses, for horses did not live through the constant barrage of sun and salt water, and where a man could protect himself from such things as mosquitoes, horses were literally eaten alive. But worst of all was the sand. It got into your shoes and blistered your feet. It got under your trousers and gnawed at your flesh. There was nothing for a man to do but roll up his pants, take off his shoes, and walk—barefoot—to Miami and back, 136 miles in six days.

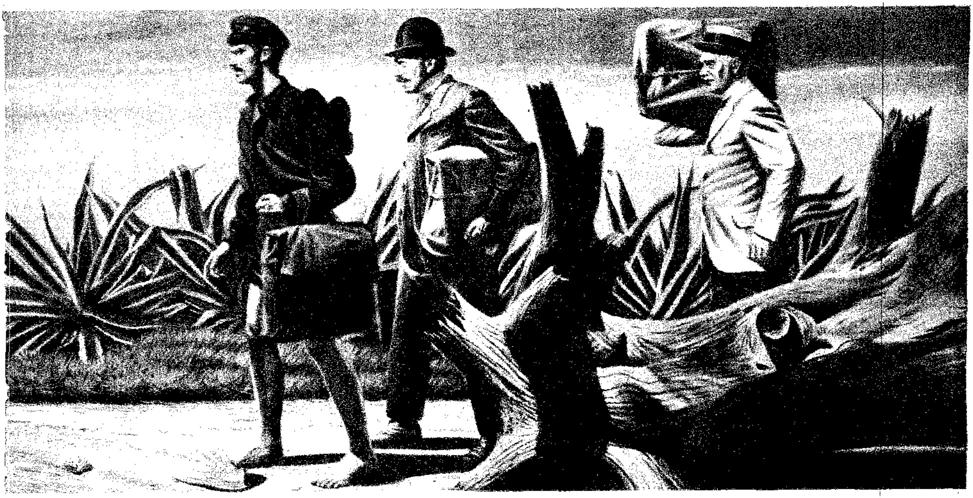
It was a hard job, but there were compensations. There must have been more than a little satisfaction for those barefoot mailmen when they held out mail to hands eager for companionship and eyes longing for something to ease the endless squinting into the hot sun. But the mailmen probably saw nothing glorious in their jobs; they were "just toting the mails down the beach." Today none of us can underestimate the value of mail—or the job of toting it.



ther hunger, nor fear . . .

LMEN traveled light as
. In their haversacks
d little besides the mail.
ly necessary to carry food,
food was plentiful along
There were succulent
if you got to the nests
bears did. And, of course,
fish to be caught, if you
er than the 'gators in the
the sharks offshore.
hade a good catch, you
t you couldn't eat in the
nd if the mail smelled a
ou reached Miami—well,
nd it "didn't hurt none";
welcome and readable.
way along the route, at
i, there was a fresh water
was the only drinking water available, and more often a man drank the cooling milk of cocoanuts to slake his thirst.

But besides the natural hazards of hunger, thirst, and wild animals—things a man could foresee and plan for—the barefoot mailmen were constantly in danger of attack by beachcombers—men who lived alone in the dark swamps of the Everglades, outcast men who searched the beach for salable wreckage and who were not above waylaying and killing a mailman if it was even so much as rumored that he carried money or registered mail. And, in the end, a "comber" could always blame the alligators or the bears. But for all that the mails continued to get through.



Delayed these couriers . . .

The mailmen did not always make the difficult trip alone. Occasionally there were businessmen or government men who had to reach Miami in a hurry and could not wait for the infrequent schooners which put in at Palm Beach and which were bound south.

These men paid five dollars each to be guided over the trackless mail route. The mailmen made their "passengers" help in rowing the boats over the lakes and rivers, and even made them carry the mailbags at times. Often they were merely having fun at the "slickers' " expense, but they felt justified, too, since waiting for tired passengers to rest slowed them up and made the trip more arduous. The passengers, unfamiliar with the ways of hard-living, hard-working men, complained; some took elaborate pains to get revenge.

One gentleman, after his return north, commissioned a Florida farmer to send him six large cocoanuts each week during the hottest part of the summer. The mailman had to carry them. Soon, the angry passenger asked the farmer to send him specimens of a certain heavy rock instead of the nuts. But when he asked to have sections of whole trees sent to him, the weary mailman rebelled and complained to the Post Office Department, which thereupon rescued him by re-routing heavy mail through boats to Key West, and then north by steamer.

In their appointed rounds.

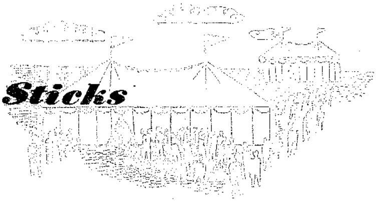
PALM BEACH and Miami are today thriving and lavish meccas of pleasure and health for hundreds of thousands of travelers seeking escape from the northern winters. But the story of the barefoot mailmen is hardly cold in history. There are men and women in Florida within whose lifetimes the mails were carried by those dauntless men. For it was not until 1896, when Miami was still little more than a general store and a post office, that the railroad pushed a line down from Palm Beach, and the men who toted the mails through sand and sun were able to rest.

There is no record of how many men were lost on the route, but down near Pompano people remember James Edward Hamilton, a Kentucky man who carried the mails in 1887. After an October hurricane, Hamilton's clothes and his mailbag were found on the north shore of the Hillsborough. They were evidence of the attempt he made to retrieve his boat from the opposite shore where someone—innocent traveler or vengeful enemy—had left it.

Hamilton's body was never found. Men believe he was drowned, but they know that he might have died horribly while sharks and alligators battled for his blood. For him the Lake Worth Pioneer Association has erected a simple plaque: "In Memory of James E. Hamilton, U.S. Mail Carrier, who lost his life here in line of duty, October 11, 1887."

The tent shows still bring their delights to those who plant the nation's food

Show Business in the Sticks



by LAURA BERGQUIST

REPORTS ABOUT the demise of the American Drama have been exaggerated.

Its mourners obviously never visited Sleepy Eye, Minnesota, when the Christy Obrecht Troupe played an old-time American comedy to an audience of twelve hundred. Nor were they within earshot of Galesburg, Illinois, last August, when the Roberson-Gifford Players dug up the 87-year-old relic, *Ten Nights in a Barroom*, and played it to crowds of six hundred to nine hundred, for three nights.

In 1928, before the depression and the talkies, 350 tent companies trouped rural America between mid-May and October, a hundred less than the decade before. Last summer, despite the dearth of male acting talent and the many wartime hazards such as truck tires worn paper-thin, fifty troupes did rip-roaring business all the way from Minnesota to Texas.

What's a tent show? Ask any kid growing up in the lush farm country of Iowa or Ohio, Missouri or Minnesota. A tent show means Jack Brooks or Neal Shafner or Christy Obrecht driving into town of a summer morning, followed by a line of trailers and trucks piled high with scenery, costumes and canvas.

With the help of frantically excited small boys, actors and manager alike pitch the Big Tent on a lot as close as they can get to City Hall. Then for seven glorious, raucous nights, the troupe dishes up generous portions of Vaudeville, Music, Raffles, and Live-but-Clean Drama, delicately attuned to the tastes of country folk. It's American theatre old as the frontier, folksy as a Ladies Aid sociable.

George Roberson and Jack Gifford time their arrivals with harvestings and plantings. They roll into Clinton, Illinois, just before corn planting, when a farmer has lots of time; they move on to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, right after the oats harvest, when pockets jingle with cash; by August, they're pitching tent in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, a resort town. By then, they figure, the summer's more bucolic pleasures will have palled on vacationers.

When, in late August, they play the big town of Galesburg, Illinois, with its large Swedish population, the flivvers begin chugging into town right after suppertime, their back seats loaded with sunbrowned farm kids, bouncing with excitement at the prospect of seeing *Ollie Olsen the Galloping Swede* at the big tent at Main and West Streets.

Up front, likely as not, are stowed away a few dozen ears of ripe Illinois corn, a quart of thick cream, or a six layer Swedish torte cake. Roberson has been pitching tent throughout Wisconsin and Illinois for 31 years, and people remember him with more than ticket money.

Outside the tent, as dusk falls, the crickets begin a chorus in the tall grass, the first stars show. Inside, the whirring electric fans chase the blistering August heat from the big canvas.

First-nighters in clean housedresses and work overalls line the wooden benches, buzzing and gossiping away, and swapping news with old friends from the next county. No cold, critical audience this!

"Howdy, folks, howdy," calls Roberson, pumping each work-calloused hand that plunks down 37 cents at the ticket window. "We sure could use a tumble of rain, now couldn't we?" Years ago, Roberson played the handsome juvenile in big city stock shows. At a silver-haired 65 he's still a tall, spare, courtly man.

After a lively popcorn and candy sale, hawked by actors whose faces are brilliant with greasepaint, the crowd plays bingo; then from the grandstand begins a thrilling medley of songs—*Roll Out the Barrel*, *I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover*, and the like—played by a guitar, drums, and a saxophone.

As the concert ends, the lights dim abruptly and the entire orchestra scrambles through the curtains. The curtain bangs up and discloses the orchestra, the candy hawkers, and roly poly "Dad" Gifford himself, who in a blonde wig is playing Ollie Olsen.

THE DOZEN or so players of a tent show needn't be Bernhardts or Barrymores. But they must be versatile. The Little Theatre crowd, looked on with some scorn by tenters, are by-passed in favor of reliables who not only can act, but can also sing, dance, toot a horn, roast popcorn, dream up monologues or magic tricks, and help dismantle the tent within two hours after showtime.

As for the plays, their jokes are never too old nor their sentiment too frank. "Country folks' taste in plays hasn't changed a whit in thirty years," says Roberson. "They like the same old sentimental shows like *Shepherd of the Hills* or *Trail of the Lonesome Pine;* and anything with plenty of laughs like *How Gertie Lost Her Garter*, but they like Toby comic shows best of all."

This Toby, the favorite of the tent shows, is a red-thatched, gap-toothed, bumbling farmhand of twenty or so. He's all thumbs and malapropisms. But you can be sure that this hero of a hundred simple plots will best the assorted villains and the city slickers.

In Swedish towns he may turn up in a yellow wig as Ollie Olsen. In small towns he's played with broad humor; in big ones, with more refinement. Each Toby actor really builds his own Toby out of native wit and buffoonery.

The tent business has had its share of Billy Roses, as well as its shoestring promoters. Paul English ran an extravagant version of tenting throughout Louisiana. His show boasted a sandpit where kids could play, a thirty-piece orchestra and a self-rising orchestra platform, seating space for 25 hundred, a velvet curtain, and a repertoire of Broadway hits like *The Noose* and *Lightnin'*. But the English show went broke in 1936.

Clarence Ballaras, on the other

hand, has staged shows on nothing but hope. During the dark '30s, he spotted a chance to exploit the death of gangster Pretty Boy Floyd. First he put Mrs. Pretty Boy Floyd on the payroll. Then he bought a batch of thirty-year-old lithographs which had once advertised a stock show called *Here Comes the Convict's Sweetheart*. Throughout Western Oklahoma, the lithos announced that Mrs. Floyd could soon be seen starring in that vehicle; admission price, a nickel.

THOSE WHO sniff at rural drama will be surprised to learn that some of Hollywood's and Broadway's most glittering talent matured in the tents. Some stars will admit it, some won't, and a tenter has nothing but scorn for those who deny their beginnings.

Jeanne Eagels, who made theatrical history as "Sadie Thompson" in *Rain*, never denied it. For eight years she starred in plays like *Lure of the City* throughout Arkansas.

Jennifer Jones, then known as showman Bill Isle's daughter, appeared with the Harley Sadler Texas Troupe for two summers—and what's more, she toted her two children along, as most tenters do. Clark Gable played juvenile parts with the Nat and Verba Gross outfit throughout Kansas. His first wife was his leading lady.

The Al Jackson Stock Co. in Madison, Wisconsin, carried Melvyn Douglas on its payroll; he later made good in Hollywood. Second lead was played by Ralph Bellamy. And Will Rogers is reputed to have come to public notice twirling a rope for the Murdock Brothers, who brought wrestling matches and vaudeville to eastern Pennsylvania.

The talkies, the depression, and the hostility of small-town merchants have contributed to the tent show's decline. Local businessmen, and above all movie proprietors, often persuade the city fathers to impose prohibitive license fees on traveling thespians, or to forbid the rental of empty lots to them.

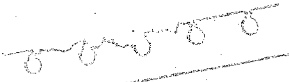
Still, it's safe to say that *Ten Nights in a Barroom* and Toby shows will be good box-office on Main Street long after the current sensation has vanished from Broadway. For the tent shows continue to bring real delight into the lives of thousands of humble, hard-working folk who plant and reap the nation's wealth. Who could ask for anything more?

Language Facts

NORWAY has had four different dialects and has changed its rules of spelling four times in two centuries . . . A Hawaiian cannot pronounce *r*, *s*, or *t*, and has to put a vowel after every consonant. When he tries to say "Merry Christmas!" he comes out with "Mele Kalikimaka!" . . . Some native Australian tongues cannot count beyond three. They render "seven" by "pair-pair-pair-one." —MARIO A. PEI

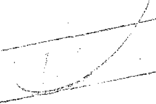
RUSSIAN is the language of only two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Soviet Union. The rest speak 145 different tongues . . . The Philippines, with sixteen million people, have over fifty different languages and dialects.

The Gregg method, which has supplanted most other systems, started with a box on the ear



shorthand

for the Millions



by Frances Rockmore Velie

Almost thirty million people throughout the world today know shorthand, and a million new students are learning it each year.

The demand for shorthand is spreading so rapidly that America now has almost eight times as many schools where the subject is taught as it had thirty years ago. And public high schools in 99.80 per cent of the cities and towns where shorthand instruction is offered employ the system developed by and bearing the name of Dr. John Robert Gregg.

In Dr. Gregg's opinion, society's full use of shorthand has hardly begun. He says that if shorthand were taught to school children as a supplement to penmanship instead of making it optional in high schools, business schools and colleges, efficiency loving America within a generation would save countless billions of hours each year.

One educator, J. M. Snesrud, then superintendent of schools in Ortonville, Minnesota, advised in 1921 that longhand be used for 25 per cent of the written work in school, and shorthand for the other 75 per cent. He estimated that at least five working hours a week would be saved for each pupil for other instruction—time wasted in writing the slower longhand.

Dr. Snesrud contended we were subjecting our pupils to a psychological strain, since the eye can read 150 to 300 words a minute, while the average speed of writing in longhand is 15 to 25 words a minute.

The doctor died before he could win acceptance for his idea. But educators are still arguing over it.

Actually, were it not for the fact

that we have a longhand alphabet firmly entrenched in the languages of the world, and that any interference with language customs makes passions run high, we could probably do without longhand entirely in either printing or writing. Of course all spelling would have to be phonetic, but that, too, would be in the modern tradition.

The only written language of the Kamloop Indian tribe of Canada is shorthand. A French missionary who found them without any written language taught them the French Duployan system of shorthand. Never having had any longhand, they do not miss it.

Shorthand has been transcribed into almost every language. The Philippines have asked Dr. Gregg for permission to adapt his method to Tagalog, the native Philippine tongue. With independence, they expect Tagalog to be the language of their official and business correspondence.

India, hopeful of obtaining Dominion status, has already made inquiries for shorthand adaptations to Urdu, Hindustani, and other native tongues.

The Gregg shorthand method works on the principle of a simple, single character for a simple, single sound. The characters flow in the same way longhand characters do, on one level and in one direction. Gregg called it light line phonography because it dropped the shading used in other systems. His method supplanted all but a few of the hundreds of systems in existence when his was first published.

With Gregg's system competent shorthand reporters set down 200 words a minute—the equivalent of about four newspaper paragraphs. This speed entitles reporters to put C.S.R.—certified shorthand reporter—after their names. Students average 75 to 100 words a minute, but champions have achieved the speed of 282 words. A swift longhand writer trails with 40 words a minute.

One champion, Showman Billy Rose,* got there with a potato. Billy had broken his right thumb and was unable to close his fingers over a pencil. He got a potato big enough to fit his grasp, stuck a pencil into it, and made his weird contraption fly fast enough to win the New York State shorthand championship of 1916.

His shorthand skill got him a job as secretary to Bernard Baruch, chairman of the War Industries Board in World War I, and gave him a head start toward his later spectacular success in show business.

CURRENT shorthand began with a box on the ear.

When John Robert Gregg was a schoolboy of eight, he was caught whispering in class. His teacher gave him a blow on the head that burst his eardrum and made him partially deaf for life. He was ashamed to tell his parents what had happened, and bore his pain and affliction in silence. Because he could not hear, he was slow in school. He was rated dull by everybody and dubbed "Poor John."

One day a friend of the family visited the Greggs in the northern Ireland town of Rockcorry, and went to church with the family. When he took down the minister's sermon in shorthand, the congre-

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*See *The Million Dollar Rose*, Coronet, June, 1945.

gation was impressed, but the minister was terrified. He had taken the whole sermon from one of a famous preacher. He pleaded that the copy be suppressed.

So impressed was the father of the Greggs with the powers of shorthand that he ordered all his children to learn it. John's brother and sister, both brilliant students, tried to learn the Pitman system then dominant, and failed. John Robert, then ten, determined to try. But despairing of success where his brother and sister had failed, he tried the system invented by Samuel Taylor and spent hours mastering it to prove that he should not be called "Poor John."

Pleased at finding the first thing he could ever do that his brother and sister could not, he studied dozens of other methods, too, and at nineteen he determined to write the perfect shorthand system. Luckily he was young and did not realize that through the ages scholars of phonetics and language had tried in vain to write the perfect system.

Young Gregg used a new method of developing his symbols. He sought the words and sounds most commonly combined, and devoted his quickest flowing characters to them. He based the formation of his characters on the ellipse as the fastest, most natural curve to the hand.

He opened a school in Liverpool, up ten flights of stairs "where only the most devoted pupils would come, and arrived so out of breath that they had to stay to take a lesson."

Gregg sold his school and came to America to publish his shorthand book. He landed in Boston with 130 dollars in his pocket, during the panic of 1893. He found offices closed and potential pupils searching for bread—not a new shorthand system.

But Gregg's shorthand manual, first published in Liverpool in an edition of five hundred and financed by a fifty dollar loan from his brother, became one of the best sellers of all time, second only to the Bible. For twenty years there have never been less than a quarter of a million copies sold a year, and some years sales go well over half a million. The Armed Services ordered one million copies in special-sized editions to fit into uniforms.

"A fiction best-seller is very nice," Dr. Gregg says gently, "but that is only for a year or two. Mine go on year after year."

Gregg did not become a best seller, however, until after he had met and defeated the field. Chief contender and challenger was the Pitman system of the brothers Isaac and Benn.

Quarrels between the contending systems broke out in passionate letters to the press. When words ran out, the rivals resorted to tournaments, the speedwriting contests of the National Shorthand Reporters' Association. Six of the final seven contests were won by Gregg writers. Gregg was the undisputed winner and champion, and his system has all but crowded out the others.

Dr. Gregg, now 78, white-haired, rosy-faced, blue-eyed, works in New York City where he lives with his wife and two children, Kate, thirteen, and John Robert, ten.

The original fifty dollars his brother Sam loaned him to publish his first manual has mushroomed into one of the largest commercial textbook publishing houses in the world. A huge wood-paneled office in New York and branches in five cities produce, in addition to the original manuals on shorthand, books on typing, business English, secretarial practice, and others.

It is a matter of regret to Dr. Gregg that shorthand is largely confined to the business world.

"Housewives would save so much time if they wrote their lists in shorthand," he says. "Letters would not be a chore if there were not such real resistance because of the conflict between the speed of the mind and the slowness of the hand. Interesting lectures would mean more to us if we could imprint them more clearly in the mind by writing them down—quickly and easily. Children who take examinations could devote all their energies to thinking, and not exhaust themselves trying to make longhand keep up with their thoughts."

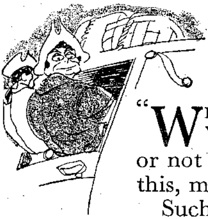
Dr. Gregg has the largest private collection of books on shorthand in the world—nearly two thousand volumes in twenty languages. His most recent and most valuable acquisition—and this is the first announcement that a copy of the book has been brought to America—is Timothy Bright's *Characterie*, the first modern book on shorthand, published in England in 1588. Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, dealer in rare books, paid 510 pounds, or 2,040 dollars, for the book at an auction in England, and sold it to Dr. Gregg a year ago for an undisclosed price. There are only four copies of the book in existence.

Before the first World War, when Dr. Gregg was in Dresden, officials of the library there gave him some German shorthand texts for his famous collection.

Spies, knowing that scarcely half a dozen Americans knew German shorthand, decided to use it for their espionage in America. The War Department brought samples to Dr. Gregg and asked him to decipher the code.

With the aid of the Dresden books, Dr. Gregg cracked it.

From Dresden came an indignant protest: "To use our own books against us, Dr. Gregg, is not gentlemanly!"



Mail Coach Maneuvers

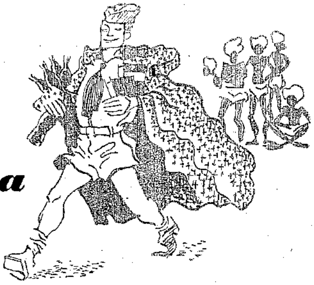
"WHEREAS, I am about to take a journey by mail coach from Virginia to New York, and whereas, it is uncertain whether or not I may live to return, I do therefore think it meet to make this, my last Will and Testament."

Such a will was common in Colonial America. Roads were so bad that, to prevent the coach from tipping over in the deep ruts, the driver called, "Now, gentlemen, to the right!" Whereupon all passengers stretched halfway out of the coach windows to balance it. "Now, gentlemen, to the left!" and the maneuver was repeated on the other side. This procedure was necessary as many as a dozen times in six miles. —FRANCES FOWLER ALLEN

During the war, he was nursemaid, parent, guide, and a slice of home to GIs in India

Pfc. La Houd

Symbol of America



by Howard Fast

For a long time to come, Pfc. La Houd and civilization will be inextricably linked in my mind; from here on the two are one, and the misery of famine-stricken Indian villages, the memory of men and women dying and starving, will be softened somewhat by the picture of Pfc. La Houd, benign and knowledgeable, in bathrobe and slippers, pacing before the mail car. It came about this way:

I was in Delhi, India, back in those distant days when the end of the war still seemed years away, and I was told that I would have to take the train to Calcutta. I could not fly. This was not as simple as it seems, nor is a forty hour ride on the East Indian Railway a matter-of-fact journey.

For a long time, Army personnel had traveled by air; that was taken for granted, and the technique had been admirably worked out. Rail travel was something else. For one thing, what about food and water? Those I questioned shook their heads. Eating or drinking out of bounds in India is an invitation to cholera and dysentery, and as far as they knew, everything between Delhi and Calcutta was out of bounds.

Halazone would purify my drinking water—in a limited way—but that was small consolation when you knew that cholera and plague were rampant in four towns along the way. And what about sleeping? Valuables? Then, too, it was 130 degrees in the shade in Delhi. How did one exist in a metal coach at that temperature?

There was only one redeeming feature: when I got to the railroad station I was to seek out Pfc. La Houd, the mail courier.

It was then, mentally, that I laid my troubles on the broad shoulders of Pfc. La Houd. I got to the station in Delhi toward evening and looked about hopelessly. As usual, there seemed to be at least thirty thousand people present: men and women and children, dogs and goats, babies and old gaffers, some obviously traveling, but most of them simply there, as they are at every station in India.

There were ragged beggars without number, vendors of every sort, smoking tubs of hot rice and curry, soldiers of the Indian Army, cold drink stands, hot drink stands. And there were the cows, the placid, undisturbed white cows, insinuating themselves everywhere with gentle and amiable purpose.

The trains arrived and the Indians packed themselves in. There was no menace, no anger, only incredible confusion and dirt.

I tried to find my train or get some clue to when it might come in, when it might depart. I got nowhere, but in the course of my search attached myself to Sgt. Endreson of Colorado and Sgt. Segrest of Mississippi—or they attached themselves to me. The magic word was "La Houd, the mail courier."

They had come down by car from a rest camp in the Himalayas, and they were traveling back to their base in Burma.

We split up to cover all the platforms; we moved back and forth carefully, searching for an American uniform. Segrest found it just as the quick night fell, the torches were lit, and the bedlam doubled.

We pushed our way through to him, bearers dragging our luggage. We poured sweat; it was fifteen minutes past train time. Somehow, our luggage became separated from us. Great crowds of humanity wedged us in; train whistles hooted.

And then there was Pfc. La Houd. His round face beamed, an air of peace emanated from him and settled on us gently and comfortably. We grabbed him; at this point we were like three small homeless children.

"La Houd!" we said.

"La Houd," he acknowledged.

He waved a hand, and our luggage appeared. "The train?" we wanted to know. He explained that there was still twenty minutes. He told us to sit still, cool off, and then he departed. He returned with ice-cold bottled soda. "Approved," he assured us. "It's good as gold. Drink all you want. Make yourselves comfortable."

More or less in that fashion, I came to know Pfc. John J. La Houd of Minneapolis. La Houd is thirty years old; he has two children; he talks Brooklyn, but has never been there; he's been almost everywhere else. His job, when I knew him, was to convey several hundred sacks of mail from Delhi to Calcutta, a distance of some nine hundred miles on what is not, perhaps, the worst railroad in the world. Arriving at Calcutta, he picked up more mail and returned with it to Delhi. As he pointed out, it was a job without a future, but someone had to do it.

The human part of his job consisted of being father, mother, and nursemaid to GIs and other assorted passengers the Army assigned him. In essence, he represented civilization.

The mail compartment in which he traveled was about twenty feet long and contained six bunks. The mail sacks covered two of the bunks and made a ridge between the other four.

The car was ancient, run down, filthy; the bunks were rotten; the smells were without number. At its best, the East Indian Railway is not good, and this was not its best. Into this, La Houd injected civilization.

To describe La Houd is not enough; you have to see him in relation to an environment. When the train was ready to depart, we climbed in and sat down on the bunks; we sat gingerly, with a sense of filth—we might have sat there all night. But La Houd appeared with two bearers. They had brooms, mops, and a bucket of water. When the train pulled out, a good deal of the surface dirt had been removed from our compartment.

Then La Houd raised the screens and fastened them. An insect bomb appeared, and he sprayed the compartment thoroughly. He climbed up to the electric fans and moved switches. Nothing happened.

"Always the same," he said. "Simply not a technological country. The British don't have the instinct and the Indians don't know. Any of you know fans?"

We didn't.

He went to his huge brown grip, emerged with a small tool kit, and went to work. In ten minutes, all four fans were spinning.

We took off our shirts and undershirts and luxuriated. La Houd stripped to the skin. From the grip emerged spotless linen. He made up his bunk, and added a pillow. He put on white shorts and felt carpet slippers. He handed us each a sheet. We tried to protest.

"It's all right," he said. "I always have a few extra."

While we made up our beds he checked his .45 and hung it up in easy reach. Then, from the inside of the same suitcase appeared four books — Caldwell, Hemingway, Conrad and Lewis.

"Most of the time I spend reading improving books," La Houd explained. Then, after a moment, he added, "You learn a little from everybody. When you have that philosophy you look at mankind more comfortably."

"What about water?" Segrest wanted to know. "Do we drink the stuff on the train?"

"Strictly no good," La Houd assured us. "But wait." From the brown bag emerged a red silk lounge robe. La Houd put it on casually. "Either you lose touch with civilization, or you retain it. What is civilization? A state of mind."

We nodded in agreement with him: a state of mind.

Now the train was pulling into a station. As it stopped, La Houd leaped off and disappeared in the midst of a crowd of amazed Indians. He returned with a bearer and a huge cake of ice. The ice was chipped into the sink. From the same brown bag four cans of fruit juice appeared. They went into the ice. The train started again and La Houd put his slippered feet up onto the mail sacks. He took out a pipe and filled it.

"Give it a little time to cool," he said.

THAT WAS THE beginning of our acquaintance with La Houd. This was no comic strip character, no cartoon book representation, but a very large and competent man who never gave his surroundings an inch. During the next two days, I came to know a good deal about him—more than I ever could have known had I seen him in the States.

At home, he would have lived a prosaic life, which is the life he preferred. He had a natural and warm appreciation of all the small things man earned in his long struggle against nature; he would come home from work, take off his shoes and put on his slippers, eat a good dinner, and then he would read the paper. He was like a slice cut through the middle of America. He believed in that slice and he took it with him.

We came to a plague-stricken town, and on the crowded platform a woman lay dying. Her head was in her husband's lap, and three small children stood around her.

Segrest, Endreson and I stood there and watched. We were helpless, frustrated, angry, but there was nothing we could do.

I had never seen death so casual and awful as in this place where death was so common that nobody paid more than a passing glance.

But La Houd came, and he moved matter-of-factly. He prodded the station authorities, and when they attempted to eject the poor dying woman, he drove them back.

Afterwards he said, "They got to get angry about such things. I'm a quiet guy, but under such circumstances I get angry."

The secret of La Houd was, as I said, that he never made a concession to conditions. Before the war he had been a working man, and as a working man he had a set of standards. I don't think I had ever appreciated those standards until he put them to work in that car.

When the two boys bound for Burma discovered that they had forgotten their Atabrine, he produced it. When I had a headache, he produced aspirin. None of this was accidental; La Houd remained aware of himself, he had a sort of agreement with himself. But this agreement involved everyone else as well.

But his compact with civilization was what I liked best. "Civilization," he said, "is something worth fighting for. But you got to understand civilization. You got to understand that when it's properly applied, it doesn't hurt anybody."

Now the war's over, but La Houd's part in it will not soon be forgotten by us. He would insist, I am sure, that it was a small part, an unimportant part he played; but those to whom he revealed his splendid compact with civilization would never agree.

Train "Talk"

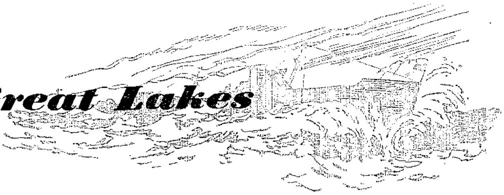
THOUGH THE SHRIEK of a train whistle tears the night apart and shatters your sleep, don't cuss the engineer. He is not blowing for his own amusement. The train whistle speaks a purposeful language of its own.

In case you have to cross railroad tracks or must frequent stations, it is well to remember that three short toots mean a stationary train is going to back up. So get into the clear! Bear in mind also that one long, sustained siren means the train is approaching a station.

If you are a railroad worker or newspaper reporter and hear one long and four short whistles, drop whatever you are doing and go on the run. That is the railroad distress signal and signifies that somewhere along the way a train is in terrible trouble and needs help badly. —MARY RAESER

Many storms have churned our inland seas, but none like "the big storm" of 1913

Fury on the Great Lakes



by MAXWELL C. WHEAT

Upon the waters of the Great Lakes adventure and bravery run high. Merchant sailors constantly defy storm warnings posted by the U. S. Coast Guard and the Weather Bureau, in order to get their cargoes through on schedule. During the "Big Storm of 1913," which churned the skies and the waters from Saturday, November 8, to Tuesday, November 11, many ships were lost, but only thirteen sinkings were ever verified—among them the Argus. There were other bad storms in November, 1940, and March, 1943, but the "Big Storm" has never been forgotten. —THE EDITORS

IT WAS MILD and sultry on the lower Great Lakes that Saturday morning, although the date was November 8, 1913. Sailors on the big ships in Buffalo Harbor peeled off their sweaters and shed their heavy underwear.

"We'll pay for this. Heat in November means a terrible wind," predicted a pessimistic old wheelsman who sat on the hatch of the *Argus*. The big steel freighter was loading coal for South Chicago.

"The storm warnings are already up," he added, nodding toward the flagstaff at the nearby Coast Guard station. There a square red flag with a black center fluttered listlessly above a white triangle of bunting. The flags signified a southwest gale.

A watchman laughed carelessly. "This old ship can take a beating," he said, "and I'll be glad when we get goin'. It's the last trip up, and with luck we'll all be home for Thanksgiving."

The sky had a smoky look and the sun shone through the thin clouds a rayless disk, reddish and coppery.

Lake Erie lay oily and calm, its water burnished by the coppery sun. Captain Gutch of the *Argus* emerged from the cabin in his shirtsleeves. He looked at the oily lake and the sullen sky.

"Give special attention to those tarpaulins," he told the second mate. "Batten 'em down well, for it's goin' to blow."

The captain then took his place in the darkened pilothouse by the open window. He glanced casually at the warning lanterns and then blew a short, sharp blast on the vessel's whistle. That meant "let go your lines." He swung to "slow ahead." As the vessel passed the Coast Guard station a voice hailed: "Give your name and destination."

"*Argus*. Coal for South Chicago," bellowed the young third mate. The ship moved into the night. An hour later her deck lights were a tiny, white diamond far to the west.

It was late Saturday when the *Argus* left Buffalo. For several hours the atmosphere remained oppressive and calm. By evening, however, the wind had started to blow. Daylight came slowly through heavy, dark clouds. Persons looking skyward noted that below the dark canopy were white clouds, small and thin, that moved with the speed of greyhounds.

By noon a full gale was sweeping the streets of Buffalo. The wind wailed through the telegraph wires. Street signs rocked and sturdy trees leaned far to the northeast.

At the Coast Guard station the storm signals stretched out in the wind as stiff as tin plates. Lake Erie was a fifty-fifty mixture of white and green. The free-running waves leaped the Buffalo breakwater, and their spray was carried far into the city. Even well up Buffalo Creek big ships jerked at their cables and threatened to splinter huge mooring spiles. A deluge of rain rode with the wind. In just a few hours a two-inch fall was recorded.

On the coal-laden *Argus* far out on the lake, the old wheelsman battled to keep the vessel on her course.

"I told the boys it was goin' ter blow!" he recalled exultantly.

While the lower lakes were being battered by the southwest gale, another frigid, snow-laden blast was zooming down from Duluth, lashing Lake Superior to a lather. On all the upper lakes, northwest storm warnings were displayed.

Both gales were of unusual intensity and seemed to increase in velocity as they moved toward each other. Early Monday morning they joined their tremendous forces over Lake Huron, and the hundreds of miles of lake surface boiled like a witch's cauldron. In a matter of minutes rain changed to sleet and sleet to snow. The great blizzard of 1913 had been born. It was a tempest that still is referred to by all Great Lakes mariners as "The Big Storm."

The coal-laden freighter *Argus*, upbound on the last trip of the season, pushed through the sheltered Detroit River, negotiated small but angry Lake St. Clair, and at about three o'clock Monday morning approached Port Huron, where the St. Clair River opens into Lake Huron.

As THE vessel neared Port Huron, the wind was howling like a banshee and the driving rain made visibility poor. The river offered a safe anchorage, while the heaving, raging lake promised nothing but stark danger. But Great Lakes skippers hold their jobs by bringing their vessels into port on time, and the *Argus* was due in South Chicago on a given day and at a given hour. The ship did not stop in the sheltered river water, but pushed stolidly on. A few moments after she left Port Huron her lights were obliterated by the driving spray.

As the gale raged, shipping officials sat in their snug offices in Buffalo, Cleveland and Chicago. They listened to the wind as it shrieked past their windows, and waited anxiously for shipping news that was slow in coming. Wireless service was disrupted and telephone and telegraph wires were in a jumble. Only fragmentary dispatches sifted through, and the news they brought was all bad.

The *Northern Queen* of Buffalo, one of the finest steel ships on the lakes, had been driven ashore near Kettle Point, Lake Huron. Eight unidentified bodies were washed ashore near Port Huron. A big vessel was being battered to pieces on Angus Island, Lake Superior. Scores of ships were long overdue and unreported.

When Captain Gutch left the shelter of the St. Clair River that tempestuous Monday morning and his ship caught the full force of the gale, he must have regretted his zeal in continuing. But by that time regrets were futile. There was no turning around.

The *Argus* was on her last trip of the season. It proved to be her last trip for all time. Four oars and a life raft, washed ashore just south of Kincardine, Canada, across from Saginaw Bay, offered the first evidence of her destruction. Later, more wreckage was found strewn along the beach.

It was not until several days after the blow that a fairly accurate account of the storm's toll appeared in the newspapers. Thirteen vessels were reported lost with all on board, and more than two score ships had been heavily damaged.

As is always the case after a catastrophe, the public sought someone to blame, and its wrath centered on the Weather Bureau. Protests poured into Washington charging that shipping had not been properly warned.

The charges were without foundation, for as early as ten o'clock Friday morning storm warnings were flying at every Weather Bureau station on the Great Lakes as far east as Oswego on Lake Ontario. The ships were caught in the gale only because the warning flags were disregarded.

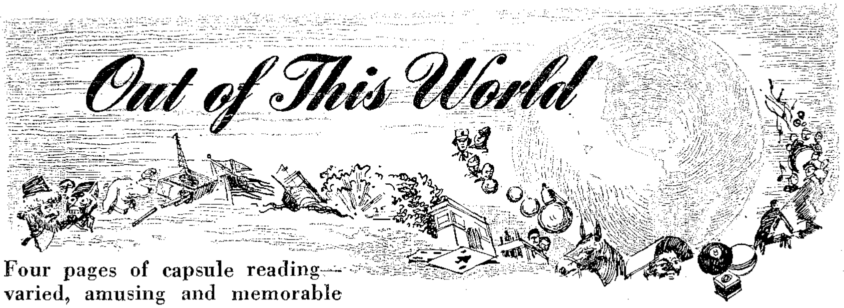
That storm, in November of 1913, has been followed by other great storms, and will be followed by storms as long as men navigate the Great Lakes. Warning signals will continue to be posted, but doughty skippers and brave crews who put cargo and schedule above their own safety will continue to sail past them, sometimes to disaster and death.

Nuggets in Jest and Earnest

Cartoon Clips: An obviously pampered lady to her portly escort: "You spend more on your old income tax than you do on me!"—*The Strand*

Signposts: Motto of an Alabama High School graduating class: "The Elevator to Success Is Not Running—Take the Stairs."—J. N. BAKER . . . At the entrance to a small Pennsylvania cemetery: "Persons Are Prohibited from Picking Flowers from Any but Their Own Graves."—*Voo Doo* . . . In the window of a beauty parlor: "Don't whistle at a girl leaving here. She may be your grandmother."—*The Ware Shoals Life* . . . Over the mirror of a New York barber shop: "Satisfactory Haircuts or Your Hair Refunded." . . . Advertisement of a New York laundry: "Though we don't give your shirts the third degree, we make them come clean!"—*The Caravan.*

Short Takes: Courtesy is making your guest feel at home when you wish he were.—MRS. ELMER HIERS . . . "If you don't know what you're talking about, be as brief as possible."—HOWARD W. NEWTON



Four pages of capsule reading—varied, amusing and memorable

Want a Trip to the Moon?

THE DEVELOPMENT of the rocket during the war may carry man to the moon in the not-too-distant future. But when he arrives, Old Luna will not give him a very pleasant reception.

There will be no atmosphere in which he can live, no air on which to carry sound and odors. The temperature of the rocks will reach 214 degrees Fahrenheit during the day and drop to 243 degrees below zero at nightfall. This change occurs because there is no protective atmosphere on the surface of the moon to retain the warmth of the day or permit the transfer of heat from lighted areas adjacent.

There will be no rain. No clouds. Nor will there be any weathering to cause erosion. Therefore, rocks will be sharp and mountainsides will be steep and jagged. Plains and broad valleys will be covered with volcanic dust, constantly spattered with meteors or "shooting stars."

To the human eye, the sky will appear black instead of blue. Untwinkling stars will shine right up to the sun's border. The sun itself will rise above the moon's horizon, then pass slowly westward for 14½ earth days, tempering the rocks to blistering heat. After that the sun will set and leave the rocks in frigid darkness for 14½ days.

Once landed on this dead satellite of jagged mountains, countless craters, and white-hot plains, man will view the distant earth from the interior of his rocket with a nostalgia he had never known before, wishing he were back on the glorious green planet he will never see again. —VANCE HOYT

Old Masters and Beer Barrels

DR. ARMAND HAMMER is the tradition-busting super-salesman who began retailing imperial Russian crown jewels and millionaires' art collections in department stores. He has made millions on beer barrels, suits of armor, tractors, furs, stained-glass windows, typewriters, antique clock keys and paneled rooms from European castles. In a single twelve-month period he has sold and bartered as much as 25 million dollars in goods.

Currently the doctor's unconventional merchandising offers knick-knacks from great collections at Gimbel Brothers' New York department store. Orthodox dealers shudder, but the doctor retorts: "The millions buy more art objects than the millionaires."

A dapper, quiet-spoken dynamo, now 48, Dr. Hammer was graduated from Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons in June 1921, and decided to organize his own medical mission to aid famine sufferers in the Soviet Union.

Russian grain supplies, he found, had to be saved for seed. No other grain could be imported—because the Soviets had no credit relations with other countries, and no gold surplus for over-the-counter transactions. Impetuously, the young physician offered a plan.

"There's a grain surplus in the United States," he argued. "If I can get grain through my father's company, will you send back the same value in Russian goods?"

The project was successful, and overnight he became an American capitalist and a hero of the anti-capitalist Soviet Union.

However, Dr. Hammer's interests were eventually devoted to the collection of imperial Russian treasures which the Romanoffs had been amassing for hundreds of years.

By 1930, Hammer had rounded up two thousand glittering imperial relics. He owned fourteen of the fabulous royal Russian Easter eggs of gold, lapis-lazuli, diamonds and other precious stones. Experts appraised the collection at a million dollars—and Hammer obtained the government's permission to take it out of the Soviet Union.

Promotion letters to the best department store in every large city in the United States offered to arrange a sale of his treasures.

A St. Louis store accepted his offer. On the first day ten thousand persons came to the store; and by the end of the day they had bought half the original exhibit. A similar exhibit, set up for only three weeks at Marshall Field's in Chicago, lasted three years.

The doctor has practiced medicine only three times since 1921—once to lance a boil, once to deliver a baby, and once to revive a man who passed out during a Pola Negri performance at Boston's Copley Plaza—but he renews his medical license every year. In a life as packed as his, he may yet get around to the career he originally planned. —Beatrice Oppenheim

Shot by a Moth

There have been few cases as strange as the "murder" many, many years ago of the Princess Caravella in Naples, Italy. During a party at her home the Princess retired to her room to snatch a little rest before the next dance.

Shortly afterward she was found dead in bed, shot through the heart.

It did not seem possible that anyone but her husband could have been in the room. So he was arrested on suspicion, being noted for his jealous disposition. It might have gone hard with the Prince, too, but for the shrewdness of a Naples police officer.

Carefully examining the bed-chamber, he found, lying on the floor, one of those very large moths that are common in Italy. The insect's wings had been badly singed by the lighted candle standing on a bedside table.

The police officer noticed also that the pistol was lying on this table in such a way as to point right at the Princess' heart, and some of the powdery dust from the moth's wings still showed plainly on the trigger.

From these signs he deduced that the moth had been burned, and, fluttering and spinning, had fallen on the table. Its wings had struck the lightly sprung trigger, thus firing the pistol. On this evidence, which satisfied the court, the Prince was acquitted. —H. E. ZIMMERMAN

When Hamlet Sold a Kiss

"I WOULD GIVE a hundred dollars if he would hold me in his arms and kiss me just once."

The scene was a parlor car of an overland train in the '70s. The speaker was a tall woman, richly dressed and wearing many jewels. Her voice was so loud that other passengers paused in their conversation to listen.

"Yes," she told her seat companion, "he is marvelous. Such a tragedian. I was thrilled with his performance. The wonderful part is, he is sitting four seats behind us. But he's with such a common woman. Who can she be?"

Her friend remarked: "You mean Edwin Booth, the great Shakespearean actor, is on this train? My goodness, he may have heard you."

"I hope he did," she returned.

At Omaha, Nebraska, the attention of the passengers was drawn to the plight of a poor immigrant who had been robbed while asleep and left without sufficient funds to continue his trip.

Booth walked up to the immigrant. Without a word, he drew a hundred-dollar note from his pocket and handed it to the poor man.

The actor's eye then fell on his gorgeously-dressed admirer. He approached her. "Did you mean what you said—that you would give a hundred dollars just to have me kiss you?"

For a moment the woman was nonplussed, then she defiantly replied, "I did."

With great deliberation, the greatest American Hamlet of the day wound his arms around her and gave her a loud kiss. When he released her he said, "The fee, please."

She gave him the money.

Taking no further notice of her, Booth then handed the money to the immigrant. "Here's another hundred dollars," he said. "That will take you to your destination."

Under the circumstances, Mrs. Booth—his seat companion—forebore giving him a wifely rebuke. —ANGELA GIBSON

Lace from a Tree

HOW WOULD YOU like to live in a land where clothes come practically ready-made off the tree? We're referring to Jamaica, where grows the lacebark (Lagetta lintearia, if you want to be formal), a tree whose inner bark unrolls into layer after layer of beautiful, gauzy white lace.

The natives use the lace for mantillas, fans, collars, shawls and other accessories. History has it that one of Charles II's favorite cravats, presented to him by the governor of Jamaica himself, was made of this lace.

Actually it's the small branches only that unroll into large lengths of lace. The big branches and the trunk have outgrown such frivolities, but from them you can get tough, closely-woven cloth with which the natives make most of their clothes. In addition, a thriving native industry has developed in the manufacture of ropes, whips and harness—all from the same lacebark fibers. Mats, carpets, bags and draperies also come from the tree practically ready-made.

Mantillas for the señoritas, ropes for papa's boat, harnesses for the goat—think the natives stop there? Not on your life. They can also whip out the old machete and whack off surgical bandages, sterilized by nature and soft as those rolled by the loveliest Red Cross volunteer. —M. P. Rea

Clowns Aren't Lazy

Augustus Robins, a clown now living in White Plains, N. Y., has an unusual act which depends basically on his own dextrous labor. While on stage he extracts from his large purple coat a waste basket, a mop, a cigar box, an outsize magnet, a cocktail set, 12 mandolins, 24 neckties, a music stand, an oboe, a camp stool, 6 watermelons, a French railway conductor's uniform, a bass drum, and 296 bananas.

"I got the idea," says Robins, "from watching a chorus girl hunt through her bag for a lipstick."

Equipped with pince-nez, violent red yarn wig and moustache, and dressed in his long purple coat, Robins walks on stage and unzips a banana. He slips on the banana peel, then pulls out a pail and a long-handled mop to clean up. Next he takes out some sheet music and produces a violin. After pulling a music stand and a stool out of his coat, the clown settles down to work in earnest, while humming a lunatic little tune. He becomes angry with the music, crumples it into a ball, and has nowhere to throw it. Out of his coat comes a waste basket. Solacing himself with an apple, he finds he doesn't like it. Then, reaching into his coat, he begins to pull out fruit—pineapples, bags of oranges, and always more and more bananas.

These bananas, typical of Robins' collapsible props, are made of carefully painted cloth covers stretched over springs which are fastened to six thin brass rods on a single base. Compressed, the 296 bananas can be folded into a space about twice the size of a cigar box. By mechanical releases they can be taken off in any number of bunches.

Robins remarks: "When I come on stage, I feel heavy and tired. I'm suffering from the heat. Then I start to work. When I walk off, I'm feeling fine." —Sara Baime

How the rich imagination of a young child transformed a barn into a cathedral

A Small Boy's "Rosary"

by VIRGINIA MASON

HIS NAME WAS John Frank Jones. He was just five years old when I first met him and he had the appearance of most little Negro boys; but there the similarity ended.

When my cousin and I met the bus that brought John Frank from the city, we had to carry him the two miles from the highway to the ranch because his pants were too tight. The average five-year-old would have been embarrassed, but John Frank displayed the dignity and poise of an elderly scholar.

During summer vacations the children of our family were invited to my aunt's ranch in southern California. John Frank was invited, too, because his grandmother and grandfather lived and worked there. This vacation privilege was a joy to all of us, and we children ran wild as Indians. All but John Frank. He spent most of his time sitting on the rafters in the barn.

He would watch the swallows building their nests or feeding their young, and would sing a little song of one word, repeated over and over: "Rosy, Rosy, Rosy." He said there was more to it, but he knew just the one word.

Although healthy and normal, John Frank neither ran nor raised his voice. Boisterousness would not have been in keeping with the strange, odd dignity of his bearing.

The second summer he spent on the ranch, John Frank invited us to the barn to join him in sitting on the rafters. When we were seated, each on his own rafter, we found that we were not to play "school" or "grocery" or "shoe." The game we played was "church."

The barn was transformed by John Frank's imagination into a cathedral. The twittering of the swallows became organ music, and with the stage thus set John Frank's song became clear to us. "Rosy" was his attempt to say "Rosary."

We were just ordinary children, and we looked with astonishment on this little Negro boy who tried to sing *The Rosary*, and who would rather play church than go fishing. But we had had strict religious training, and our astonishment was touched with awe. We had a new respect for John Frank's quiet, dignified ways, and seldom refused when he asked us to play in the barn.

At last our college years arrived and our days at the ranch were over. Some time later, while I was near the small parish church, I heard a boys' choir singing *The Rosary*. The beauty of the music compelled me to go to the door, and, remembering the rafters in the big barn, I was not surprised to see that the leader of the choir was John Frank, dressed in the vestments of the church.

Tensions are released and emotions brought back to normal through the magic of melody

Music as Medicine

by MARGARET WINSLOW FOWLER

MEN OF SCIENCE who at first regarded the healing powers of music with condescending tolerance are gradually becoming aware of its regenerating powers. Successfully applied in many veterans' hospitals, musical therapy today is being enlisted more and more widely in the fight against disease.

While music as medicine has been applied in many types of illness, its healing powers have been particularly effective in mental cases. This was recently demonstrated in a psychiatric ward where the patients were "high." One woman who had worked in a paper mill was screaming, each scream inciting more madness through the room.

Another, a young Swedish girl who had lost her baby, was cuddling her pillow in her arms, crooning and babbling. Suddenly from the hall there came the sound of music. The ward door opened and a musical therapist slipped into the room.

"Hello, everybody," she said, and walked briskly between the double row of beds. Singing as she came, she played her own accompaniment on a small portable harp.

The mill worker stopped screaming; the Swedish girl stared in fascination. Gradually the frenzied clamor of the mentally sick subsided. Patients sat swaying happily in rhythm to the melody of a well-remembered song. This was musical therapy at its best.

The mentally ill are extremely receptive to music, but musical programs must be keyed to their moods, which run in cycles from "low" to "high." In cases of manic depression, or dementia praecox, when patients are "high," therapists begin their music on a lively note, gradually decreasing the melodic stimulation. The hour of music usually ends with the soothing, even rhythm of a Strauss waltz.

In cases of melancholia, or when the mentally sick are "low," the melodic progression is reversed. Beginning with a slow, soft melody such as Schubert's *Serenade* or the *Ave Maria*, the musician builds the program upward to a more lilting theme, concluding with a composition like Chopin's *Prelude in C*

Major, to inspire a quiet, happy mood.

The therapeutic power of music has been applied to many of the sick and wounded of World War II. It has been especially helpful in shock cases, like that of a little WAC corporal. Olga, a slender, dark-eyed girl of Russian parentage, had seemed well adjusted and happy in the service of her country. Yet the strain of Army duties in Africa induced a shock so severe that Olga had to be sent home and confined to a padded cell. She became moody, dismissed her present life, and lived only in the past.

She had become dangerously manic-depressive when a musical therapist entered her room one day. The therapist sang in Russian a familiar folk song. Olga wept, but it was a healthy release of emotional tension and her first normal reaction in many weeks.

The therapist came every day, and soon Olga joined in the songs. Three weeks later she was dismissed from the hospital. The familiar folk tunes had awakened pleasant memories, which were the necessary stimulus to normal life.

The power of music to revive the patient's interest in life was again demonstrated in the case of Mike, a sensitive Irish boy who had come out of the war with a piece of shrapnel in his brain. Doctors tried to build him up for the delicate operation of removing the bit of steel lodged dangerously near the *medulla oblongata*. But Mike didn't respond. His senses dulled with pain, he had lost the will to live.

One afternoon as he lay listening to a program of recorded music played by a musical therapist, there came the strains of *The Rose of Tralee*. Mike began to sing, feebly at first. Then his voice grew stronger.

"My grandmother used to sing it in brogue," he said.

This was a clue to happy associations of Mike's past. The next day the musical therapist was back—with an Irish woman who not only sang in brogue the songs Mike's grandmother had sung, but played an Irish harp, as well.

For several weeks she played and sang, and Mike responded, unconsciously rehabilitating himself mentally and physically. The operation which doctors feared could not be performed was a success.

Pioneer in musical therapy in America was the late Mrs. Harriet Ayer Seymour, founder of the National Foundation of Musical Therapy. Mrs. Seymour was a concert pianist, settlement worker, radio music commentator and teacher. But perhaps her greatest talent was her humanitarianism.

She began her therapeutic treatments by playing for the wounded of World War I. At first her music was planned only as entertainment, but Mrs. Seymour projected something more.

Through experience in many types of hospitals, she had observed how certain illnesses affected the sufferer mentally. She began the practice of applying different types of melody to individual ailments. By classifying music into two types—stimulating and soothing—she established a therapeutic approach from three levels: vibratory, emotional and spiritual.

Typical of her successful experiments was a young Irishman who had lost his sight through shock over the death of his wife. For days he sat listless and brooding, his vision obliterated through hypertension of the optic nerves. Sedatives and other medical treatments had failed to relieve the tension.

One day Mrs. Seymour rolled her small portable piano to his bedside and began to play Mendelssohn's *On Wings of Song*. Other compositions followed, played in the same tender theme. The young man sat silent and unresponsive.

Realizing that she had failed in her musical selections, she changed her program the following day and played simple folk songs of the patient's choosing. He responded with thanks and asked her to return. On the third day, as the patient sat listening to a happy little Irish jig, his tense optic nerves relaxed. He sprang to his feet shouting, "I can see! I can see!" A few days later he left the hospital, his vision completely restored.

Next Month: Meet

The Great American Spectator

in a startling picture story compiled from vivid on-the-spot photographs

Mrs. Seymour preferred to think of the musical therapy method she formulated as an adjunct to medicine, rather than "a cure." As such, it has been recognized by many doctors and psychiatrists who are applying it as a practical part of hospital routine.

MUSICAL PROGRAMS are planned in collaboration with doctors and nurses, in order to select the rhythms and instruments best suited to specific cases. Marches, dances, and jigs are played in orthopedic, polio and amputee wards, as lively music stimulates inactive muscles.

One young polio victim in a New York hospital lay in a cast, unable to move a toe. Suddenly, while a Sousa march was played, the lad started unconsciously moving his large toe back and forth in time with the rhythm. This involuntary movement was the beginning of rejuvenation of the lax, diseased muscles in the boy's legs.

At Grasslands Hospital in Valhalla, New York, children in the polio wards take their exercises with music. Sometimes the exercises are done while the children sing little songs with dramatizations which call for clapping, waving, or wiggling of the toes. Therapists and nurses find it rewarding to see a small victim involuntarily move a paralyzed arm or leg. It's the beginning of the long road back to a normal childhood.

Cardiac patients are also coming in for their share of musical therapy. One large hospital in the East is treating its heart patients with one-half hour daily of music in 2/4 and 6/8 time. There is no personal contact, however, between patients and musicians. The musicians play unseen. Slow, soothing strains are prescribed to modify pulse and blood pressure, thus bringing the patient back into a more even, natural rhythm.

Music played in the evening puts the mental patient in a quiet frame of mind for the night. One New

York specialist has found that mental patients who have music before going to sleep will rest through the night without "night terrors," while those who do not have it are restless.

Stringed instruments have proved the most effective in therapeutic treatment. Instruments popular with patients are the violin and Autoharp, with voice, in three part harmony. This is especially successful in mental wards, as portable instruments afford contact between patient and musician.

Brasses are barred at all times. Boogie-woogie and jazz are eliminated, too. False notes aggravate and broken rhythm is undesirable in all types of sickness. Patients seldom ask for jazz. Veterans frequently request *Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life* and *Ave Maria.* Many ask for music "that will get me to sleep."

Many therapists are successfully applying their own methods of healing with music. Perhaps one of the most promising of these is Daniel Shansky, a former percussionist of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, whose therapeutic method consists of teaching music to the patient. Using wind instruments, drums and the piano, while working with cases of cerebral palsy, Shansky is producing interesting results under the supervision of doctors at Bellevue Hospital.

One nineteen-year-old girl, afflicted since birth, was considered by many as a hopeless case. After twelve weeks of persistent work and patient instruction, she could play *Too Old to Dream*, while reading the score on the music rack directly in front of her. Her fingers have since become so much stronger that she can now dress herself and perform other essentials for her own care. Shansky hopes eventually to strengthen her fingers so that she can type and thus earn her living.

With graduates of the National Foundation of Musical Therapy working in the public hospitals of 43 states, the curative powers of music are being applied to every type of illness. Though scientists and therapists agree that musical therapy is still in an experimental stage, they are confident of future results far exceeding today's.

The future may see the development, too, of special music for specific illnesses. Dr. Ira Altshuler of Detroit has already entered this field with his *Therapeutic Suite No. 1.*

Whether musical therapy is an art or a science, it works. Said one difficult patient, a tough Texan, while drifting off peacefully to the strains of Saint Saëns' *The Swan:* "I haven't had much education, but I sure do like the birds, and flowers—and music."

Twist of the Tongue

DURING A BROADCAST in Mexico City over Station XEW, H. V. Kaltenborn's Spanish almost caused a minor international situation. While talking in this Latin tongue, Kaltenborn intended to say, "Eisenhower loves the French people." Instead he actually remarked, "Eisenhower loves the French girls." —*NBC News*

Martha Truman is as American as the soil of the Missouri farm which nourished her

The President's Mother

by MARY CLARKE

MARTHA ELLEN TRUMAN is as deeply American as the soil of the Missouri farm which nourished her and her son, now the President of the United States. Her father, Solomon Young, and his beautiful red-haired wife, Harriet, made the long river journey from Kentucky to Missouri in the 1840s, when it was still a frontier state.

She can remember the family kitchen filled with armed raiders in the Civil War years. She and the other children crouched under the table while their mother calmly baked biscuits for the marauders who were butchering the hogs and burning the barns.

With such a background, perhaps it is not astonishing that Martha Truman should embark without fear on her first plane trip at the age of 92, and enjoy every minute of it. Her visit to the White House was marred only by the welcoming crowds everywhere. She complained briskly to her son that she couldn't understand why, as President, he couldn't tell them to go away.

Few mothers of Presidents can have seen their sons achieve the country's highest honor with feelings so mixed. She told reporters she couldn't be really glad he was President because she was so sorry that President Roosevelt was dead. She said that if Harry had been voted in, she'd be out waving a flag; but it didn't seem right to be happy or wave flags then.

The little white-haired lady has waved many flags for her son, however, in the years since he solemnly trotted around the farmyard with her, clutching the egg-basket, and since he went away to fight in World War I. She doesn't doubt he will make a good President. She taught all three of her children to know right from wrong and she's never had to worry about any of them, she says proudly.

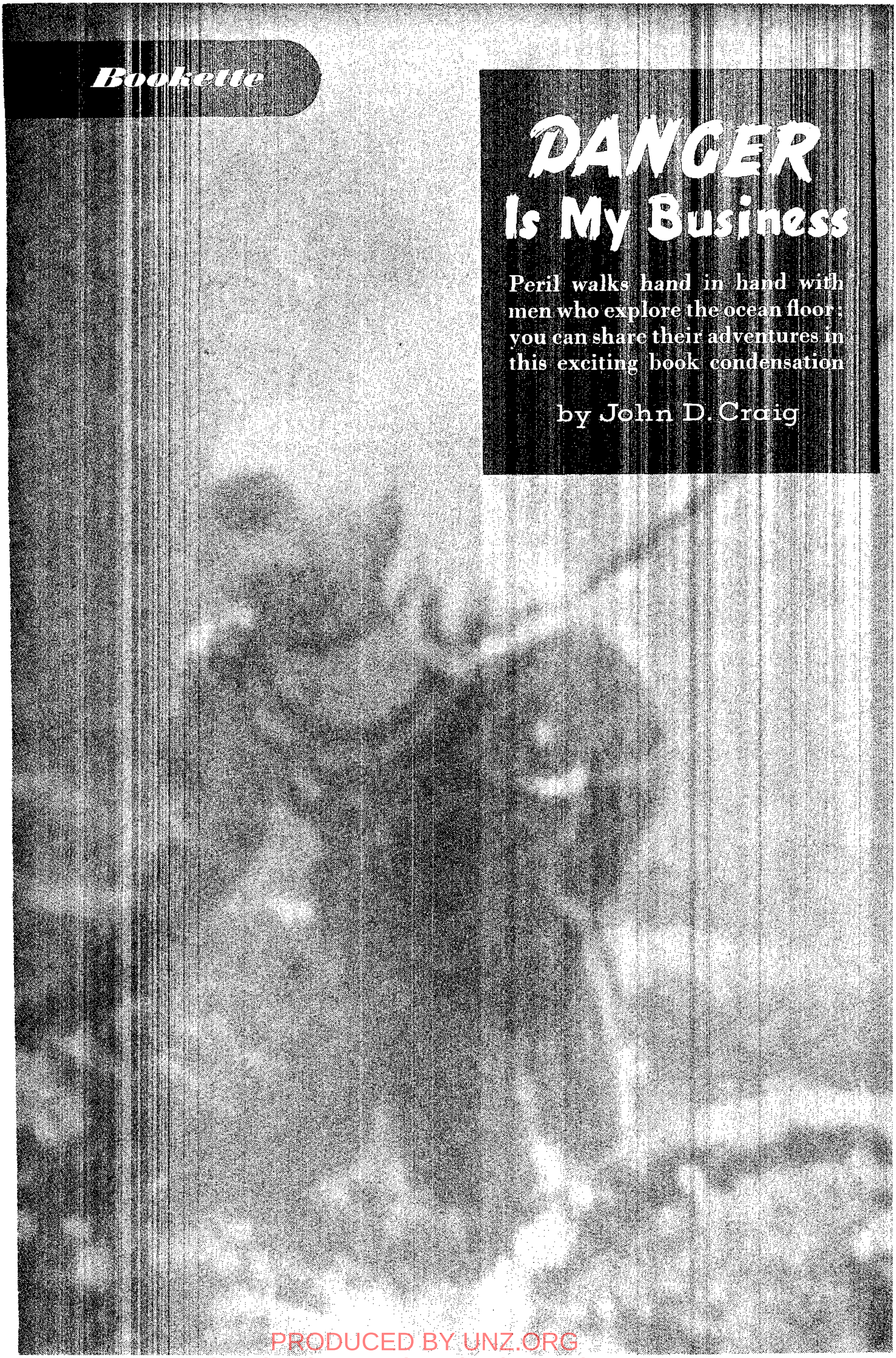
Her one regret has always been that she and her husband couldn't afford to send Harry to college; but she knew he'd manage to educate himself anyway, and he has.

Mrs. Truman, now 93, rises early, eats heartily, and goes to bed early—unless her son is speaking over the radio. Then she sits up to hear him. Her daughter, Mary, reads the President's speech to her the next morning, too, and then mother sits down to write son what she thinks about it.

Her praise and criticism voice the forthright common sense characteristic of this remarkable little lady. She wants always to be able to say what she said of Harry Truman's first speech as President:

"Everyone who heard him talk this morning will know he's sincere and will do what's best."

Bookette



DANGER Is My Business

Peril walks hand in hand with men who explore the ocean floor; you can share their adventures in this exciting book condensation

by John D. Craig

Foreword:

Born into an era when the unknown lands have been charted, the dangerous trails all blazed, John D. Craig has taken the bottom of the ocean for his own terrain. He and his crew of cameramen and diving technicians have worked in uncharted and treacherous waters filming deep-sea sequences for motion pictures. *Danger Is My Business*, a Literary Guild selection in 1938, is the story of a man who is as much at home on the floor of the sea as you are in the quiet of your living room.

Danger Is My Business

THE BOTTOM of the sea is my workshop, and I like it. Ever since the first day I went down into it, in a rickety diving dress without safety valves or telephone, in fifty feet of water off Lower California, I have loved it. Before that day in 1931, I had been in 35 countries and had sailed all the seven seas and trod all the six continents. The bottom of the sea, covering four-fifths of the world, was the continent I finally chose. I was 28 when I found it, and I had looked for many years.

A lot of water has drifted over my head since then, and over the heads of the men who dive with me. We've made many movies—the ones you've looked at calmly in the theatre and then whispered: "Faked! It's all done in a tank."

We don't feel we are taking our lives in our hands every time we dive, any more than a pedestrian feels he is risking his neck when he crosses a busy street. My crew and I have been diving for years, and we have never had a serious accident that could be blamed on equipment or negligence.

When we began we were as ignorant as babes, and the Jap fishermen who taught us knew little more. They allowed us to come up from the bottom as fast as we chose, and we did not know we were risking the bends. They decompressed in hot baths, and taught us to do the same. Later we got hold of a Navy manual with charts of the safe time a diver can remain at each foot of depth, and the safe time for coming up each foot—decompressing.

The bends are nothing more than pressure built up inside the body by nitrogen which has been liquefied under pressure. If the diver comes suddenly to the surface, this liquid nitrogen, released of pressure, returns to gas and forms bubbles in the blood. The pain is excruciating. Blood vessels may burst, and if one breaks in the brain, it is all over.

By decompressing the diver—bringing him up slowly, holding him stationary at points along the way—the lungs have a chance to gather the gaseous nitrogen from the blood and exhale it. If the diver has to ascend quickly, he can be put into a recompression chamber filled with air brought to the same pressure at which he was working on bottom, and then gradually decreased until surface pressure is reached.

Fortunately, none of my boys has ever had a severe case of the bends, nor have I myself.

There is, I suppose, a kind of courage involved in deep-sea diving. But courage, to me, is simply

Condensed from the book *Danger Is My Business*, published at $3.00 by Simon & Schuster, New York, N. Y.; copyright 1938 by John D. Craig

something that momentarily keeps logic from working. I have done things that were dangerous, and while doing them have known that my mind was shutting out logical thoughts. When the act has been completed, and logic entered unassailed, I did my trembling.

Fear is a destroying thing, a form of nervous shock which increases respiration, perspiration and pulse count. Living with it, we treat it as a problem to be overcome by rhythmical breathing and the logic of comparison. But we are not big, brave, fearless men: often we are scared badly. It is only because we have been frightened so often that we endure its constant presence.

When I slip below the surface in a diving suit, I do not think that I will die. Somehow, I have a fanciful idea that I will be fairly long-lived. Yet one way or another I already have more than a nodding acquaintance with death. It has only two possible things to offer: sleep or a new adventure. Either might be attractive.

I See the World

THE STREAM of a man's life has a way of eluding him. If anyone had asked me on my sixteenth birthday what I intended to be, I would have said an engineer, like my father. I would have said that I intended to go to college, that I hoped some day to go to New York on business, and that I might, in the far future, take a trip to Europe with a wife, after the children were raised.

I never was graduated from a college. I am not an engineer, except in a practical, amateur way. I was born in Cincinnati in 1903, and when I was eight my family moved to Long Beach, California.

My father died when I was sixteen, and we found that we were very poor. So one day I went to a tool company where my father had been comptroller. I gave my age as 21, and got a job in the department where oil-drilling tools were manufactured and repaired.

In the next four years I did pretty well, until I became chief trouble-shooter in a California countryside that had gone oil crazy. Then, because I got a good tip and because my father's old geologic maps helped me, I bought land that had oil and leased it to a drilling company. The wells came in—and at the age of twenty I was rich.

For the next six years I traveled all over the world. Toward the end of the trip, in India, I started taking moving pictures of wild animals. I spent exciting months in the jungle, learning how to be a cameraman, while in California the oil wells were trickling out.

In the spring of 1928 the oil checks virtually ceased, and my globe-trotting days were over. I sailed for home by way of Tahiti. There I met a Hollywood film company shooting a South Seas romance. They told me I belonged in Hollywood where, with my jungle experience, I would get along quickly.

But there were no camermen needed in Hollywood. When I did finally get a job it was as second cameraman on a messy expedition to Lower California for fishing pictures. We returned with a lot of junk, but there were a few good shots, and the expedition's backer made me a proposition. Could I take an expedition out—on my own? The company badly needed fish pictures. He would buy all I could deliver.

I BORROWED some money and began to pick the men for my expedition. Second in command was an old-time cameraman, LaCoste, who could get movie equipment from a film library by promising some pictures in return. Another crew member was Ernie Crockett, veteran Hollywood cameraman. Now he was tired of the studios and wanted excitement. A third man was Douglas Campbell, whom I had first met in Egypt on my world tour. He was a little man but he had been an amateur boxing champion, a racing driver, and had won a national fancy diving championship.

I made arrangements with a fish cannery at Cape San Lucas to shoot some pictures in return for supplies and lodging. Then I discovered that the company that owned the cannery shared fishing concessions in Lower California with Shim Shimbata's Japanese company, so between the two offices I arranged for a camp on Cedros, a mountainous and isolated island halfway down the peninsula on the Pacific side.

We sailed on the *Hawk*, an old fishing boat manned by Japs. We stopped first at Ensenada, where we were approached by a tall young Englishman who claimed he had met me in Tahiti. I didn't remember his face, but I decided on impulse to hire him. I asked his name. "Name?" he said. "Oh, it's James . . . James Ernest." I sensed he was lying, but it made no difference for I liked him instinctively.

As we sailed along I felt relieved and happy. With a crew of adventurous, capable youngsters like Campbell, Crockett and Ernest we could make adventure films for Hollywood, and perhaps, later on, produce our own pictures. Adventure would be our business.

When we reached Cedros we wandered around the island in the *Melrose*, the cannery's boat. Soon we came on a big Shim Shimbata camp, where Jap fishermen were gathering abalone, a shellfish found on sea bottom.

The fishermen were divers, using all the equipment and rigging essential for deep-sea work, including an air compressor engine. We took pictures of them and asked questions about diving. The head diver, a friendly Jap, said he could teach me quickly.

It was a few days before I got accustomed to the idea of going down in a diving dress with no more preparation than a few instructions about not bending over, keeping my lines untangled, and jerking on the life line to signal that I wanted to come up. But one afternoon I climbed into the cumbersome dress. The tender of the lines, an old Mexican named Antonio, smiled and nodded to give me confidence. Then I let go and slowly drifted down.

In a Watery Fairyland

I HELD MY breath at first, then slowly inhaled. The air smelled and tasted stale. Faintly I heard a tunk-tunk sound. The compressor was pumping air through the line. My feet hit bottom, and I was surprised to find myself standing up.

I stared through my face plate into the blue-green void that is daylight under the sea. Everything was very quiet. Tall grasses waved gracefully in the current. A silvery cloud of minnows drifted by. More and larger fish gathered around me—speckled ones, striped ones, flat and fat ones—ogling me with cold curiosity. The background was a base of rugged, dark rocks and from them grew a forest of kelp—a fairyland forest.

I wasn't down very far—about thirty feet—and the Japs let me stay for what seemed a long time. I was discovering a new world and already planning to come down again with a camera. My old idea of using oxygen masks and goggles for undersea work seemed suddenly ridiculous.

As soon as my helmet was off, I was jabbering to the head diver about making pictures. Old Antonio talked to me like a father. I had been down only twenty minutes in shallow water, he said, and had done no work. There was more to being a diver than that.

Next morning I went down again, and then the other boys tried it. We went down again and again, sometimes by ourselves, sometimes with a Jap to lead us. It was a curious bottom of hills, valleys and entangling kelp forests. One day from the surface we saw a beautiful ravine filled with waving plants and odd fish. We wanted to go down into it, but the walls were too jagged. One of the Jap divers offered to guide us into the ravine from a safe place at the lower end, and Crockett and I went down with him.

The Jap went first; I followed. As we neared the rocks I felt the pull of a powerful tidal current and braced myself against it. Suddenly I saw the Jap lifted off his feet and swept around a jutting pinnacle. Helpless, dangling in midwater, he was crashed against the face of the rocks. Somewhere above, his air line fouled and coils of loose line came drifting down.

Then he seemed to change—to telescope into a dwarflike figure. Tons of water pressure were crushing him. His face plate was smashed. I saw something coming from it that looked like gray smoke. It was blood. It all happened so quickly that we could hardly realize a diver had been killed before our eyes.

We signaled to be pulled up. Antonio was already hauling up the Jap. In stunned horror we sat staring at the battered body.

Later, Antonio explained that our helmets, like the dead diver's, had no safety valves to prevent air escaping in case the air line broke. "At your cannery," he said, "there are some old helmets with check valves. Maybe you could fix them in these helmets. It would be safer."

It would also be safer, he said, if I sent to California for phone equipment to install in the dresses. Then the divers could converse with the men in the boat and avoid accidents. Antonio was so eager that we begin our own operations that I closed a deal with the head Jap diver. We borrowed suits, equipment and a compressor, and then we returned again to the cannery.

Working up and down the coast of Lower California on the *Melrose*, we gathered experience and information. The Japs, we learned from Antonio, had not told us the hazards a diver faces. We discovered for ourselves the dangers of pressure, the chances of getting fouled in kelp beds, the menace of a sudden fall from an underwater cliff or wreck.

There are many ways a diver can die, and all of them are quick. Even when he suffocates, it is all over in eight minutes—the length of time that air remains in his dress after the air line has been cut. If a killer whale, shark, manta ray or octopus gets after him, death is more swift.

Of the three types of man-eating shark—tiger, white and blue fin—the worst is the blue fin. Fortunately he is a blue-water fish, sticking to depths where men usually do not go except in big boats. But, like other sharks, he can smell and hear what goes on under water, and will come long distances to wherever blood has been spilled.

A blue fin, however, is a sissy compared to killer whales, the most voracious, cruel, bloodthirsty things that swim. They grow to 25 feet, with blunt ugly heads and teeth like ice-cream cones. Their mouths are enormous, as is their appetite, and they eat anything. A 21-foot specimen was once caught and slit open. In its stomach were thirteen porpoises and fourteen seals.

We finally met one. We were shooting undersea pictures near a grotto formation and Crockett, using a helmet with one of our new phone sets, had gone down. In a few minutes Antonio turned pale and said "Johneeee, he's got a killer whale." It seemed unlikely. Crockett was in only fifty feet of water, and killer whales seldom came into shallows unless very hungry. But on the beach was a herd of seals. That was the answer.

Crockett had gone into the grotto, then observed the water darken. Clumsily he turned around. In the small entrance was the head of a killer whale, full grown. He was so large he could only push his snout into the cave. Yet time and again he smashed at the entrance, biting at the rocks and looking wistfully at Crockett, who reported it all to us by phone.

The killer seemed to have decided on Crockett as a meal. I looked at the seals. If they would only put out to sea, perhaps the killer would follow. I jumped into the skiff and pulled for shore. The seals headed for open water.

Just as I returned to the boat the killer came up again. He saw the seals and the seals saw him. The killer was right after them. In a hundred yards he had three stragglers inside him and was after the others without slackening speed.

When the killer and his dinner were half a mile out, we told Crockett to blow, and he did. The first thing he said when he came up was: "Why didn't you send me down a camera?"

I Encounter an Octopus

THE OCTOPUS is a maligned creature. He has been depicted as an ugly mass of tentacles, waiting to trap unwary divers. We found that actually the octopus is a timid creature. It is curiosity which makes him put a tentacle on a diver; it is the diver's fear that causes trouble. If he tries to pull away or hack the tentacle with his knife, the poor devil gets frightened and slides out more and more tentacles. If the octopus is big, he will use his powerful parrot-like beak and cut the diver to ribbons.

The octopus has eight tentacles, each a solid, hard muscle knobbed with 250 suckers. He likes cold water and dark places, and usually stays put. But when he moves he is the fastest thing under water.

An experienced diver can avoid being attacked by an octopus. The first tentacle that reaches out is merely investigatory. If it informs the octopus that the object is not good to eat, he will withdraw it. The wise diver, when he encounters an octopus, puts his naked hands under his armpits and remains perfectly still. When the investigatory tentacle has been removed he can get away in a hurry.

But once, when working undersea at San Benito Island, I didn't have such good luck. Looking for a movie location, I found a hole on bottom about forty feet deep and twenty in diameter. I went down its side, then paused until my eyes became accustomed to the darkness. When I could see I looked around—and froze in my tracks. The hole was inhabited by an octopus. A tentacle slid out and caressed my leg, ankle to knee. I put my hands out of sight, but the octopus apparently didn't like me, for the tentacle dropped off. I slowly brought my hand down from my armpit and moved it to the inlet valve. The dress ballooned. I kicked at the levers of my shoe weights. They dropped off. I began to rise.

But the octopus had seen me. A tentacle grabbed my ankle. By the time we got to the surface he was all over me, slimy and ugly.

I felt myself being towed quickly to the boat. Then, one by one the tentacles dropped off as the boys cut them away, and I waited to be struck by the beak. They smashed that first, though, and all I got out of the experience was a bad fright and an eight-foot tentacle that now reposes in an alcohol jar.

THOSE WHO kill from fear, whether they be men, animals or fish, are more dangerous to the innocent passerby than killers whose motives are hunger and hate. The thing most feared by a deep-sea diver is one of these fear killers—the manta ray.

He has great fins that grow 25 feet from tip to tip and carry him through the water at tremendous speed. He is as ugly as anything the imagination can conjure, and weighs tons. His mouth will easily admit two men, and one flip of his whiplike tail will cut them in two. Yet he is not a killer except by accident.

If the manta grabs anything that pulls against him, if he hits anything strange and unyielding, he goes crazy with panic and flies off blindly, flipping his tail, smashing with his wings, crashing into obstacles with blind force.

It was a manta that first brought tragedy to my diving crew. One morning off Lower California, Jim Ernest came to me with an old map showing the wreck of a gold ship in La Paz Bay. He was so sure that we could bring up treasure that I decided to take a chance. We could film the wreck anyhow, and sell the movie in Hollywood.

We found a wreck in approximately the right spot and I went down on it first. Then Ernest went down with a camera; we might as well take pictures whether we got treasure or not.

Rising bubbles tell the diver's story. They are his shadows, moving where he moves, telling those on the boat above what he is doing and where he is going. We followed Jim's every step. He went to the wreck, then retreated slightly. He was setting up the camera. Then he walked to and fro, figuring his own actions from an actor's standpoint. He signaled for another camera and we sent him two more.

The bubbles moved toward the wreck, then turned back to the cameras. There was a jerk on the line, then another—then another—then the emergency signal. "Pull up!" I yelled.

Antonio hauled away. He had just gathered in the slack when a terrific yank on the air line almost pulled him overboard. He let the lines ease off. I signaled to Jim. No answer. The signal line was fouled.

Again Antonio pulled hard. The hose quivered. There was more than a diver on it. Suddenly it parted and shot to the surface, writhing like a snake. I had the life line. Almost at the same instant it came up, broken, shredded. . . .

Jim had eight minutes to live. I went over so fast that my face plate barely clicked shut before the water was over it.

I hit bottom and looked around. Jim was gone. I walked around for what seemed like years, until I was exhausted and trembling, but he wasn't there. Campbell went down and looked. Crockett went down and looked. Finally darkness forced us to stop. The next day we searched, and the next. I found one heavy lead shoe. That was all.

When we got back to Hollywood we developed the film we had found in Jim's cameras. Then we gathered in the projection room. It was like going to a funeral. The scene opened beautifully: Jim went to the wreck, pulled out some rotten planks, dragged them into the foreground, then turned his face to the camera, smiling. Then he started to explore the wreck.

At this point something darkened the scene. Jim looked up. His face, through the face plate, was anxious. He tried to rise. A huge manta ray swept into the picture. He paused over Jim, turned, deliberately seized the lines in his huge flippers, then shot away. Jim braced himself. The jerk lifted him off his feet, and at the same instant the life line fouled on the wreck and parted. The manta, stopped by the momentary resistance, got excited. He wheeled and bore down on Jim, hitting him, lifting him, carrying him toward the camera. They both shot right at us as we looked at the screen. Then the camera fell over, the film zigzagged crazily, and stopped. . . .

To set the cameras and act your

own death scene is a tough assignment. It can only happen, I think, under the sea. The wreck is still there, and for all I know the chest that Jim sought may be filled with gold. It can stay there. The manta wins.

Farmers of the Sea

AFTER JIM'S death we shifted a field camp to San Benito Islands, fourteen miles seaward from Cedros, and cruised around in the *Melrose*.

No diver has any idea of what will come next out of the quiet, gray-blue-green world around him. At San Benito, we cursed the sharks, octopi and every other fish in the sea for their incurable curiosity, which caused us trouble and danger, but it was my own curiosity that put me in my worst spot.

The Japs who taught us to dive were extremely nice. I therefore had no excuse for being curious or suspicious when I decided to visit some other Jap divers at a camp called Red Rocks on Cedros. But I did let my imagination convince me that these sly Orientals were laying mine foundations for an attack on America.

When we reached their camp we tried to talk with them but they did not know English—or pretended not to know—so we discovered nothing. We spent all day watching their boats, with a diver working from each. I decided to go down next day and photograph their machinations.

Just as I was about to go over the side the Japs began yelling and howling, warning me not to dive. They pointed to a place beyond where they were working, seaward. I decided to do as they suggested, then walk back with my camera and catch them unawares. The spot they showed us was in a kelp bed, where long fronds covered the surface. The sounding lead showed 42 feet. But as I was going down, the boat drifted over an undersea valley, twice as deep. When I dropped I blew my valve, leaving very little air in the dress, enough for only seven fathoms.

Down and down I went, past where I expected to land. The pressure was terrific and I passed out while signaling for more air. But the boys got the signals mixed and sent down a camera. Gradually air pressure built up in my dress and when I came to, the camera was dangling a few feet away and I was rolling on the sea floor, tangled in kelp, my lines, and the camera wire. Somehow I got my hand on the camera and clung to it.

I could see ahead to the end of the valley, about ten feet away, and beyond that was something that looked like the Elysian fields. The smooth bottom was covered with a strange purple growth that moved in the slight currents like wheat in a summer breeze. It was very beautiful as I lay there half-conscious, while the boys, now aware I was fouled, hauled and hauled without budging me.

HOW LONG I lay there I do not know. I had given up hope of rescue. Then suddenly I thought I really *was* dead, for there appeared before me, out of nowhere, a large white form. It had arms and legs, puffed like pillows. It had a dome-shaped head and a white eye. It was a Jap diver, wearing white burlap coveralls to offer a less attractive surface to octopi. In his hand he carried a common garden rake.

He stood there watching my lines strain as the boys pulled. Then he disappeared. Suddenly I got sick. He was going to leave me to die. With a tremendous effort I turned halfway around. There, right behind me, with a knife in hand, was the Jap diver. He was cutting my lines!

I felt the camera motor running. My twitching fingers had tripped it. I tried to pull away from the Jap but he had cut my life line and was holding me by the cut end. He was slashing the kelp, cutting a path to get at me.

Suddenly I felt my feet come free and I started to move backward, away from him. I tripped and fell, and he came over to me. Just as he reached the point where he had a free swing, he sheathed his knife, seized the other end of my life line, tied the ends together, and motioned me to my feet.

He beckoned me to follow and meekly I walked behind him out of the valley and into the purple fields. On the other side were five Jap divers, raking, cutting and harvesting the purple plant.

The Japs were sargasso farmers, cultivating the beautiful sea plant for market. They had spent nine years developing their fields, which is why they didn't want us to dive into them with cameras. But the pictures I involuntarily took were swell. They showed the Jap coming at me with his knife, for all the world as though he were going to kill—one of the best undersea shots I ever made.

The Riddle of the Lusitania

THE kelp-farm incident finished us with diving for a while. We had been warned enough by the ocean. Back in Los Angeles we found that our expedition was a success; almost all the film was salable.

The next four years were spent mostly in perfecting our technique as divers, putting safety gadgets on our gear, and taking underwater pictures for Hollywood. We came close to death many times. We failed to get the pictures we went after more than once. But in the main we were successful. Danger, as a business, paid fairly good dividends.

IN 1934 I decided to make a picture on my own. In my library I had a lot of film from various expeditions—odds and ends the studios hadn't bought. I fitted these together, wrote a sound track, titled the result *Sea Killers,* and set out to tour the country.

By the summer of 1935 we were in Boston, where I met another young diver, Eugene Nohl. He was experimenting with some diving gear he had invented off Cuttyhunk. Would I come out to see it? I agreed, and we got together at Newport a week later.

Nohl had been working on a self-contained diving dress which would operate without an air line and, if necessary, without a life line. The diver would be free of entangling ropes, of the danger of having his air line cut, of the danger of having the compressor stop. The same idea had occurred to me many times, and I had experimented with it in filming undersea fights—bottles of compressed air on the back of the diving dress, with a pipe connecting them to the helmet. Nohl had gone further, working out technical details, and we began to spend hours discussing a Craig-Nohl dress.

That Christmas I sat in my Chicago laboratory working on a preliminary sketch for the self-contained suit. Beside me was an invitation to attend a congress of film producers in London in January, and to bring along some undersea equipment and pictures taken with it. Two weeks later, the sketch finished, I was standing on the deck of the *Paris* in New York Harbor, talking with ship news reporters. They asked: "When are you going to film the *Lusitania?*"

The reporters told me that a diver named James Jarrat, using the new Tritonia diving dress, an all-metal contraption invented by the British, had reached the sunken liner at 312 feet. I shuddered.

"Even if I were invited to film it I don't see how I could do much at that depth," I told the reporters.

But on the sea trip to England, an idea took hold of me. When the *Lusitania* stole in from the Atlantic to the coast of Ireland on May 7, 1915, German torpedoes ripped her open. More than a thousand lives were lost. The Germans said she had been torpedoed because she carried munitions. The British government denied it. The world wanted to know. And there was reported to be from two to fifteen millions in gold bullion in her strong room, plus 300 thousand dollars in currency and jewels in the purser's safes.

As I stood at the rail of the *Paris*, the idea of the *Lusitania's* treasure did not intrigue me. There was something else about the ship, something elusive and tempting. The idea of so vast a catastrophe happening so suddenly made me want to look at the ship, so that I could reconstruct her last minutes.

When I got to London I called on Joseph S. Peress, inventor of the Tritonia dress, and he told me the *Lusitania* story. She had sunk in sight of land, between Galley Head and Old Head of Kinsale. Fishermen on shore had plotted her position by landmarks. The first salvage effort was made by a Philadelphia company soon after the war. Divers in standard dress attempted to search for the wreck but the water was too deep, and swift currents swept them off their courses.

In the years following, other plans to salvage the *Lusitania* failed. Then, in 1935, the Tritonia Corporation sent out a salvage ship, the *Orphir*, a former lighthouse-service boat built for rough weather. Probably no other craft would have withstood the battering the *Orphir* took. Out of 108 days, only 36 were fair enough to work.

Off Galley Head the *Orphir* criss-crossed the sea, using an electric depth recorder which records on a graph the topography of the ocean floor. Finally, after heart-breaking delays, the depth recorder sketched an object on the bottom 84 feet high and 769 feet long, the *Lusitania's* dimensions. The sea at this point was 312 feet deep.

The *Orphir's* diver, Jim Jarrat, was anxious to go down. And here the Tritonia suit came into play. Peress had designed an all-metal dress that would resist great pressures: the diver was actually in a metal tank, except that he could walk, turn at will, and operate steel claws that served as hands.

Down Jarrat went—ten, twenty, thirty, forty fathoms — 240 feet. There the winches stopped creaking and Jarrat spoke over the phone: "I am standing on the plates of a ship; I can see her rivets. The hull is covered with slime, but under it there is little corrosion. The rivets measure about two inches." The *Lusitania's* rivets were one and seven-eighths.

That was almost Jarrat's last message. Hardly had he cleared the hull on his way up when a gigantic drag anchor, which the *Orphir* had caught in the wreck to hold her fast, tore loose. Jarrat didn't know it until the big iron hook swung past his face plate, almost scraping it. He realized it was swinging in a circle, closing in. The next time it would hit him. He would be crushed by tons of metal and go down to lie with the *Lusitania's* other dead.

The Tritonia dress saved him—not by its strength but by the fact that he could be drawn upward much more quickly than can a diver in ordinary gear. He was whisked above the whirling anchor and brought to the surface, pale and trembling. He never got down again. Winter fog and rough seas closed in. The *Orphir's* task was finished for the time being. She had located the *Lusitania.*

Ready for Anything

BEFORE I LEFT England I discussed salvage problems with the Tritonia Corporation. They wanted me to film the *Lusitania* undersea operations. They would give me contracts. But these would depend on my ability to produce lights that would make such work possible. No one had ever illuminated a movie set at such depth; bulbs would not stand the pressure. If I could solve the problem I could go on the *Orphir* the next summer.

I sailed for America with more than that problem. It would be impractical to try the movie job in a Tritonia dress: we needed more mobility. The Tritonia dress would be a death trap if we got fouled up. A self-contained gear was the answer.

We could work that out, I knew. But how about communications? Well, why not radio? It was very difficult to get a radio signal in water, but we might be able to work it out somehow.

I went first to the General Electric laboratory at Nela Park, Ohio. After 32 days of work by lighting engineers, they put their developed bulbs in a pressure tank and turned on the pumps. Up, up the gauge went, past five hundred pounds per square inch, up to seven hundred. The lights were still burning. That meant they would work in depths up to fifteen hundred feet—an unheard-of depth for artificial illumination.

Then I went off to Milwaukee—

Nohl's home—and settled down with him and Jack Browne*, another young diver, to design a self-contained dress. Weeks later we decided we had solved all our problems with a unique and flexible dress, revolutionary from top to bottom. It could be used, we calculated, in depths up to four hundred feet. We tested it in the rock quarries of Wisconsin, where the water is sometimes three hundred feet deep. It worked.

But now, in the summer of 1936, the *Lusitania* job was called off. Hitler had marched into the Rhine; Mussolini was invading Ethiopia. The British government decided that to salvage the *Lusitania*, with its attendant publicity, would be rubbing salt into German wounds. So the *Orphir* went to reconnoiter other wrecks and we were told to continue our experiments.

In a way I was glad. We knew that our real problem now was air—or the nitrogen in it. Decompression time—or time of ascension—from the *Lusitania's* depth of 312 feet was impracticable. For a depth of only 250 feet, the Navy's diving table specified nearly five hours! A diver might die of exposure while being decompressed.

A substitute gas was needed, a gas which would not have the narcotic effect of nitrogen and would not agglutinate the blood. Gene had a young friend in medical school at Marquette University—Dr. Edgar End. To him we went with our problem, suggesting that helium might solve it. He agreed to experiment. Meanwhile we would perfect our radio equipment, for we now planned to broadcast from the *Lusitania*, sending a word picture of the salvage job around the world.

In June, Nohl, Browne and I walked into a Milwaukee hospital to find out whether men can breathe helium mixed with oxygen under pressure. "You understand that it's your funeral if anything happens," Dr. End said. We nodded. Then we stripped to the waist and entered the recompression chamber, a big boiler eighteen feet long and seven feet in diameter.

Inside the chamber it was hot and humid, unlike the ocean. The door was closed. Outside, watchers gathered at a window. The first blast of air shot in, jolting the atmosphere. We opened our mouths: the air hurt. Then Gene and I put clips on our noses, adjusted the mouthpieces, and began to breathe a mixture of 79 per cent helium and 21 per cent oxygen.

The pressure went up. A faint streak of red appeared on the cotton stuffed into my nose. The pressure hit forty pounds, the chamber was full of swirling mist. Two more pounds to go. Sweat streamed down our faces and bodies. Frantically we swallowed salt tablets.

Finally the hour came to an end. Now we would find out what happened to men who breathed helium and attempted to decompress in one twenty-fourth the ordinary time.

The noise was shrill as the first blast of air came out of the chamber. The gauge went down, the hiss was deafening. It began to get cold; we slapped our arms and legs.

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*See *Top Man in the Deep Sea*, Coronet, Nov., 1945

by John D. Craig

The fog became so dense I couldn't see the other boys. We were half frozen and came out shivering. Blankets were thrown around us. We sat down to wait for our bodies to blow up, or get paralyzed, or turn into torture chambers of pain.

But nothing happened. Doctors examined us. We were all right. The next day we felt fine. I went away elated. We had our dress, our radio, our lights, our camera and our atmosphere. We were ready for anything.

I WRITE THIS book on the threshold of great adventures. The *Lusitania* job will be our big moment—the supreme test and the supreme thrill. We hope to get a percentage of the treasure, some five million dollars. We will make the motion pictures. We will do the broadcasting, and no greater thrill will ever come to me than sending up word to the *Orphir* and to the listening world that we are walking through the *Lusitania's* saloons and passageways.

Our first descent probably will be the most perilous, because we plunge into a depth and to a wreck only glimpsed by Jarrat when he stood on the steel plates. With a working base established on the slimy hull we will begin our explorations, blazing a trail with dynamite and gigantic grappling hooks. When the plates are torn away we will enter the hull in our rubber suits, dipping in and out passageways that the Tritonian monsters cannot pass.

I can clearly envisage our progress. We slip into the *Lusitania* at D-deck level, which is simple enough with the ship lying on her side. But the steel decks are crisscrossed with rotten wood. If we should slip and plunge down through this debris, the fall would be ninety feet, the width of the vessel. The sudden change in pressure would crush us, breaking every blood vessel in our brains. So we must descend with lines, feeling every inch of the way.

When we pierce the liner's plates we may find ourselves burrowing into tons of bunker coal. As we come to walls we shall chop through them if possible. If not, the *Orphir* will send down piledriver weights—huge mushrooms of iron, swung from cables. These, moved up and down by winches, will batter the obstacle. Then we will go down again, through the hole cleared for us.

When we finally locate the strong room, the rest will be comparatively simple. With undersea acetylene torches, salvage divers will cut through steel walls. Near the strong room, we believe, are the safes. They need merely to be cut from their fastenings, gripped with grapples, and drawn up by the *Orphir*. In the same way the gold will be dragged from the strong room. Down there, on the floor of a cold and sullen ocean, we hope to retrieve the treasure that will make our dreams and plans for the future come true.

I have not the slightest premonition of accidental death. It is the serenity of foolishness, perhaps, but I am quite sure I will live to tell my grandchildren how I ripped the *Lusitania* apart. Old men are like that. That is why I have decided to put my story on record now.

Perhaps in the Valhalla to which all good divers go when their air lines are cut and the water pours in, this book will not be read. There I can lie in the Elysian fields with Jim Ernest, listening to other divers tell tall stories. I will miss my camera; otherwise it will be all right. There will be dangers, of course, for I am speaking of an adventurers' nirvana. It will be a new adventure, the greatest adventure yet—and danger, after all, is my business.

Epilogue

JOHN D. CRAIG, writing in 1945, adds this epilogue to *Danger Is My Business:*

"The Munich Conference in 1938, forerunner of World War II, put a final halt to the *Lusitania* salvage operation. Just as in 1936, Britain was anxious not to antagonize Germany, still a 'friendly' power. In Jarrat's first dive on the *Lusitania*, he had found that there were *two* large torpedo holes in her side. The holes had burst inward, revealing that the explosion came from outside. Germany had tried to whitewash her U-boat commander by saying he had fired only one torpedo, and that its blast had set off the munition cargo which Berlin claimed the *Lusitania* was carrying. But Jarrat's discovery gave proof—if any proof were needed—that Germany had lied.

"After the Admiralty halted work on the *Lusitania* job, we turned to another, the *Merida*. But while our American syndicate was preparing for operations, an Italian salvage ship, the *Falco*, arrived at Norfolk late in the summer of 1938. Commander Faggian led the expedition. His success in retrieving six million dollars from the sunken *Egypt* in the Bay of Biscay was known to us. His equipment was modern and suitable for deep diving.

The *Merida* wreck, lying thirty miles beyond the international line, was free salvage—first come, first served. The Italians had the jump on us. But my companion adventurer, Rene Dussaq, who better understood Italians, managed to get a contract with Faggian for exclusive film rights. It was too late in the year for diving, however, so after the *Falco* located the wreck and marked it, we spent the winter collecting data to help in picture and salvage work.

"In the Spring of 1939, first dives were made on the *Merida*, but work went slowly. Finally, after a summer spent in blasting, tearing and clearing debris, the floor of the treasure room was reached. The

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next blast would open the room. Everyone was excited: tension ran high.

"But at this point Faggian decided to return to Norfolk for supplies. My picture instinct of 'shoot it now' was outraged. Yet try as I would I couldn't convince Faggian to go hungry for a couple of days and get the treasure while weather was good and we were on top of it. He sailed for Norfolk.

"Once in port, an engine broke down and Faggian ordered a trial spin to check equipment. The *Falco* did not return that night. In fact, she did not return for ten days during which perfect diving weather prevailed. I tried in vain to get out to the wreck. We felt that we had been tricked—that Faggian didn't want foreigners aboard when he opened that treasure room.

"And then the tension broke. Washington papers headlined, '*Merida Treasure Found.*' When Faggian returned to Norfolk he was furious over the report. He was more furious to find U.S. marshals, attorneys, insurance people and all the Italians in Norfolk on the pier to claim their share of the reported find. He swore he had found no treasure—only a small silver bar and trunks of Mexican bullfighter costumes.

"Faggian insisted we accompany him to the wreck and photograph the barren strong room. We put our cameras aboard and sailed on the morning of September 1, 1939. Before reaching the wreck-site the radio brought news of Germany's invasion of Poland. Immediately Faggian turned about. Within two hours of reaching Norfolk the *Falco* sailed for Italy, never to return.

"We are still wondering. During those ten good diving days, did Faggian move the treasure from the hull to the sea floor, mark the spot, then pick up the loot on his way home? Maybe. But if we ever have our diving gear near Norfolk, we'll take a dip on that wrecksite —just in case."

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1945, State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of CORONET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editor, Oscar Dystel; Managing Editor, Harris Shevelson; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago. 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC.; Stockholders: Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Edgar G. Richards, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Florence Richards, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Louis Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Vera Elden, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; City National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, Trust under Trust Account with David A. Smart; dated October 6, 1942, known as Trust Number 22335, Trust Department, 208 S. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortagages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1945. Alfred Smart, Business Manager (SEAL) Anna Van Diggelen. (My commission expires January 22, 1946.)

Between these Covers

Last Year: In virtually millions of homes, thousands of schools and libraries, hospitals, military outposts wherever men read English, and of course in reception rooms of doctors and dentists, twelve issues of Coronet took their places in 1945. On the bookshelves in our office there is a complete lineup of those twelve issues. They are all standing neatly in a row looking out at us. We should like to look back at them and hum a little self-satisfied tune to ourselves and feel that we have made a major contribution to a never-to-be-forgotten year. But like you, we are just plain folks, and 1945 has been far too big for us. In this year history's most terrible war was won, science created out of the original energy of the universe a force which overshadows human achievement since the beginning of time, men of evil intentions were put down with stakes driven through their black souls, and America sacrificed many men and a great President to the confusion of war. That was last year. On the eve of a New Year, we sit now at our desk and breathe, with all men everywhere, the prayer that 1945 was in reality a Last Year—a Last Year of international discord, and a Last Year of war on earth. We look forward now not only to a Happy New Year, but to a Happy New Era.

Back to Work: **Scott Hart** (*Truman & Ross: America's No. 1 Team*, page 9) is a modest fellow who tosses off his years of expert reporting with the statement that he is a "parade and procession expert," and claims he has covered more of those affairs than "anyone now alive." . . . We spent many weeks of intensive research trying to get complete data for *The Story of the Barefoot Mailmen* (page 115), but it wasn't until Theodore Pratt, who wrote the novel *The Barefoot Mailman* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce), offered to lend us his notes that we got all of the facts. The paintings for our story, done by **Stevan Dohanos** for the Section of Fine Arts, Federal Works Agency, Public Buildings Administration, have been reproduced through their courtesy and with the permission of the West Palm Beach, Florida, Post Office, whose walls they grace.

And talking about courtesy and permission, we are most grateful indeed to John Morrell & Co. for allowing us to use Edward A. Wilson's paintings of *The Good Old Days*, which appeared in our November issue—a feature you shouldn't have missed. . . . **Dorothy Malone**, on the cover prettily, is under contract to Warner Bros.—doing her beautiful bit in *Janie Gets Married*.

A Little Crown: News has come to us that the second, re-enforcing, invasion of Japan was to have been called by the code name **Coronet**. Of course we don't know why the name was chosen and we are deeply glad that the invasion was never needed, but we still like to feel that had there been such an invasion, we would have been, in some way, a small if only coincidental part of it.

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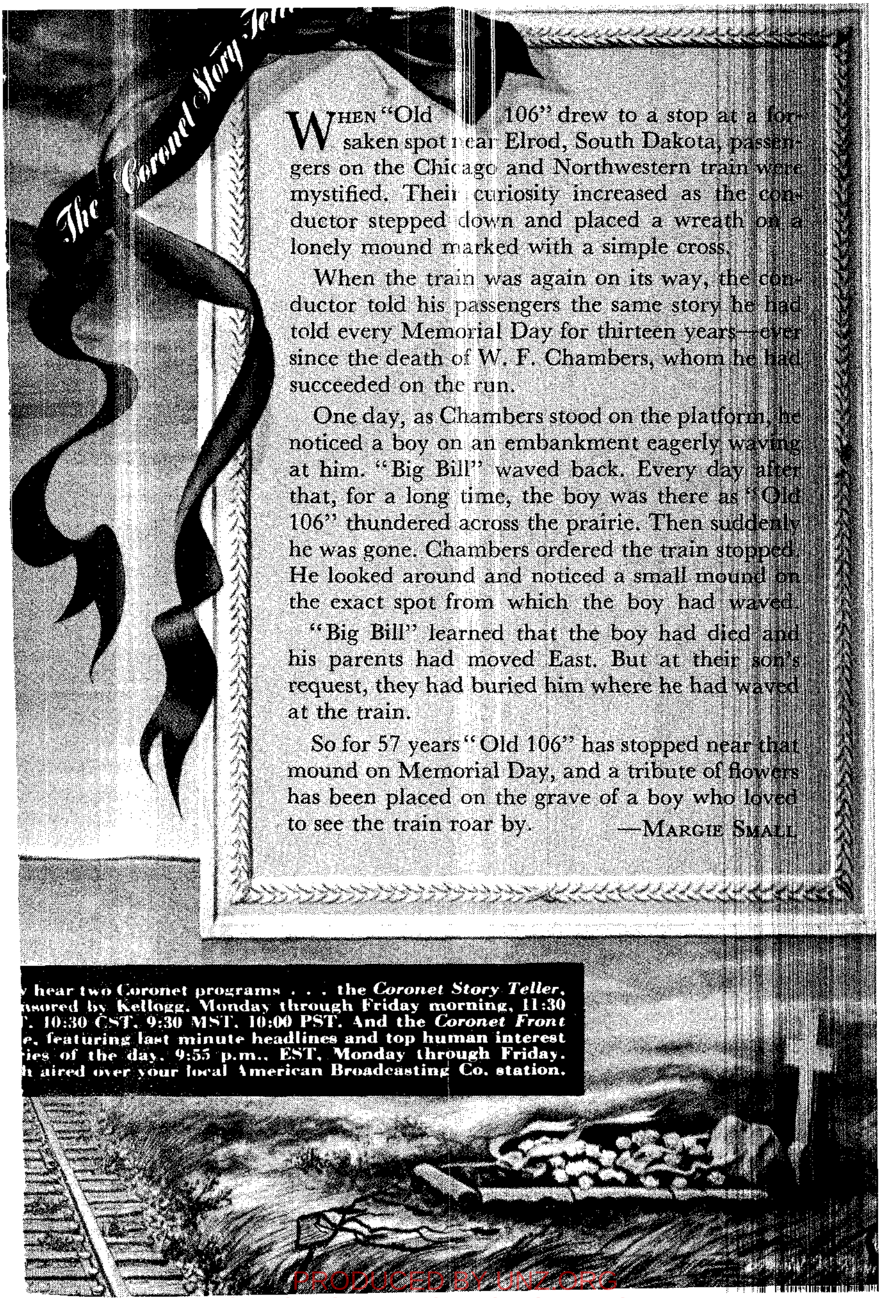

WHEN "Old 106" drew to a stop at a forsaken spot near Elrod, South Dakota, passengers on the Chicago and Northwestern train were mystified. Their curiosity increased as the conductor stepped down and placed a wreath on a lonely mound marked with a simple cross.

When the train was again on its way, the conductor told his passengers the same story he had told every Memorial Day for thirteen years—ever since the death of W. F. Chambers, whom he had succeeded on the run.

One day, as Chambers stood on the platform, he noticed a boy on an embankment eagerly waving at him. "Big Bill" waved back. Every day after that, for a long time, the boy was there as "Old 106" thundered across the prairie. Then suddenly he was gone. Chambers ordered the train stopped. He looked around and noticed a small mound on the exact spot from which the boy had waved.

"Big Bill" learned that the boy had died and his parents had moved East. But at their son's request, they had buried him where he had waved at the train.

So for 57 years "Old 106" has stopped near that mound on Memorial Day, and a tribute of flowers has been placed on the grave of a boy who loved to see the train roar by. —MARGIE SMALL

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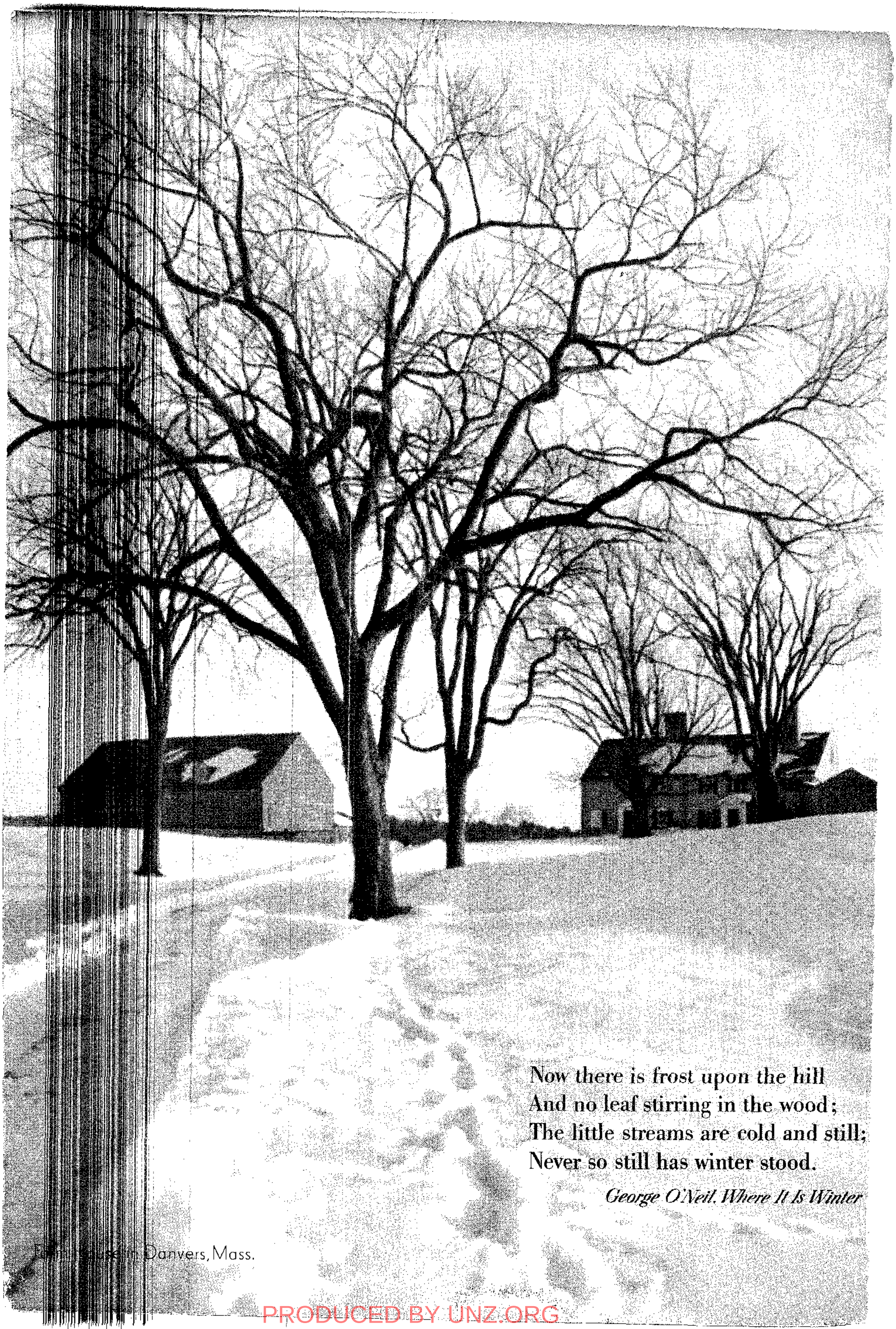

Now there is frost upon the hill
And no leaf stirring in the wood;
The little streams are cold and still;
Never so still has winter stood.

George O'Neil, Where It Is Winter

Farm House in Danvers, Mass.